

## **Austin Cunningham** **"The Butterfly"**

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The caterpillar wakes  
Within his dark cocoon  
He knows he must escape  
Before his house becomes his tomb  
For he is fast evolving  
And the walls are closing in  
To spread his living wings  
He must shed his dying skin

As the silken chains are severed  
An overwhelming world appears  
And for a moment his endeavor  
Is hindered by his fears  
Ah, but trusting in his instincts  
He emerges in the light  
He surrenders the familiar  
And takes to awkward flight

And on the shoulders of a gentle breeze  
He triumphs in the sun  
And marvels at all he has become  
And with an angel's gracefulness  
He dances with the morning air  
You will dance with  
Touch the sky  
Butterfly

Well, I understand the struggle  
That your heart is working through  
There is sorrow in the changing  
From the old into the new  
But to reach your highest calling  
You must bravely make a choice  
To accept your wings of beauty  
And all creation will rejoice

And on the shoulders of a gentle breeze  
You triumph in the sun  
And marvel at all you have become  
And with an angel's gracefulness  
You will dance with the morning air  
Touch the sky

Butterfly  
Butterfly  
If you try  
Butterfly

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