

Burning Sun

Halloween

He shows disdain for all this world
Dreams of spaceships, to raise him high
What's in his head's made of fantasies
Celestial bodies, all kinda stars

In a different time he'd fly, leave his pretty life behind
Pass all planets, make his way through our galaxy - and

Gape in awe at the burning sun
A tangled mesh, insane, divine
Near infinite mighty source
Of a day not bound to end

Spends his days on a cloud it seems
Go and nudge him, ask what it's like
He'd smile and turn, as if tantalized
Concealing something, ain't there for real

His illusions make him see his wildest dreams come true
Quite the helmsman, his hands clenched on some steering wheel a
nd

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