

# July For Kings, To Us (Rose Opens)

To us  
in a whisper  
in a dark room  
maybe too soon  
a quiet toast  
of forgetting  
as forbidden glasses chime  
that might awaken  
some objection  
in the future resurrection  
of a dead fear  
I can never bear  
and I'll smile and drink the wine

For you it's sweet  
like the music in my bedroom  
like sleeping through the afternoons  
oblivious to the crossing of the stars  
floating to us  
in a question  
in a moment of self perception  
I still, I will always  
need someone to write about  
now I'm still awake  
it's getting late  
introspection  
under heaven  
with no choice but to sit  
and write this less than simple love song  
for you my sweet  
like the scratches on my back  
like the strength I still lack  
to say I love  
saying that I can love you

Looking for truth in a single rose  
touch the face of another ghost  
touch a thorn and the blood might flow slowly  
awaken a dream but the eyes won't close  
more than we'll ever know  
looking for truth as a single rose opens

Rose opens

To us  
in a dark room  
with a thousand flowers in bloom  
holding down would you know my crown  
if the petals fell like rain

Looking for truth in a single rose  
touch the face of another ghost  
touch a thorn and the blood might shudder softly  
awaken a dream but the eyes won't close  
more than we'll ever know  
looking for truth as a single rose opens

Looking for truth in a single rose  
touch the face of another ghost  
touch a thorn that the blood might show me something  
awaken a dream but the eyes won't close  
more than well ever know  
looking for truth as a single rose opens

Rose opens  
rose opens

Looking for truth in a single rose  
touch the face of another ghost  
touch a thorn and the blood might flow slowly  
awaken a dream but the eyes won't close  
more than we'll ever know  
looking for truth as a single rose opens

Rose opens  
a single rose opens  
rose opens  
rose opens  
rose opens