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 meI'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, soGive 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 upLike an eagle with gigantic wings
Master the winds of change, master the winds
Reborn again like a phoenixSo help me, help me, I'm gonna fly, help me
Help me, I'm gonna fly so high like a phoenix
Born again like a phoenix, born again like a phoenix, born again

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