

# Eden

## Pantokrator

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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