

Rasputina, Mayfly

The fly
Of may
It lives
One day

When that day is done
The mayfly does not complain
It flies into the setting sun
It goes back to the place
From which it came

The fly
Of may

Ask how
Ask why
One day
May fly
That's all
You get
You give

No thought
To it

Me, my life is long
With reasons few like you
When I go, and when I'm gone
I will understand these things
I never knew

The fly
Of may

One day one day one day one day
It's long enough
If you really think about it

The fly
Of may
It lives
One day