

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!"

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!"