

THE ROSE

Some say love, it is a river,
that drowns the tender reed.

Some say love, it is a razor,
that leads your soul to bleed.

Some say love, it is a hunger,
an endless aching need.

I say love, it is a Flower,
and you, its only seed.

Its the heart, afraid of breaking,
that never learns to dance.

Its the dream, afraid of waking,
that never takes the chance.

Its the one, who won't be taken
who cannot seem to give.

And the soul, afraid of dying,
that never learns to live.

When the night, has been too lonely,
and the road, has been too long.
And you think, that love is only,
for the lucky and the strong.

Just remember in the winter,
far beneath the bitter snows.....
Lies the seed, that with the sun's love,
in the spring, becomes The Rose.