

Dreamtale, Fly

She was a slave not a wife
There was nothing in life
That she could care for
She had no respect
There was only reject
All around her

Once she had a dream
Of something she had never seen
Of someone in a beautiful scene
A figure of man in black
Said there was no turning back
"Take my hand and come with me";
he said, "We can fly, fly, fly... fly, fly, Fly!";

[Chorus:]
Now Fly, fly, fly - You and I
Above so high - We can fly
You and I - Now fly!

Was it real or dream?
She could still feel the wind
blowing her hair and skin
A figure of man in black
Told her that he could come back
In change of her useless life and soul
they could fly, fly, fly... fly, fly, fly, FLY!";

[Chorus]