

Black Rose Way

Screaming Trees

Listen at the door, you won't hear footsteps anymore you look so
torn
Please don't speak a word and remember that I might have heard
you once before

And the darkness falls to twilight so heavenly,
It breaks down through for all to see, all to see

I wander in a daze, down to black rose way
If you're there, call on me, call on me, call on me

Wishful whisper on market street, the wind is gently blowing from
the sea
With the vein so hard to miss, I stagger back inside for one last
kiss

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