

# The Rose Avail

Parabelle

It's not like you pulled your punches  
It's not like you throw your bloody knuckles in the air  
It's not like you have a pretty soul  
You took the knife from my back  
And you pulled my strings through the hole

There's still a chance  
That I can feel so brave  
Your heart gave out when the sorrow  
Dragged you closer to the grave

She sat with her face in her hands  
Hoping that the sun blocked the bad  
You're waiting too long  
You shake like you shake when you know  
That what you say is gonna change a world

There's still a chance  
That I could feel so afraid  
Your lungs breathe out loaded mercy  
It falls slow and quickly fades

All these roses turn to grey  
Call me your saint, call me your thief  
Call me anything as long as you mean it  
And all these roses will be red  
You can't tell me when I'm sad  
You can't tell me how to live  
I can say that it's over when these ties are broken  
When these ties are broken off

Don't go, don't go, don't go from speaking out  
To something or someone I wouldn't recognize without the sound  
I won't let go, let go, it's more of a courtesy  
You've changed for the worst, now you're trapped in doubt  
Like there's nothing here to care about

There's still a chance that I can feel so ashamed  
My arms grow cold from the comfort that you never ever gave

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I can say that it's over when these ties are broken off  
When these ties are broken off