

# Phoenix

## Cibelle

Help me, I'm falling down  
Help me, I'm falling down the stair  
Of my thoughts, my heart  
Help, I'm slipping down, help me I'm slipping down, I feel my skin dry  
Miles away they could be rebirth  
They could become a cloud, they could be anyhow  
Just a small portion of the ocean, so Give me something softer, cautiously [unverified]  
Give me some feathers so that I can stop it and glide  
And glide up like a little birds and glide up Like an eagle with gigantic wings  
Master the winds of change, master the winds  
Reborn again like a phoenix

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