

Eternal Deformity

"Field Of Glory"

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THE TEMPTING SMELL OF FRAGILE FRUITS
DANCES WITH ME LIKE DEATH WITH AN OLD MAN
I DON'T LEAN ON IT
I'M DANCING WITH A GIRL

MY ARMOUR SHINES FROM IDEAS
IT'S GOLD PLATE REFLECTS THE FIELD OF GLORY
REMEMBERING THE STORMS AND DROOPING EYELIDES
AND I'M SHINY, PROUD AND FULFILLED

THE PUNGENT SMELL OF VICTORY
WINDS ROUND MY NAKED BODY
I KISS THE DAMB MORNING
DEW WASHES AWAY THE GUILT

AND I, PROUD AND FULFILLED
DRINK WINE OF THE BEST YEAR
THE YOUNG BLOOD OF MY FOREFATHERS

THE PUNGENT SMELL OF VICTORY
WINDS ROUND MY NAKED BODY
I KISS THE DAMP MORNING
DEW WASHES AWAY THE GUILT

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