

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