Sun Son

Ike Willis

Sun son, every time we get the message.
So ridicules such incredulity.
Devastation is what's headed for the seventh head of hydra
Starting near the end of '83.
Doesn't matter, all the big toys that we waste our life for
takes us far away from you.
That two headed coin of justice, is a far cry from the truth
which is the light that must be used.

And there will always be an answer.
Time fades the memory.
And I will always be a dancer.
The answer is in me.
And...

Run, run every time I get the message,
but we still cant get the frequency.
We still have to pay attention
to the light to hard a mention
and we all escape the gravity, density.

Gun, gone down the beauty that surrounds all of us,
but they just don't understand.
What good's a modern techno wonder
when the street's are dark and thunder
and the girl says 'move', she waits for no man.

And there will always be an answer
And you'll hide and seek with me.
And I will be your belly dancer.
A dance a type for me,
And...

(guitar solo)

Sun, son, every time i get the message.
Say ridicule such incredulity.
Alteration is what's headed, for the seventh head of hydra
starting near the end of '93.

Clock may stop but time goes on, you'll see.

sun, son
son...
sun, son
sun...

one, son
one...

sun...
one...

sun...
one...

sun...
one...

sun...
one.

Lyrics Submitted by Finley

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