Sans soleil

The Altars

Morning bled at the water's edge
The city was bringing me down
And my mind was on a ledge
Saying who's gonna help you now?
Without sun we pull what feeds us
From the heat that's in-between us
How can we expect to build a boat
Seagulls running everything
Hard, you make it hard, hard
It's all the opposite I think
The ladder runs side to side
Enough to make you want a drink
But there's no place to hide
Watching shadows within
Shadows within shadows
They hide their dark self from the sun
And her voice is just a memory
You're not fooling anyone
Hard, you make it hard, hard
Hard, you make it hard, hard
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