

Pink Roses

Glassjaw

You're asking when do I stop?
When the bottle's empty.
Blacker than my father's soul,
drunk enough to raise us all.

Pink roses.

Nomad:
Drowning rat.
Black.
Black.
So black you can't even grasp the fact.
Blacker than a beggar's soul,
rich enough to save us all.

Pink roses.

Lead with your need as god descends.
Cold in the ground.
What gets me this down?
The smell of magnesium,
the smile of a clown.

I want to drink you, scare you, f*ck you and film you.