

# Sans Soleil

## Thought Forms

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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