

Across the light blue sky
There are nothing but clouds
And all the trees once green
Have dropped their lifeless leaves
Where is the blackest rose
The only one I would choose
Her colourful bloom's all I need
For my dark ego to feed

On the search for the flower desired
Find the way, find the way to her
Through the shadows by shining fire
Find the way

The search for the black rose has ended here
She is standing right in front of my eyes
I'm kneeling down, stretch my hand to pick
The flower to quench my desire
My heart bleeds as the bloom loses all her colours
My finger bleeds as a thorn pricks it
She hurts others for not being hurt herself
...Hurt herself

Wounds heal and you'll see
That a rose is not only there to hurt you

Beyond the dark grey clouds
There is nothing but light
At night the stars will shine bright
When wind thrusts the grey clouds aside
I see red roses in bloom
Their beauty and nothing like gloom
Only a fool couldn't see
What I've just discovered for me