

Miguel Migs

"The Fields Of Elysium"

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All I can take with me now, are these empty promises. I
can't save my life, so inject the endless void into me.
There is always a lovely euphoria before the end

Penitence is burning me in every cell

Wells of hope only draw blood
I breathe my vastness of my entrance
I trespass without a key

Passing unmarked, familiar graves
Running eternally toward the sunshine

I cannot save my life
Inject the endless void into me
I know there is always a lovely euphoria...

"Vous entendrez toute l'année
Sur votre tête condamnée
Les cris lamentables des loups
Et des sorcières faméliques,
Les débats des vieillards lubriques
Et les complots des noirs filous"

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