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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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