

As The Dragonfly Flies

The Icicle Works

As the dragonfly flies, as the flowers rise
As the sleeping streets of azure bend the fool
As the willow weeps, as the lizard peeps
Down tepid streams with dreams of passing through

You are what you are
You are what you are
You are what you are
You are what you are

As the hope expires, as the land conspires
As the lily-pads drift softly through a night
In the musty halls, where invention calls
With the voice of indecision filling fright

You are what you are
You are what you are
You are what you are
You are what you are

Watch it, feel it, hold me, thrill me
Give it, take it, as the dragonfly flies

You are what you are
You are what you are
You are what you are
You are what you are