

Nakashima Mika

"The Rose"

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Some say love, it is a river
That drowns the tender reed
Some say love, it is a razor
That leaves your soul to bleed.
Some say love, it is a hunger,
An endless aching need.
I say love, it is a flower and you,
It's only seed

It's the heart afraid of breaking
That never learns to dance.
It's the dream afraid of waking
That never takes the chance.
It's the one who won't be taken
Who cannot seem to give.
And the soul afraid of dying
That never learns to live.

When the night has been too lonely
And the road has been too long
And you think that love is only
For the lucky and the strong,
Just remember in the winter far beneath
The bitter snow
Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In the spring
Becomes the rose.

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