

Heather Alexander, Flesh Against The Thorn

You gave me all that I would need,
And made my wishes true--
And every night to me you'd plead,
And I decline to you--

You'd stand there pale and acrid eyed,
Yet softly say good night,
Turn and walk once more denied,
And so would fade the light

The blue rose rare, one cannot gain
If glove or guard be worn--
'Tis only when one risks the pain
Of flesh against the thorn--

Our world was warm and full of play,
Yet I was not content--
And voices strong led me astray,
And far from you I went--

So swayed was I by other's view,
And fear it all would end--
That I forgot to think of you,
My one and only friend--

A broken promise cannot die,
In dreams it always burned--
And when I heard your anguished cry,
To you I soon returned--

But must it take your world to fall,
To find where truth may lie--
You are not the beast at all,
I fear my lord, 'tis I--

A love this rare, one cannot gain,
If truth is not yet sworn--
It's only when we risk the pain
Of flesh against the thorn--