

## Enemy of the Sun

Neurosis

Torn of this land's disgrace  
Too hungry to contain a future  
The sun bathes my wounds with a veil of rage  
It's rays dyed with the blood of our disrespect

Suffering for the wisdom long forgotten  
The sound of bloodletting echoes on the wind  
The suicide of drought for a faith destroyed  
We starve with pride and glass in our throats

Harvest their return  
Those who drive away the sun

The masks lay fallen, sheltered in the dust  
Tearing our flesh amongst wolves  
See how they run as we laugh  
In lunar horizons there is understanding

Harvest their return  
Carry my soul to the sun