

Butterflies on the wheel of a world that turns unyieldingly...
every fragile beating wing moves the motor of the thing, oh, Gaia!

Butterflies stir a breeze and the ripples flow unceasingly: far
away the cyclones swirl. It's a whole, connected world. Oh, Gaia!

Wipe those tears from your tired eyes: every breath you take a
sacred sigh.

Butterflies on the wheel making order out of chaos and each ripple
in the air turns the motor everywhere.

Cry those tears, then dry those tired eyes: every breath you take
keeps you alive.

Butterflies as we are freeze in flight beneath the starry sky but
the ghosts fly on and on... in this sense we all belong, oh,
Gaia!

And the sum of all the parts is the all-
forgiving heart of Gaia.

Oh, Gaia!