

There's a place in my heart for a real red rose,

Where the space that it fits is fragrant to my nose;

And the beauty and magic are as lovely as the rose itself,

As the books on the shelf are read and to read is herself.

People put roses in vases or sit back and watch them in the garden,

But the place in my heart is the space in my mind that hardens;

And the red rose has its own place in the garden all on its own,

As the richness of petals fall off like blood dripping down his head.

And Jesus is this rose where the cup of suffering is victory,

And the suffering for salvation on the cross was victorious;

And he rose and he rose at the scent of it all to heaven,

And God looked down and took his hand as he gave him welcome.

Now it rained and it poured as it showered down to reign,

The king lived forever and tears of his eyes were the rose;

As in death as in life he dies and he rose by the red,

That his heart bled like the rose, his mind lead and read dead.

So when it all happens so nice and all foes into paradise,

The red rose is the answer to the thief who looked twice;

As the woman who received the life of the red rose,

Had a space he could fill as he the red rose died without trace.

Now a child was born to live and to win and learn to replace,

Where the rose in her face was a special place on space;

Like the moonbeam and sunlight see the red rose without notice,

The eye meets eyes as the red rose between them disgrace.

Signed,

Face the plate