The death of the Taurus
has brought us here
Minos has taken revenge
We fear to die in exile but I know
there is still a chance for us
to go above the sea, my son,
don't touch the waves,
don't near the sun
Watch out!

Hear my words:
follow the clouds!
But in his days of levity
the boy is not aware at all
Father, save me your words
come, let us fly
like birds and Take me higher
on wings we are leaving
on wings we arise
Shore so dire
I'm longing for freedom
The price for it will soon be payed

So the tragic is foretold
the wax will melt
beneath the burning sun
My invention, is it safe?
Nature can't be replicated!
The claws of wind,
at once they reap
the young man falls into the sea
My fault! It's too late but now I see
the blaze in the sky
would have posed no threat
if we had chosen the night instead

Take me higher
on wings we are leaving
on wings we arise
Shore so dire
I'm longing for freedom
The price for it will soon be payed