

A 1000 Paper Cranes

In Legend

The morning rises
She finds herself
In the middle of a park
As the city awakes

A peaceful silence
It appears
A little rift within the lute...
Too calm, too bright

Then she turns and sees
A second sun today
A beauty in the sky
That wipes her own away

With wings too weak to rise
And prayer in her eyes
She is folding for her life
A thousand paper cranes

So she lies...
In dreams that become memories
The little life she has left clings to
An undying hope to be free again

With wings too weak to rise
And prayer in her eyes
She is folding for her life
A thousand paper cranes
And folding to survive
Her fate keeps her alive
To pacify our minds
By a thousand paper cranes!
Set free...