

Robi Rosa, Nymph

within the delicate purity of love
i find the wild gardens of swoon
i've slowly become a love comforter
all our fears... sorry world

did you find love yesterday
did you finally find another man to make your day
spooning the butterflies I would die for you
doesn't matter where we go
cause pain is all the same

and so I'm caught up by happyland
draw up into detour land
far beyond the forbidden flurries of disarray,
disarray...

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did you finally find another man to make you pray
spooning the butterflies I would die for you
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i would die for you...