

# The Boy Who Trapped The Sun, Copper Down

This ships gone and run its course  
Through a tired lack of force  
And all that matters  
Branded on your arm  
So you don't forget  
How we first met

Suddenly I have this feeling  
Tasting copper in my mouth  
I look towards the clouds for my last breath

When you go into your skin  
I'll be the hope joining the walls  
And all the scraps of world joined at the hip  
Are there to hold you in  
A secret place

Suddenly I have this feeling  
Tasting copper in my mouth  
I look towards the clouds for comfort  
Filling the blacks

Suddenly I hate this feeling  
Tasting copper in my mouth  
I look towards the clouds for comfort  
I hope I don't let anyone down  
Filling the blacks