

I'm flying on a wave of silk, crusing
Through a
Forest dream
The smell of wood in the air, grasping
My sense in a sensual flair.

In the eye of the storm, my flyer is born!

King of the mighty sea!
Crusing on my flyer dream!
No agony, just liberty my soul is free!

Surfing on a silver stream
Loosing my heart to scream!
No agony, just liberty
I'm finally free!

The endless water seemed to lift my
Dreams into a endless eternity
Whoever may cross my waves, my flyer
Will ride on their water streams

In the Eyes of the storm, my flyer is born!