

The scent of roses  
Embraces me  
And the Thorn Bird is singing  
United in suffering  
Blood trickles from my wounds  
The stigma of my greed  
The artificial rose never dies  
But I'm ravished by the wild rose  
It smells most beautiful  
When it's dying

My private Heaven  
My private Lake of Tears  
My private Temple  
Of Crystal Ice

At the Edge Of Sanity  
I've built the Castle Of Sand

Trying to hide  
In depth of soul  
I shred of mortality  
Is unavailing  
Fear will find it  
Bitter rain falls down  
From the clouds of my eyes  
I've found purpose in life  
To be always in motion

The rose my wither  
But you cannot keep its smell

Please put one red wild rose on my grave...