

Thorns, The "Dragonfly"

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Dragonfly in the tidal wave.
Eyes have come undone.
Still the cold slides a mile away,
And the storm has just begun.
"Here goes nothing,"
Heard him say,
As he buzzed away.

Dragonfly sees the tops of the trees,
From the C-130 door.
Flips, a bird puts his knees in the breeze,
And floats down to the war.
"Here goes nothing,"
Heard him say,
As he dropped away.
"Here goes nothing,"
Coming down.
Hardly makes a sound.

Cover it up(x16)

"Here goes nothing."
Holy roller,
Finally blew a fuse.
"Here goes nothing."
Read all about it,
In the front page news."

Dragonfly makes a cry on the thorns,
For a savior yet to come.
Still alive but his wings are torn,
And his conscience has gone numb.

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