

# Pale Forest, Butterfly Clan

When we were young and regarded the world with hope  
we came to feel pretty soon the burning of the rope  
The cosmos grew far too vast, our faces turned to stone  
engraved by sleepless nights and the chilling of the bone

We turned to the wings on the soft summer breeze  
small butterflies  
Melting all hearts disillusion tried to freeze  
small butterflies

Like the old Stonehenge rocks  
our circle praised the sun  
A huge canvas to warm us by the golden goddess spun

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