Rose

The Oh Hellos

Wars are raising for her
Crusades to adore her
The light of your afterword

Are you losing her true nature
When you loosen nomenclature
When you gift another moniker?

What's true is like a sickle
It'll cut you to the middle
That your rose is without a thorn

But no, my mouth don't taste of metal
From the pot here to the kettle,
I think we got a lot we gotta learn

And even though by any other name,
Her scent would linger sweetly, all the same
Call her briar long enough
And you'll tangle up the true and the fable

Your dowry isn't fooling
The pyrite is showing through
It won't buy you that empty tomb

And no alchemic incantation
For a counterfeit salvation
Can appease your leviathan groom

No, love'll get you slaughtered
Like a ram at the altar
What is safe ain't the same as what is good

So lay compress the aching
Of your body made for breaking
We've got a lot of breaking left to do

Cause even under any other creed,
The crucifix and the hangman - they both agree
Change comes so cheaply
For those of us already at the table

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