

A red rose has beauty that is special and true,
With a scent a bit stronger and the fragrance fresh to;
And in the name of love it is given with truth,
From a heart which is more beautiful than rain on the roof.

And as the soft raindrop falls and enters the ground,
The rose has a drink and drop of water can be found;
On a petal that's touched by the drop that it gets,
And the scent of its perfume is fragrance sweet breath.

So the colour of love is a rich royal red rose,
That fills the heart with its beautiful scent to the nose;
And the riches that comes from its lovely appearance,
Make the woman you cherish fall in love as is dearest.

And the complexion of skin which melts the rose away,
Is lost in the vessels of her beauty and day;
And the wonder that comes from the soft subtle feel,
Are like tear drops that run down the cheeks so real.

As I look to the sun from the earth her below,
A beam of sunshine comes down and hits the rose with a glow;
And it's the most beautiful thing in the world you can know,
The life of the red rose and all the rich gentleness it shows.

So now as we look to the man who dies on the cross,
Who rose from the dead with redeeming blood for the lost;
And kept a care in his heart which God held for truth,
As the spirit of magic came back down and danced on the roof.

Signed,

Such is life to the think