

# La Academia, The Rose (Myriam)

Some say love it is a river  
That drowns the tender reed  
Some say love it is a razor  
that leaves your soul to bleed

Some say love it is a hunger  
and endless aching need  
I say love it is a flower  
and you it's only seed

It's the heart afraid of breaking  
that never learns to dance  
It's the dream afraid of waking  
that never takes the chance

It's 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