

# Eden

## Alston

We are the roses in the garden  
Beauty with thorns among our leaves  
To pick a rose you ask your hands to bleed  
What is the reason for having roses  
When your blood is shed carelessly?  
It must be for something, more than vanity  
Believe me, the truth is we're not honest  
Not the people that we dream  
We're not as close as we could be  
Willing to grow but rains are shallow  
Barren and wind scattered seed  
on stone and dry land we will be  
Waiting for the light arisen  
To flood inside the prison

And in that time  
Kind words alone will teach us  
No bitterness will reach us  
Reason will be guided, in another way  
All in time  
But the clock is another demon  
That devours our time in Eden  
In our paradise  
Will our eyes see well beneath us  
Flowers all divine?  
Is there still time? If we wake to discover  
In life a precious love  
Will that waking become more heavenly?

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