

# The Butterfly

## Celtic Woman

This evening the moon dreams more lazily  
As some fair woman, lost in cushions deep  
With gentle hand caresses listlessly  
The contour of her breasts before she sleeps  
On velvet backs of avalanches soft  
She often lies enraptured as she dies  
And gazes on white visions aloft  
Which like a blossoming to heaven rise  
When sometimes on this globe, in indolence  
She lets a secret tear drop down, by chance  
A poet, set against oblivion  
Takes in his hand this pale and furtive tear  
This opal drop where rainbow hues appear  
And hides it in his breast far from the sun

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