

# Abydos, A Boy Named Fly

The freedom around my father's grave  
now drifted by the winds of war... and disturbed  
and all of my sorrows all my pleas  
now buried under machines' roar - it is not a dream

May the laughter of children help us in the end

turn the base in our hometown into a bugbane plant

that hold off the aircraft coming like a swarm of bees  
and the flight of big grey moths to the flame in the Middle East

Now I was 13 months at sea  
And it feels like I'm coming home  
This port is a well-known place to me  
So I kneel down to touch the stone

And for a minute I thought I could understand  
That all is one in all  
... here in my Neverland  
Then the wind takes it all

Under the sirens of the night  
I hear an ancient melody  
"Fly is a boy who sings for the world  
And writing an anthem for too many gods

A biological weapon is the virus of hate  
Destroys our hope  
For freedom we lost the peace  
And now it's just a little too late  
The free choice for home for religion and faith  
Is like I would lie so bizarre  
That I'm not afraid

Something inside infecting our innocence  
Before all our lies searching for their paradise

Under the sirens of the night I can hear it  
I hear an ancient melody  
Fly is a boy who sings for the world  
and writing an anthem for too many gods

Out there in the fields  
I see children play  
In a magic light  
On a rainy day

And I hear them speak in a secret kwaa  
Dancing with a man  
From another star  
And he brings us hope  
Says the little boy  
Heal the universe  
With a song of joy

I'm afraid of the very end  
No one will flee from our Neverland

How can I reach other river coasts  
Try to be water then you will learn to flow  
Now I'm the king of all orchid dreams  
Dreams make us different human beings

Who are you that I'm talking to  
Can't you see that everything is in you

I see how the world is going down  
you leave with a rainbow in my eyes  
I see how the world is going down it's a sad but a beautiful goodbye

while Fly is a boy still sings for the world  
writing an anthem for too many gods

Last night I found... the hole in my dreams  
I slipped outside and saw nothing's like it seems  
You better know this we are not alone and just cats-paw on a string  
And those who watch us from above make us dance and sing