

Bianca Ryan, The Rose

Some say Love, it is a river,
that drowns: the tender reed.
Some say Love, it is a razor,
that leaves: the 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 dyin',
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 a seed that, with the sun's Love,
in the spring: becomes the rose.<lyrics>