

*"The doors we open and close each day decide the lives we live." ~ Flora Whittemore*

## Red

By Denny and Maya Hoffman

Crimson, the color of the rose  
The broken heart that sorrow knows  
A life of grief where sadness grows  
As blood from now my body flows

The sheets stained red as the minutes slow  
Nothing now to stop the flow  
Remembering how I loved you so  
One last kiss and then I'll go

One last embrace, then nothing more  
From you the one that I adore  
The pistol lying on the floor  
Has sealed my fate, closed life's door

So many days and magic nights  
When we shared loves sweet delights  
Now gone as fades the days last light  
My broken heart shall now take flight

A broken heart beyond repair  
Yields to just one final prayer  
A plea upon the silence there  
That you might know how much I care

No more to wake to find you there  
No more to find my bed is bare  
No more to weep in my despair  
No more another earthly care

One last request before life goes  
One special gift in my repose  
As the final chapter is about to close  
Just one more final red, red rose

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