

Elysium, is everyone chipping at your cordiality?
Elysium, you stand ice-bound to the windy casualty
Elysium, is everyone nagging at your reason to believe?
Elysium, you stare down from a mound with such hostility

You said to me now wipe you eyes
Relax your hand and come inside
Lift back your head and swallow your pride
Don't be ashamed in me confide

I've seen you pretend
The happy go lucky
Everything's funky
But in the end
Your manic obsession
Turns to depression

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Stand back and watch the bright spark fly
To catch a glimpse, don't blink an eye
The touch paper wrapped round your soul
Has been lit, let's go with the flow

Unwrap the gift-box and look inside
The promise in your heart and torment in your soul in your heart
and torment in your soul
Eyeballs register overload
Time to wake up, time to break up
Get back in your box

Elysium, is everyone tugging at your idea to be free?
Elysium, to cry out, for you sensibility
Elysium, is everyone chipping at your cordiality?
Elysium, you stand ice-bound to the windy casualty

To the windy casualty
To the windy casualty...