

Rose

Da' T.R.U.T.H.

Soft as the open air
As gentle as the common breeze
Is the beauty of the crimson rose
God has made you to be

Planted in the garden of life
By the King of Kings
And watered by His everlasting love

Each petal gently kissed by God
And enlightened by heaven's face
Forever surrounded by heaven's soil
And growing in heaven's amazing grace

She's just a rose
She's just a rose
Because He rose
Because He rose

I pray for my daughter—I pray for her soul
I pray that she remembers everything that I taught her
Even more than cherishing anything I bought her
I pray to God that she would never get caught up

With the wrong crowd every flower needs water
'Cause for every seed sown, another weed is growin'
So I gotta pour that water deep into her soul
The water is the word, therefore she's gotta know

That she's so beautiful—yet beauty is vain
And holiness is the only beauty that remains
I know that remains to be seen and so I'm prayin'
That she would stay pure even at a young age

She's just eight so it's only the front page
In the story of her life, therefore she's unscathed
But as she grows older, gotta let her hand go
Tell her look both ways before she walks across the road

She's a rose

I praise God for my wife—oh how I love her
People on the road wanna know how I met her
Mutual friend—It was summer of '97
At a singles' fellowship—yes, we exchanged numbers

Fast-forward something like five years
When I realized this woman was everything I wasn't
We transitioned from friends became lovers
In 2002, is when I became husband

Now she's wife—she's my rose
If she's a rose, then I'll take a dozen—dozen
She's every woman, when I come home hungry
There's food in the oven

She's in the ministry—nourishing the women at the church house
Wife—one day she'll be a mother
She's beautiful but it's deeper then the skin
'Cause her true beauty stems from being rooted in Him

She's a rose

One petal, two petals, three petals, four
Every time she's impure another petal hits the floor
For this reason her self image is poor
Overcome by depression therefore she's insecure

But she can exchange her pain for His joy
And her God can give her strength if ever she does mourn
If she mourns—she mourns; Her God can restore her
She can't look inside herself and expect to find a cure

All of us got dirt deep down at the core
And I know nobody's perfect, every rose has got thorns
Except Christ was perfect—He was sown into the soil
Now she's rooted in the power of the resurrected Lord