

# Pati Yang, Too late

pink butterfly  
lost her fingertips  
would you help her searching  
we live only three days  
and i am just about to loose my wings  
help...  
your eyes follow me  
your shade spys me  
i won't let you make love to me  
ever again  
'cause it hurts too much  
and looking deeply into your eyes  
i cruelly say  
that i would rather be a butterfly  
than one who lets your hand  
touch one's neck