

The Roaming Sky

Royal Wood

Professing to the Roaming sky
Turning round in salt I'd lye
For I'm not always the surest one
I ask the heavens what should be done

Should I wait for your return?
Or snuff the candle so no wicked burn
Or maybe I should encourage it
To bring about the sun

Sun...sun come out

Surely that will bring the spring
For winter is the grayest thing
Hands move slower then and...
Than the flesh that's eaten off the man

Sun...sun come out