

## Peter Green

### "Gaia"

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Butterflies on the wheel  
of a world that turns unyieldingly...  
every fragile beating wing  
moves the motor of the thing,  
oh, Gaia!  
Butterflies stir a breeze  
and the ripples flow unceasingly:  
far away the cyclones swirl.  
It's a whole, connected world.  
Oh, Gaia!  
Wipe those tears from your tired eyes:  
every breath you take a sacred sigh.  
Butterflies on the wheel  
making order out of chaos  
and each ripple in the air  
turns the motor everywhere,..  
Cry those tears, then dry those tired eyes:  
every breath you take keeps you alive.  
Butterflies as we are  
freeze in flight beneath the starry sky  
but the ghosts fly on and on...  
in this sense we all belong,  
oh, Gaia!  
And the sum of all the parts  
in the all-forgiving heart  
oh, Gaia.  
Oh, Gaia!  
(PH - Piano, Vox;  
David Lord - Orchestar

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