

Savage Rose

"Flyv Min Fugl"

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Flyv min fugl over byens tavse tage
BÃr bÃrnenes drÃmme med pÃ din ryg
Stille rejser dagen med mÃnnens hvide segl
SkÃr' gennem natten en fremmed strand
Aja, aja, aja
Afsted afsted afsted afsted
Med de forbudte tanker
NÃgne rÃdder spredt pÃ jorden
Kappet i udkanten af storbyens beton
Fyraftenens svundne stemmer, dagens historie
Hvisker i min hÃndfuld kastanjer
Aja, aja, aja ...

SÃ stille her er: en sommer uden mund
Her hvor gÃglerne tÃnder ild i hÃje hatte
Hvor leende drenge med sabler ud af halsen,
Balancerer pÃ blodige lanser â.
Aja, aja aja â.

HvornÃr skal jeg se jer
Mine stolte sÃskende
Smile mellem rÃde pelargonier
Aja, aja, aja â.

Compressed translation by Thomas Koppel:

Fly my bird
Over the quiet roofs of the city
Carry the dreams of the children on your back
Quietly the day travels with the moons' white sickle
Cuts through the night a foreign beach
Aia, on & on, with the forbidden thoughts

Naked roots scattered on the ground
Polled in the outskirts of the city's concrete
The vanished voices of knock-off time, the history of
the day
Whisper in my handful of chestnuts

How quiet it is! A summer without mouth
Here where jugglers put top hats on fire

Where smiling boys with swords sticking out of the
throat
Balance on bloody lances

When will I see you
My proud sisters & brothers
Smiling between red geraniums
Aia, on & on, with the forbidden thoughts

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