

## Heart Attack

Pallas

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 (6x)  
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