

# 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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