

Novalis Deux, Passing By

Butterflies around her eyes fairies fly
Passing by passing by
Friendly voices from the trees birds in the sky
Passing by passing by

Down by the riverside, down by the boats
Passing by passing by
Dying fish on the hooks, and the bloody knife
A fisherman smiles, the fisherman smiles

Youre crying, youre crying

Sad absentminded, she walks her way
Passing by passing by
Where have the fairies gone, no butterflies
Passing by passing by

She walks her way, shes walking home, she walks alone
A day has gone by, this day has gone by
Down by the riverside, down by the boats
She never passed by, never passed by

Youre crying, youre crying