

# In Search of a Rose

## MINER

The gold that men have killed for  
The silver they select  
The precious gems they'd die for  
Are things that I reject

The treasure men have overlooked  
The time and toil they wasted  
I'd dig a mine in half the time  
To find a flower un-jaded

A parched, un-watered wasteland  
Broken bottles and bare feet  
A rusting, creaking timespan  
And a rushing toward conceit

Their wasteland never growing  
In spite of desert clouds unloading  
Has a garden flower  
Beyond the tower  
Refreshment ever flowing

And I must find this girl at all cost  
Or life in this accursed world for me  
Is lost

For without love

Life is lost  
Yes, what is hope without a home?  
Without a home

Will I find the light, undaunted  
Before the sun wins over me?  
Will I find my way  
Lost not, I pray  
To shade, then her to me?

Phosphorus!

There exists a contrast in this world  
Dust and rust with ribbons and bows  
While men keep searching for their stones  
I will seek a rose

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