

Butterflies

Trouble

She breaks the vows and turns to cast a stone
I'm lashing out in desperation's way
A lovely child is peering from the hall
He holds his tongue and sadly looks away

Visions in my mind again of
innocence I can't defend
Wings are shown, the chrysalis has grown
The butterflies have flown

The stone - it drags me to the deep
She hides the truth inside another lie
Time marching on, the boy is petrified of tender
beauty lurking just outside

Visions that I can't forget
Decisions that I now regret
He sees the butterflies and gently moans
He feels so all alone..

The trial that comes, eleventh hour nears
The future clouded in a veil of doubt
My only hope for you, my loving child
is that you see the beauty in the sky

Disappointment with myself
for putting problems on the shelf
Hopefully you'll feel my love
and comfort in what flies above
Visions in my mind again of
innocence I can't defend
Wings are shown, the chrysalis has grown
The butterflies have flown