

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.