

## **Celtic Woman Movie**

### **"The Butterfly"**

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The contour of her breasts before she sleeps  
On velvet backs of avalanches soft  
She often lies enraptured as she dies  
And gazes on white visions aloft  
Which like a blossoming to heaven rise  
When sometimes on this globe, in indolence  
She lets a secret tear drop down, by chance  
A poet, set against oblivion  
Takes in his hand this pale and furtive tear  
This opal drop where rainbow hues appear  
And hides it in his breast far from the sun

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