

Sunhouse, Hard Sun

The city lights flick to display
Bang there goes another day
The believers in the basement
They are singing songs about a way
Reborn and regenerate
But none of this communicates to me

Up here on the second floor
I've forgotten what I'm waiting for
A friend, a brother, mother, woman
Maybe
But I have all these in the sulphate
Emotionless and considerate
To me

And it's a hard sun
A hard sun that
's been beating on my back
It's a hard sun
That shines its light on me

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The silver clock chimes off again
Reminds me of my childhood pain
And the burden that was lifted
When I made it to the city
Disillusioned and full of hate
But a member of the mother state and free

At empty walls I sit and stare
I sense a feeling in the air
In the throes of thought I wonder
Can I make it on my own
But, deep down in my heart I know
That I ain't never, ever going home

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