

Are we bursting from the ashes?  
All things yearning for the push?  
Can you hear the ever groaning?  
Shedding hours we have become?

We are rising suns  
We are rising suns

What things will linger?  
Only in memory  
Clocks tick, hands don't move  
What tongues can whisper of coming remedy?  
We are the rising suns  
What tongues can whisper of coming remedy?  
We are the rising suns

Are we bursting from the ashes?  
All things yearning for the push?  
Can you hear the ever groaning?  
Shedding hours we have become?

We are rising suns

What things will linger?  
Held by the memory  
Clocks tick, hands removed  
What lungs can hold it?  
Push out the melody  
We are the rising suns

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All things yearning for the push?  
Can you hear the ever groaning?  
Shedding hours we have become?

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