

Roses

Andrew Ripp

Ever wonder what was on the mind of the maker
When He turned all of our sorrow into fields of grace
Right here in the middle of earth and heaven
Caught between the romance and the pain
Can't you see that

He must've known about the heartbreak long before us
He must've known about the mistakes, still He chose us
Planted the tree where He would die
Put thorns down the vine, and then He wore them
And love is the blood red stain, the beauty that the pain exposes
Maybe that's why God made roses

God is in the whisper if you listen closely
Winter means that spring is just a breath away
So don't go any faster than this very moment
Sing a hallelujah the pouring rain
Can't you see that

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And just like petals falling to the ground
We fall in to the one who's resurrection's here and now
All things made new
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