

## Butterflies

Little Dragon

Sang a lullaby to a butterfly  
Child's wide brown eyes, secrets inside  
She said, "When I die, become a butterfly  
You can flutter and colour in meadows and hills  
Beauty gave me the chills  
Flying on your own, then a thousand mourn  
Thousand souls swarming, thousands were performing"

Bright white, emerald green  
Silk blown, sailing seas  
And the spotted wings  
Go, go blow in the wind

Bright white, emerald green  
Silk blown, sailing seas  
And the spotted wing  
Go, go blow in the wind  
Go, go, go, go blow in the wind

In their old house, from a lover's mouth  
He kept feathered in behind the bamboo screen  
She said, "When he died, became a butterfly  
He was fluttering, colouring meadows and hills  
Beauty gave us the chills  
Flying on your own, then a thousand mourn  
Thousand souls swarming, thousands were performing  
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Bright white, emerald green  
Silk blown, sailing seas  
And the spotted wing  
Go, go blow in the wind  
Go, go