

The Prodigal Sun

The Black Angels

You scare us, yeah,
You welcome us,
And you motion us to move our mouths.
And we lie,
Yes we lie.
You know our thoughts,
You put them there.
You free us,
Tell us where to fall,
So we hide,
Yes we hide.
When I breath again,
I swear,
It'll be with you.

You make us yeah,
You cure us yes.
You kill the calf,
As we second guess the first try,
The suns too cold, oh no.
The darkness falls, as nothing moves.
Your heartbeat slows, it gets too cold so you sleep,
Yes we all sleep.
When I rise again,
I swear,
It'll be with you.