

The Church, Field Of Mars

It's a long way home from the Field of Mars
Distant, alone, beneath the platinum stars
And I turn to look, but I'm never any closer
Only just the rain makes the skin feel colder
All my life seems so far away
The air is soft in the Field of Mars
Tears and loss feed the overgrown grass
And I have to leave, but I never seem to go
Only more sad clouds where autumn winds will blow
All my dreams seem so long ago
Oh, Field of Mars
Time is past in the Field of Mars
Grief won't last in the departing cars
And I call her name, but she never, ever hears
And I call again to the cruelty of the years
Oh my love she's so far away
Oh, Field of Mars