

Reisa L. Gerber

"The Collector"

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I'm a little butterfly
In your cruel hands soon I'll die
It's my destiny, I know
There's no way for me to go

Silence is just killing me
I beg you to set me free
Two months in this vault
Can't stay here any more

But everything's in his will
Of this mad collector. He
Says he loves me tenderly
But his plan's enormity

The most atrocious thing is that
People don't know anything
They don't know if I'm alive
Or whether I'm dead?

Mother, don't you cry all night
Father, don't you cry all night
There's a fire in my soul
In your souls I burn a hole

But everything's in his will
Of this mad collector. He
Says he loves me tenderly
But his plan's enormity

But everything's in his will
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Enormity...

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