

Fly

Dreamtale

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!"