

Shadow of the Living Light

Elysian Fields

I did not rush to be seen
Floating in mother's warm
Dark sea endlessly
My resistance wore down
On a Friday near noon
Piercing the light
Too soon, too soon
Mostly not visible but to the air
Mostly not visible but to the air
I met the world slowly, slowly
Thought I was a stowaway
Caressed me into being

For nearly nothing
Thought I was a stowaway
Guess I was a stowaway
Mostly not visible but to the air
Mostly not visible but to the air
Mostly not visible but to the air
Mostly not visible but to the air
Mostly not visible but to the air
Shadow of the living light
Shadow of the living light