

how

the sky is blue, in the night it's black
the sun goes down, but it will come back

and everybody knows
fire is hot
ice is cold
and melts in your fingers

all these things obtain
their word their special name

but how can i say
what i feel for you
but i try to say it with this song

boundlessly grows
the power of a rose
the magic in a bubble of soap

butterfly is flying
without any task
you can give me an answer
to the questions i can't ask