

# ROSES

*Michael Fantina*

Yes, sweet, so sweet as a fine Bordeaux is  
She came from far realms to this barren land.  
Deep in my heart is a bed of roses.

So like a warm wind in the Winter snows is,  
She melted my heart with her red-nailed hand.  
Yes, sweet, so sweet as a fine Bordeaux is.

Each eye a jewel from the far plateaus is  
The better to keep you under command.  
Deep in my heart is a bed of roses.

Pale as a ghost from the dark chateau's is  
This waif of a girl that none understand,  
Yes, sweet, so sweet as a fine Bordeaux is.

Her molten gold hair falls, overflows is  
A sundering sea all over the sand.  
Deep in my heart is a bed of roses,

Roses that die when false love exposes  
Her treacherous schemes so cunningly planned.  
Yes, sweet, so sweet as a fine Bordeaux is,  
Deep in my heart is a bed of roses.