

## 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