

INNOCENT BLOOD

12-30-15 (1)
(#87)

1. Rose petal in the snow —
innocence shattered by the blood of war.
Someone has to pay the penalty, you know,
but, then, again — who is keeping score ?
2. You say you know how their blood was spent,
and maybe even where their broken souls went.
But the circumstances don't give a hint
who the guilty were; and were any really innocent ?

[DOUBLE INSTRUMENTAL] *

3. If we could mend and patch every seam,
if we could awaken from the vicious dream . . .
and pour like a healing and delicious cream
over the voice of horror, in its unabated scream . . .

[REPEAT INSTRUMENTAL]

[EPILOG] :

4. . . . Then we awaken to the lovely song,
with roses, again, petals soft, stems long
and snow, like lamb-&-lion, on pristine lawn,
all that's not of innocence, gone — *just gone*.

[SPOKEN]: Blood-red rose petal on pristine snow . . .
Innocence . . . Innocence . . . Innocence . . .

[INSTRUMENTAL, AND FADE OUT TO END]

[END]

Written: December 30, 2015 (1) [C, M, G]

* With sound of rushing wind