

Monday Michiru "Black Rose"

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Scent of love floats in the air
It's not sexual, but so sensual
Mesmerizing and so rare
You are pure and magical

Imagination long forgotten
Awakens it's senses and tenses
To your passion and the fury that's so Latin
Growing wild without no fences

Black rose
My soul is filled up with your strange perfume
Black rose
There's never been anything quite like you

Moonlight beams glow in your mood
A melody escapes like the night it drapes
Kaleidoscopic notes to soothe
Visions long held without the light

I hold my hands up to the stars
And wish I could hold you by my heart
But your fragile stem might break and only mar
The beauty of your freedom you guard

Black rose
My soul is filled up with your strange perfume
Black rose
There's never been anything quite like you

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