

## 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