

Center Of The Sun

The 88

Drag me out of eye for eye
With Sunday's souls
Who live to die
And leave me in the pouring rain
To know myself
To feel my pain

Cause I've been drawing closer every day
To the center of the sun
And though I'd like to tell you I could stay
I know I'm already gone

Then prop me up with stilts on fire
With ash and smoke
But still no higher
But easy now the die is cast
Who once was first
Will soon be last