

The Dreams

"Drip Trickle"

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Baby is born
Pricked by a thorn,
Once pure, no more
Drip trickle, drip trickle,
Dripping slowly dry
My poor baby slowly shriveled dry

After each of us are born
We slowly become worn and torn
With each moment withered more
Until a time we are no more

Angel so pure
So easily tempted and lured
Drip trickle drip,
Drip trickle dripping slowly dry
My poor angel slowly withered dry

After each of us are born
We slowly become worn and torn
With each moment withered more
Until a time we are no more
How I've tried to pull this thorn,
Open my eyes and cure the flaw
When you try to become pure
You realize you're nothing more
Then a flaw

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