

Xiren

"Butterflies"

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Today I'm searching for living proof of the promises.
I'm up on the roof with no confidence, urged to fly but
my wings fail again. I'm back inside four walls. Our
silence pushes the time around. You're tempted to run,
you know I can tell everything about you now.

A little uncertainty
it used to be the world that
held us breathless
how should it be, are you expecting butterflies again?

We're back in the light again. Holding the fuse that
ignites us when I'm feeling very strange. I feel like were
now the same. My favorite words of yours are the
whispers that never got offered me; a promise that all
of our history could disappear.

A thousand miles and you would carry me, but can you
chance a little uncertainty? When I get down you got
me covered. The wings of change rediscovered. We've
got the butterflies of early lovers again.

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