

Fields of the Fallen

Brave Saint Saturn

It's 9:15 I'm climbing up into morning
Lungs are screaming for air
Enshrouded shapes are forming
I see his vacant stare
I heard him calling on the radio
First one this year
We couldn't reach him
Through blinding snow
He pushed too hard
That's what everybody said
It snowed three days he must be dead I'm trying to break through
I am reaching for the sky
I am frayed torn in two through
Fields of the fallen lost in the gray
It's 4:18. Every step brings me homeward
Through the valley of death
There he sits like monument I blame myself for lack of endeavor
I must press on, lest I become another
If I slow down my heart may shatter from within
I will not become him I'm trying to break through
I am reaching for the sky
My lips are cracked, bleeding
Blue, I'm still calling for you
My arms stretch toward you
I want to look you in the eye
Spread your wings won't you
Over the fallen?
Lost in the gray

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