

## 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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