

Dark Moor "Flying"

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Only with you I want to stay
Flying across (the) space away
I am feeling like a real king
And beneath us is everything
I haven't treasures nor estates
But I offer something great
Over the tops of oldest trees
Your flying soul plays with me
(The) wind is a stroke when the air is clean
Such a view I've never seen
Pleasure of freedom, I can fly

Further, further, high so high

[chorus]

Fast my magic, fast
Flying across the skyline
My free heart at last
Forever will be mine

Close to you, alone with me
Crossing skies or sailing seas
For my magic is fancy-made
But my illusions never fade
Pleasure of freedom, I can fly
Further, further, high so high

[chorus]

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