

King Sol

Young Widows

Before you leave
Roll back your sleeves
Take a good long look
Empty the shadows of a dying machine
Turn up the heat
Tighten up the skin
Touching god
Feel the burn of original sin
Sun fire, at the witching hour
As the blood boils
As it burst into flames
King Sol dries the mother's tears
And blisters the surface
As the growth descends
As the day won't end
King Sol spits a promise light
A promised life
Sun fire, at the witching hour
As the day never ends
As the crowd begins to thin
If I could be anywhere
If I could be anyone
I would be here
I would be me
And now I'm free
Sun fire at the witching hour
6, 000 years
I couldn't ask for more
Every fray has its fray
Every word sparks and burns
And now I'm free
Sun fire at the witching hour
And now I'm free
Open that door
No questions
No mysteries
I'd rather burn than freeze
Open that door
And now I'm free
Every fray has its fray

Every word sparks and burns
And now I'm free
Sun fire at the witching hour
And now I'm free As the night never ends
But we pretend
'Cuz we can pretend
And now I'm free
6, 000 years
Sun fire at the witching hour
Open that door

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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