

I can sing you a poem  
About an innocence that once was stolen  
I can read you a novel  
about the truth that never was written

Once upon a time, a long time ago  
There was a butterfly, flying alone  
She flew above the hills till she got lost  
Either it was the wind, or she was cursed...

This is not where you belong  
You need to escape  
You need to live long  
These are not the people you love  
Open your eyes don't let them eat you alive

She found her self lost in a completely new world  
There was no flowers, the hills were all rough  
She shines like an angel in the completely darkness  
Now she is doomed to drown in this silence

The truth is, she never was lost  
There was a period in her live she had to pass  
She grows too fast, and her childhood is gone  
An adult was what she hated to become

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These are not the people you love  
Open your eyes don't let them eat you alive

Her mouth was dry and tired of screaming  
Her eyes swallowing by flames from crying!...

This light is so blinding  
She hates to be nothing - nothing  
She wants to survive  
But the truth is so whipping-whipping  
It seems like we live in fairy tales  
Everything is so colorful  
Everything is a mess  
We feel the sweet taste of happiness  
But it's so crowdy here  
And everyone is useless - useless

Her mouth was dry and tired of screaming  
Her eyes swallowing by flames from crying!...

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Alive! Alive! Alive!  
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