

# Cirrus, You Are (Panacea)

Oh these tattered  
imaginary wings  
Want to make them real  
real

Oh these many  
useless coverings  
Want to make throw away  
away

You are the shelter in the winter rain  
You are the child underneath the pain  
You are

Feeling heavy  
you won't let it down  
It's not their not  
their  
Sparrow falling  
until she's on the ground  
Your not alone  
alone

You are the caged one who is finally free  
You are the oasis in the desert heat

You are the shelter in the winter rain  
You are the child underneath the pain  
You hold the answer though you can't explain  
What you are to me