

Kumm, Butterflies

Welcome to the silence I give
I give
Someone has to guide us to the river
To the river

Tried hard to disgrace me and fall
And fall
Run out of the safe place when you call
When you call

Butterflies are coming are coming
Butterflies are coming
To change our ways

The signs are all shifting, unclear
Unclear
Cant tell what I see from what I hear.