Myriam Montemayor, Como La Flor

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 an 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 a 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 snow lies the seed that with the sun's love, in the spring, becomes the rose

Becomes the rose