

## Butterfly on a wheel

XIII. století

Silver and gold and it's growing cold  
Autumn leaves lay as thick as thieves  
Shivers down your spine chill you to the bone  
'Cause the mandolin wind is the melody  
That turns your heart to stone  
The heat of your breath carving shadows on the mist  
Every angel has the wish but she's never been kissed  
A broken dream haunts you in your sleep  
And hiding in your smile  
A secret you must keep  
Love cuts you deep

Love breaks the wings of a butterfly on a wheel  
Love breaks the wings of a butterfly on a wheel

There's no scarlet in you  
Lay your veil down for me  
As sure as god made wine  
You can't wrap your arms around a memory  
Take warmth from me  
Cold autumn winds cut sharp as a knife  
And in the dark for me  
You are the candle flame that flickers to life

Love breaks the wings of a butterfly on a wheel  
Love breaks the wings of a butterfly on a wheel  
Love will break the wings of a butterfly on a wheel  
Love breaks the wings of a butterfly on a wheel

Wise men say, "All is fair in love and war"?  
And, "There's no right and wrong in the design of love"?  
And I could only watch as the wind crushed your wings  
Broken and torn, crushed like a flower under the snow  
And like a flower in spring, love will rise again to heal your wings

Love heals the wings of a butterfly on a wheel  
Love heals the wings of a butterfly on a wheel  
Love will heal the wings of a butterfly on a wheel  
Love heals the wings of a butterfly on a wheel