

## Abydos

# "A Boy Named Fly"

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The freedom around my father's grave  
Now drifted by the winds of war... and disturbed  
And all of my sorrows all my pleas  
Now buried under machines' roar - it is not a dream

May the laughter of children help us in the end

Turn the base in our hometown into a bugbane plant

That hold off the aircraft coming like a swarm of bees  
And the flight of big grey moths to the flame in the  
Middle East

Now I was 13 months at sea  
And it feels like I'm coming home  
This port is a well-known place to me  
So I kneel down to touch the stone

And for a minute I thought I could understand  
That all is one in all  
Here in my Neverland  
Then the wind takes it all

Under the sirens of the night  
I hear an ancient melody  
"Fly" is a boy who sings for the world  
And writing an anthem for too many gods

A biological weapon is the virus of hate  
Destroys our hope  
For freedom we lost the peace  
And now it's just a little too late  
The free choice for home for religion and faith  
Is like I would lie so bizarre  
That I'm not afraid

Something inside infecting our innocence  
Before all our lies searching for their paradise

Under the sirens of the night I can hear it  
I hear an ancient melody  
Fly is a boy who sings for the world

And writing an anthem for too many gods

Out there in the fields  
I see children play  
In a magic light  
On a rainy day

And I hear them speak in a secret kwaa  
Dancing with a man  
From another star  
And he brings us hope  
Says the little boy  
Heal the universe  
With a song of joy

I'm afraid of the very end  
No one will flee from our Neverland

How can I reach other river coasts  
Try to be water then you will learn to flow  
Now Iâ€™m the king of all orchid dreams  
Dreams make us different human beings

Who are you that Iâ€™m talking to  
Can't you see that everything is in you

I see how the world is going down  
You leave with a rainbow in my eyes  
I see how the world is going down it's a sad but a  
beautiful goodbye

While Fly is a boy still sings for the world  
Writing an anthem for too many gods

Last night I found... the hole in my dreams  
I slipped outside and saw nothingâ€™s like it seems  
You better know this we are not alone and just cats-paw  
on a string  
And those who watch us from above make us dance  
and sing

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