

# Under the Sun

## Antestor

I started to think of  
what I've done with my hands  
Worked hard and suffered for  
nothing but emptiness  
Want to cry to die  
under the sun that's why  
Wisdom and foolishness  
nothing but emptiness  
Wisdom is better than folly  
The wise have got eyes in their head  
while fools walk about in the dark  
But they meet the same destiny  
Want to cry to die  
Can you tell me why?  
Then I said in my silent mind  
I've the same fate as the fool  
Want to cry to die  
Can you tell me why?  
Want to cry to die  
Is it all a lie?  
How can all my wisdom serve me?  
The wise must die like a fool  
All Man's days full of pain  
all he does brings him grief  
No comfort just oppressed  
nothing but emptiness  
All his tears all his fears  
under the sun it breeds  
Hopelessness wickedness  
nothing but emptiness  
God has granted Man abundance  
a gift of God power to enjoy  
He won't dwell upon the passing years  
because God satisfies

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