

## Flying

Dark Moor

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]