

# Cans, Fields Of Yesterday

The passage is open, they've unlocked the cage  
The circle is broken, beware  
Along came the thunder, the wind and the rage  
A vortex of pleasure and pain

The spectre within us is trying to come across (pray, pray!)  
A passage door, wide open, so step inside, don't be afraid!  
Voices calling, we are falling through time and space

See what you want to see, be free  
Never fear, the end is near  
When your eyes are shut you'll see  
The fields of yesterday

Inside the circle, something's not right  
Dead silence is filling the air  
Shivering, shaking, hands holding tight  
I think it's the end of the line

The spectre within us our contact link across (stay, stay!)  
So why won't you speak to us now, why are you here, tell us why!  
Shadows falling, we are trapped in the circle of lies

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Now the circle must be closed  
Leave me here, leave me alone!

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