

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