

The Man Who Lost The Sun

Solstice

I want to feel this way
I worship the night and despise the day
Sleep brings escape from turmoil and pain
The accursed sun brings it back again
I sleep and dream, of kingdoms far away
I might be king, loved for a day
A life I choose, no despair or hate
With fear I will not ingratiate

When the darkness comes
I would not run
I am the man who lost the sun
My waking hour should have come
But I denied the warmth of rising sun
No more. to see the shadows fall
I walk a black horizons dawn