

# Elysium

Sunny Lax

I don't really know how I got here this time  
I was only just following orders  
Listening to the voice in my mind  
Saying steer clear of margins and borders  
So I wasn't thinking of where we would go  
On a cold afternoon through the mountains we drove  
Up a few hairpin turns and then spread out below  
The valley appeared with the sun like Elysium  
I looked out the window and stared at the fields  
Where the blue sky and green were colliding  
I looked back at you and I knew we were sealed  
By a fate that has ways of providing  
Yes, sometimes you get there in spite of the route  
Losing track of your life and what it's about  
The road seems to know when to straighten right out  
The closer you come to Elysium  
They say there's a place for those who are good  
With it's pearly gates swinging wide open  
The rest of us here are just knocking on wood  
Quietly, piously hoping  
I could wonder if all of it led me to you  
I could show you the arrows and circles I drew  
I didn't have a map, it's the best I could do  
On the fly and on the run  
To dreams that were tethered like kites to the ground  
To the bridges I burned, to then turning around  
It was here in your heart I was finally found  
And the last battle won for Elysium

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