

# Gaia

Peter Hammill

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

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

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 rip  
ple in the air turns the motor everywhere.

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

Butterflies as we are freeze in flight beneath the starry sky b  
ut 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!