

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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