

Beauty and the Rose

If a rose had eyes, it would wither in despair, next to you,
Its beauty could not compare. Her petals would fall and land
gently at your feet, for thousands of years the victor,
She has finally met defeat. True to your beauty, you
mend her back in place, with one delicate hand; you
wipe the tear drop from her face. Don't cry my
friend, you beg upon the rose, to compete against
each other is not what God has chose. He made
us all equal, his love we must embrace, in the Kingdom
of heaven, Beauty is without a face.

fallen

As a child anything is possible, a mind of endless dreams.
Days of constant laughter, life is exactly how it seems.
As a teen it becomes a bit harder, still there is
a possibility of hope. You fall in love for the first time,
that same year your heart is broke. In your early
twenties, the world is moving much too fast. You struggle
to catch up; you become buried in the past. In
your thirtys it seems hopeless, your demons have come
to rest. It's hard to even smile, you've yet to face
life's hardest test. As a child you were an Angel, you
flew with the greatest solemn. Now your wings
are broken, it seems as if you'll never stop
fallen...