

# Coil, Rosa Decidua

Rose, I hear your voice near to me  
I've put away the poisoned chalice, for now  
And lie down amongst the flowerbeds

Whichever stars we walk among  
We both seek out the darkest red  
The wine was turned to blood again  
Without this blood we'd both be dead

I've wound myself tight into the hedgerows  
Let's see which way the winter wind blows

You are my shadow