

Pallas

"Heart Attack"

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Dead friends lying back to back
In this manufactured heart attack
They have done their politicians' will
Ten thousand years on, they'll be lying still

Help me find a way out
Hear all our restless spirits shout
Turning around I see a new age dawn
And I look on

Tracer bullets lightning up the sky
A soldiers' duty is to die
Night times descended on this mushroom cloud
Our days have ended in a chlorine shroud
Help me find a way out
Hear all our restless spirits shout
Turning around I see a new age dawn
And I look on

Climbing, our spirits they rise above the battlefield
They're beating their lives now
In a different time
Am I in heaven or in hell?
Well, personally, I can't tell

Oh, no, I can't tell
Gliding, our spirits they soar
Across the battlefield
They're joining together now as one mind
Am I in heaven or in hell?
Well, personally, I don't care
Oh, no, I don't care

Beam me up [x6]
Beam, oh, please, beam me up, beam me up
Rising our spirits they glide
Above the battlefield
They're reaching up to a higher mind

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