

Shine On Golden Sun

Lana Lane

In a forest deep down a well
Covered in snow
Lies a secret of kings long ago

Winter's blanket melting away
Under the sun
Shadows warn of darkness to come

Shine on golden sun
Show man's darkest deed
Wake the roses of tomorrow
Burn their thorns of greed

A weary soldier stops for a drink
And closes his eyes
As heaven fills with fireflies

A cold wind whispers into his ear
A story to tell
His freedom rings from inside the well

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Wake the roses of tomorrow
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Now the truth is known
The son will rise and journey home
Returning to his rightful throne

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