

When these Wings Dry
Caged Butterfly

Now that I have my wings,
I want be like the caged bird that sings,
Sitting on a branch ready to reach for the sky,
But my wings won't move, no matter how hard I try.
Too naive and concerned about what I lack,
to understand why these wings are so heavy on my back.
My wings can't move because of all my mess,
and because my wings are soaking wet,
Wet from the tears that God has cried,
because of all the times He's tried.
Tried to Guide me...
but I followed those who lied to me.
Tried to hold me...
yet I yearned to be set free.
Tried to Love me...
but I still felt so lonely.
Tried to mold me...
yet I wouldn't listen to what He told me.
Oh, How I long for a day in the sky,
but that won't happen until these wings dry.