

## Pink Roses

Alela Diane

I've known mornings white as diamonds  
Silent from a night so cold  
Such a stillness, calm as the owl glides  
Our lives are buried in snow, oh, oh  
I was sifting through the piles  
In my hand a tangled thread  
Each patient tug upon the snarl  
Is a glimpse of what has been, oh, oh  
Burdened bands gain strong hands  
Gaping holes where diamonds should be  
Must have been the morning that stole them  
A glint of white in the pocket of winter, oh, oh  
And some hearts are ghosts settling down in dark waters  
Just as silt grows heavy and drowns with the stones  
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