

Inti Illimani

"Elysium Dream"

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One more breath
Is one too many
Wither away soon to die
Nothing left of this badly
Burned shell
Relinquish my breathing

Feeling so cold
The silence is deafening
Feeling so cold
In this Elysium dream

Covered in dirt
Vision dissipates
The blackness
Helps to forget
The sweet aroma of death
Is in the air
Smile as the casket closes

Life is a pale shade of gray
Choking the life out of me
Pointless existence
We've fucked up
My feelings are dead

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