

The Elysian Fields

Ten

Every blade laid to rest
Through death's shrineless remedy
Every stain marks the test
Of each timeless memory
When the last breath has ebbed
From this soulless ossuary
As we're born, we return here alone

Do the souls manifest themselves
Anger and mistrust
When the lives that they cherished
So easily were crushed
As their bones slowly perish
And crumble into dust
So the gods call their warriors home

Pure melody
Raw threnody
Death and rebirth
To the magical madrigal
Born to the shield
Sword and the steel
Dust of the earth
Blown across the Elysian Fields

Every season is signless
For legions of the grave
As the years fall behind us
The centuries remain
But our hearts still remind us
So proud and unashamed
What a legend we carved in this stone

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Do the eyes on the endless
Horizon wait for me
Will she die never knowing
How much she meant to me
Will the love that I gave her
Be all she'll ever need
What remains
When the spirits have flown

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