

Daughter: "Mother, father where did you go?  
I hear the flowers as they speak below.  
Someone help me, I'm so afraid.  
The shape in the distance is coming my way."  
"Oh, please come hold me." said the woman all covered in leaves  
.  
"He's come again.  
The man with the roses that grow from his hands."  
I'm your gardener.  
"Mother, your poor hands.  
The better to hold yours again.  
And where did he go?"  
I am him, my love.  
Watch my garden grow.  
Little girl, standing there.  
With your daddy's skin and your momma's hair.  
I'll have you know I will feed them to my roses and you're next  
.  
I am the noises you hear when you're in bed.  
And I'll be the last face that you see before you're dead.  
With your father gone and your mom in chains, I have time to sleep in late.  
Your mother never looked so good. Your daddy should of brought his gun.  
Now sleep child, just sleep.  
And when you wake you will grow at my feet.  
Yes, when you wake you'll be beautiful again.