

Carlos Lyra, Yes, Love Has Come

Cant say why,
Why should this be?
All of a sudden
A surge of joy in me
Joy of living, joy of love
Of believing, dreaming of
Such a sky turning bright,
So much blue
Who on this earth could ever suppose
The rebirth of a rose in a flowerless world
But a miracle sometimes can happen
And it doesnt have to be just in heaven
What was only a lonely and so endless void
Would be turned into rapture and joy
My heart sings, dances a waltz,
Flies without wings wherever it wants,
Then halts...
For its love
Yes, love has come,
Has come at last.