As the sun breaks, above the ground, An old man stands on the hill. As the ground warms, to the first rays of light A birdsong shatters the still.

His eyes are ablaze, See the madman in his gaze.

R: Fly, on your way, like an eagle, Fly as high as the sun,
On your way, like an eagle,
Fly and touch the sun.

Now the crowd breaks and a young boy appears Looks the old man in the eye As he spreads his wings and shouts at the crowd In the name of God my father I fly

His eyes seem so glazed
As he flies on the wings of a dream.
Now he knows his father betrayed
Now his wings turn to ashes to ashes his grave.

R: Fly, on your way, like an eagle...