

Anita Lipnicka **"Rose"**

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I put a rose
Upon your pillow
Where you rest your hair
I felt kind of artificial, clumsy
Putting it right there

There's a rose
Upon your pillow
An open wound painfully sharp
It's the perfect sign
You never know how long it's going to last

Tell me, Will you come back?
Oh, Dearest, I must go away
Every time we hold each other
This could be our final day

There's a rose
Upon our pillow
Staring us in the face
Telling us to do something
Before it gets too late

I stare
At your pillow
Where we lay side by side
Tightly wrapped together
Safe from the outside

In the shadows
Of early morning
When the village is sound asleep
In the silence
Before the birds sing
I can hear her gently weep

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