

# Children of the Sun

Poets of the Fall

Parallel to life  
There's a wisdom that seems out of reach  
Like a figure of speech  
In a maze of white lies  
So elusive it's hard to recognize  
With naivety's eyes  
It's like running with a knife  
The thought steals away with your peace  
And high on that trapeze  
You hold on to me  
You hold on to me

And I'll be singing you  
Songs of tomorrow  
And then dawn will follow  
And our sorrows all undone

When you're done with all the strife  
When they echo the minds in the streets  
You know your heart beats  
A solitary call  
For a change in the tone of it all  
You'll be scaling that wall  
And the higher you climb  
The more you can see of this life  
On the edge of that knife  
You hold on to me  
Hold on to me

And I'll be singing you  
Songs of tomorrow  
And then dawn will follow  
And our sorrows all undone

Yeah, I'll be singing you  
Songs of tomorrow  
And then dawn will follow  
We are children of the sun

And you know you can take this story  
Take your glory  
Make your own way  
Yeah, I want you to shake this story  
Take your glory  
Find your way  
Make your own way

And I'll be singing you  
Songs of tomorrow  
And then dawn will follow  
And our sorrows all undone

Yeah, I'll be singing you  
Songs of tomorrow  
And then dawn will follow  
We are children of the sun  
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