

New Trolls "Butterfly"

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Over the fields
a butterfly
played on a flower and she stopped and rested on it.
There was a child
looking at that flower
he looked again,
but the butterfly was gone.
The butterfly
flew on a tree,
the child ran there
but she was gone again.
Fly and fly and fly,
run and run and run
ran the boy beside her
and played with her.
Flies over the fields
races in the wood
and the sun was going down
but the sun had gone down.
There was a child
sitting on the road
he was looking for
the way to go back home.
Branches of trees
seems to reach him
face in his hands:
he was crying.
Cry and cry and cry,
fly and fly and fly,
rose in flights his sky
searching for the home.

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