

Wavorly

"Tale Of The Dragon?s Defeat"

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A letter with no address
Burning a hole with words
Writ' in frantic distress
Storming my way through night
Gaze set on the light
Worry gripping my chest
Oh, God, no not my love!
She's no match for his tricks
The games he plays
Stay with me as I ride

Your words may have swayed her before
But I'll fight to help her ignore
Every word that you say
That masks your intent to betray
In this letter I hold from true beauty untold
Sealed and coated with fear
Love, he's here for my soul, come You're my only Hope
I will save you, my dear
Oh, Father, my task I may dread
But as ransom, take me instead
Take heart now, my Son
Fear not for the dragon will not overcome

Your words may have swayed her before
But I died so she could have more
The Life that she now finds in Me
Is the tale of the dragon's defeat

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