

Rising Sun

Century

This is what we get
We are to blame
The consequence we will always underestimate
We move in darkness
Our stolen conscience, overcome by instinct

And the sun will rise

This is our home now
But we don't understand
How we did this to ourselves
This is where we sleep tonight
Wet grass, night sky
We move in darkness

Our stolen conscience, overcome by instinct
We hide in ruins of manmade arteries
Hunger alone remains relevant
Sudden in something we understand now

We sleep with warm throats
We wake with fearful hearts
We hear them breathing through the forest
We sleep with warm throats
We covet our punishment

And the sun will rise

This is our home now
But we don't understand
How we did this to ourselves