

The Magician

Elysian Fields

Oh, you're some kind of conjurer
To summon me from the ether
Now what you gonna do with me
Suddenly you've got your hands full
The world comes to a standstill
The moon could be a spotlight
As she trains her cool white hot light
In our veins shining her wild and strange approval
I'm more than a handful transformed into an animal
Electrified by the charge
Wildlife at large
His wrists twist
The silk whorls

A white dove unfurls
The wand taps
The charm cast
The future encased in the past
Oh, you're some kind of conjurer
To summon me from the ether
You know me first in line to be sawed in half
Sacrifice the golden calf there is dazzle in that staff
On whose tip electrons dance
Sleepwalking in a trance
Sleepwalking in a trance
Sleepwalking in a trance
Sleepwalking in a trance