

Embracing, Lay The Rose Upon Her Grave

Resting...

Though the heart not pounds
Feelings are still alive but somewhere else
In that belief we watch over the dead
Standing aside their graves
Talking to a molten stone
Trying to understand the reason
Why their hands aren't warm
I saw the stately men in robes walking from the forest
Their empty and childish eyes
So sad and mourning with us
They take the soul away
Every year at the first light of spring
With the soft wind blowing through my hair

I lay the rose upon her grave
In hope that she'll return to me someday
Hand in hand they wander across the great rainbow
Far away from worry they'll be safe
In a land where fear is not existing
She's like me, she never wanted to be
Purified in the fountain of lies
Her rage could not be wiped away
Now escaped from the light and it's dream angels
I saw her riding towards me on thunder clouds
I laid the rose upon her grave
And now she has returned to me