

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