The Sun (Interlude)

Jukebox the Ghost

Everything under the sun
Is getting burned
Everything under the moon
Is gonna sleepAnd I think that one day soon
It's all gonnaBig bags of blood bore by inference, big bags of water
Stitched together tightly at the
Seams likes packaging are hurtling through busy city streets
They're running fast, but what are they running from?Well, I hate to be the bearer of bad news
But I've been all around, I've seen the globe from upside down
There's no bearded man on a fiery throne
With angels blowing trumpets below and calling out his judgments

Songwriters
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MUSIC OF STAGE THREE

Lyrics provided by
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