

# The Sun (Interlude)

## Jukebox the Ghost

Everything under the sun  
Is getting burned  
Everything under the moon  
Is gonna sleep And I think that one day soon  
It's all gonna Big bags of blood bore by inference, big bags of water  
Stitched together tightly at the  
Seams like 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  
Thomas Daniel Siegel Published by  
MUSIC OF STAGE THREE

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