Butterfly Clan

Pale Forest

When we were young and regarded the world with hope
we came to feel pretty soon the burning of the rope
The cosmos grew far too vast, our faces turned to stone
engraved by sleepless nights and the chilling of the boneWe turned to the wings on the soft summer breeze
small butterflies
Melting all hearts disillusion tried to freeze
small butterfliesLike the old Stonehenge rocks
our circle praised the sun
A huge canvas to warm us by the golden goddess spunWe turned to the wings on the soft summer breeze
small butterflies
Melting all hearts disillusion tried to freeze
small butterflies

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/