

Rosa Decidua

Coil

Rose, I hear your voice near to me
I've put away the poisoned chalice, for now
And lie down amongst the flowerbeds

Whichever stars we walk among
We both seek out the darkest red
The wine was turned to blood again
Without this blood we'd both be dead

I've wound myself tight into the hedgerows
Let's see which way the winter wind blows

(You are my shadow)