

I am Daedalus, an inventor, craftsman, and hard worker  
Designs buildings, machines and weapons  
The most renowned inventor of ancient greece  
Maddened and betrayed by King Minos  
That was rude, to do with my own making  
Why would he do such with my skills

Thrown in the maze left for dead  
King Minos was outsmarted  
I had built the maze therefore;  
I knew my way right along through it  
Outsmarted he was as I walked free  
King Minos, King Minos how could you

I needed off the island  
No life there is if you have to hide  
Brainstorming I did day after day  
Ship was no option; King Minos had lookout  
Swimming was no option; the nearest land was too far  
Giving up was no option

I thought of an Idea  
Flying, Flying at last  
I had to find materials to fly  
We began to search and gather feathers  
Many, many feathers were needed to hold us up  
Making bird shape wings was no easy task

I made my wings from wax and feathers  
My wings wouldn't hold just like leather  
While I crafted thy wings, icarus imagined all the things  
I instructed that flying to high can melt the wax  
Flying too low can dampen the feathers and clog the wings  
Many dangers and risks to become a free man once again

When all was prepared I attached the wings to our arms  
We ran toward the ocean sweeping our arms  
Up Up Up we were in the air flying  
My son full of excitement forgot what I had told him  
He flew too close to the sun and was melting his wings  
To far away to warn, my son began falling to his death in the ocean