In the spring when the rain has fallen,

And the grass is green and the garden blooming;

Comes the rose in colours to all for adoring,

And the unbeatable rose is the life imploring.

.

And like a man who had been tempted to sin,

On his way to his death and to be dead and win;

The unbeatable rose is the resurrection victory,

The answer to those who believe in the glory.

.

Now the people have tried to change and save,

To lead back the dead from the hurting and grave;

The unbeatable rose is a blood red and the way,

Of life everlasting like God's son on the day.

.

The unbeatable rose so true and infinitely perfect,

That is a fashion to serve and to follow and reflect;

The man who has done and gone to be with the Lord,

Whose women could tell the perfume and smell the reward.

.

And the memory is meaningful and the food for the thought,

The beauty unendingly and unendless to live and be bought;

That the freeness once given of life in the unbeatable rose,

Is a proposition of return in the image of the one who knows.

.

And no one can ever forget the scent of a rose to the nose,

The unbeatable rose from which reminded all heaven has shows;

And the magic is replaced by the fleeting last breath,

That with the unbeatable rose you can really beat death.

.

Signed,

Victory Waiting.