

To Elysium, Descenders

Have a heart.

In love and in fear
we blindly surrender.
Under divine demands,
above everyday events.

A warm feeling
trespassing in my soul,
remote like an illusion
it plays a vivid role.
Under divine demands,
above everyday events.

One of the things I don't dare to say,
I leave you to the silence of my language.

We dance to the sound of breaking hearts, it keeps on blasting.
Closely connected, cross my heart, the sound is lasting.

Questions I war with
are never replied.
Again I will trespass,
bare feet in broken glass.

The questions are never replied.