

If you ever hear the song of a dying phoenix  
don't let sadness close your ears  
you may offend the secret face of nature  
It is not a mourning but a hymn.

If you ever see the bright pyre strip  
the nightly creature from the chains  
you'll witness what the most  
can only envy  
the glorious coupling of the light  
with the dark  
Burning Phoenix rise  
Ash is what you leave to go up high

The flaming bird knows the time  
when the astral gates are open time  
to fulfil its noble destiny  
it was born to fly  
Forever, with the burning legions  
of its kind.

On wings of smoke they are singing  
Their calling is the calling of the free  
"Fly with us"