

## Flowers and Razorwire

Converge

Neck deep we wallow and this floor catches lingering feet  
By rope with heartbreak this is our happiest moment of all  
We dream of flowers on the razorwire  
and wake to the scent of our dead  
We're sinking  
And all of those times don't matter here  
Remember my love  
this is for the sinking and the strength of our wings  
Be brave and bleed out the day  
We left our body for the sky and ended up here  
Listen to me, don't let them list your feet  
Our love is real