

Fields

"At The Gates Of Silent Memory"

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Yes today life that I knew
So sick of all the people
A blind moon over to the window
Where the night has become elizium
For the sleepless souls
And our days to come
You stand with dalila
May be I'll just pass-away
Or may be I'll stay
But I feel alive with you
And I feel some kind of heaven
When I feel deep inside her
I feel some kind of heaven
Hear me
Give me some kind of heaven
Come in from the cold
I'll owe you my heart
Be my shelter and refuge for the night
Love of my life
Pour your light on the faith
I can feel
Make it real
In her sleep

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