

Christine Guldbrandsen, The Pretty One

The sky came down
It fell on to the ground
Without a sound
The blue undone
Shattered beauty lay
All around
But in my dream
I picked her up
I held her in my hand
Like a butterfly
And would she fly again

I waited till she flew
I waited till she flew
I waited till she flew

I'll light another candle now
To remember you by
The lift my eyes to see those wings
Repaint the sky
Although I am the pretty one
It isn't how I feel
For if our hearts were meant to part
Still hard to face the ordeal

A voice unheard
My ruby heart
And silver hair
Can feel the words
Talk to me, you say
If you still hear
And in my dream

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The ordeal
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