

## **ROSES ARE BLUE**

These chains must have a name. Something I left unspoken caught fire. The ashes left are a lie.  
Well, my changes saw me pretending again. When aspiring to desire extremes,  
Having rather than wanting is not so desirable as it may seem.

Love ran through my hands. Our conversation is measured in fear.  
You're a lighthouse I knew before roses were blue.

Commitment easily came. The ground that I stood on was strong. They can heal, wounds, they can heal.  
But if choices of quite different comfort confront me with tigers behind either door,  
By stalling for time and deceiving I'll hope to remember what dreaming is for.

Intruder by night. There's always a question without a reply.  
You were wiser than I before roses were blue.

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