

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