Solar On The Rise

Tennis

I will be your history
I'll be the blame
Like the sacred mysteries
They're all the sameDark [?]
That throw their fragrance round
Roots that clutch [?] through the dust
Below the groundSilver moon is turning
Now I feel the glow
Lift your bellies high
My solar on the rise See a miracle
But my baby don't believe
If that gift is a given
You better not receive
There's a hymn within
Singing all the endLift your bellies high
My solar on the rise
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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