

# Twister

## Marc O'Tool

She was kind of fragile  
And she had a lot to grapple with  
    But basically she kept  
        It all inside  
    Child like and effervescent  
        With a well of pain  
    The depth of I could not imagine  
        If I tried  
        Never thought that I  
        Would hear them say  
Twister went and threw it all away  
    She was kind of magical  
    Her laughter sent you casually  
        Floating through a moment  
            Of release  
    Dear God, it's all so tragic  
    And I'll never have the chance  
        To feel the closure  
        That I ultimately need  
        No, I never dreamed  
    That there would come a time  
    Twister'd go and leave it all behind  
    Lord I pray she's found some peace  
    And her soul's somewhere at ease  
    Yeah, I'm feeling kind of fragile  
        And I've got a lot to handle  
        But I guess this is my way  
            Of saying goodbye

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