

Walk In Mindfields

Ivanhoe

Looking for a pleasure
Where the end of all the things that you have done
Is lying closer than what ever else you father told you, son
It's real, your enemym spitting at your howling at the moon
This nature comes again
Making sure your last days coming soon

This is the end
No turning back

Ride on insanity of truth
I am high to live for tomorrow
So you find another way in you
And your eyes won't see a thing

In the face of death now
Where your spirits just a whisper in the wind
Heaven's closer
While the memory of it all will fade too soon
You've got to understand spirits rising

Sun goes round the moon
You walk in midfields
Touch the flame
Your last days coming soon

This is the end no turning back

Ride on insanity of truth
I am high to live for tomorrow
So I'll find another way in you
And my eyes are blind to see