

Star Turtle 1

Harry Connick, Jr.

My hands are red
Admittedly, the cross is mine
The time is come
Forsake the brine
Alone with the void for a thousand years
I am the first of the reptilian rocketeers
Doom shines it's bitter brink
Its goblins casting stench to pave the way
I'm going off to seek the soul
Who'll teach me of the day
A boy will be born in the garden
I'll wait on a patch of green grass
Somehow he'll know to find me there
And place a star upon my crust
We'll trace the crescent's rim
Pawn's pursuit of deliverance
My soul a satchel for musical vim
Then I'll return to save my race

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