

## Chiriacho Summit

### The Sound of Animals Fighting

The sun is setting, a distant hill  
Pour the bottles at the horizon  
The water tower bleeds from the heat  
Paint the sun, guess my reaction  
No retreat, not even in sleep  
Days with a new direction

Take that step to the night  
Beyond all that has created you  
Dead, empty stares  
Strike back with the hate of a young man's heart  
Sing where you don't dare  
I'll meet you there  
We're the sunset in the end.