

Pink Roses

Alela Diane

I've known mornings white as diamonds
Silent from a night so cold
Such a stillness, calm as the owl glides
Our lives are buried in snow, oh, oh
I was sifting through the piles
In my hand a tangled thread
Each patient tug upon the snarl
Is a glimpse of what has been, oh, oh
Burdened bands gain strong hands
Gaping holes where diamonds should be
Must have been the morning that stole them
A glint of white in the pocket of winter, oh, oh
And some hearts are ghosts settling down in dark waters
Just as silt grows heavy and drowns with the stones
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Just as silt grows heavy and drowns with the stones, oh, oh
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