Elysian Fields

Mark Soskin

Uneasy feeling, burning out my eyes
I hope the end is less painful, than my life
I stand on trial before the Gods on Judgment Day
A blink of an eye between the cradle and the graveOne last look at visions of flesh
The last best hope of man on the earth
Pontius Pilate still washing his hands
The world don't want to be saved only left aloneElysian fields
We are storming the heavens
Elysian fields
We raise the swords and shields
Elysian fields
We ascend to our destiny
Elysian fields
To the Elysian fieldsSoaring to the sun with blood upon their wings
Superstitious dust left twisting in the wind
Man still has one belief, one decree that stands alone
The laying down of arms is like cancer to their bonesOne last look at visions of flesh
The last best hope of man on the earth
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