

Peter Hammill

"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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