

# Shadow of the Living Light

Elysian Fields

I did not rush to be seen  
Floating in mother's warm  
Dark sea endlessly  
My resistance wore down  
On a Friday near noon  
Piercing the light  
Too soon, too soon  
Mostly not visible but to the air  
Mostly not visible but to the air  
I met the world slowly, slowly  
Thought I was a stowaway  
Caressed me into being

For nearly nothing  
Thought I was a stowaway  
Guess I was a stowaway  
Mostly not visible but to the air  
Mostly not visible but to the air  
Mostly not visible but to the air  
Mostly not visible but to the air  
Mostly not visible but to the air  
Shadow of the living light  
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