You Are (Panacea)

Cirrus

Oh these tattered
Imaginary wings
Want to make them real
Real
Oh these many
Useless coverings
Want to make throw away
Away

You are the shelter in the winter rain
You are the child underneath the pain
You are

Feeling heavy
You won't let it down
It's not their not
Their
Sparrow falling
Until she's on the ground
Your not alone
Alone

You are the caged one who is finally free
You are the oasis in the desert heat

You are the shelter in the winter rain
You are the child underneath the pain
You hold the answer though you can't explain
What you are to me

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