

Heather Alexander

"Flesh Against The Thorn"

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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

CHORUS:

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-

