Sun

Lost In the Trees

Sunlight rusts us through

All for naught I know

Falls through our hands

Vanished

Falls apart

Ashes

Once

I held a photograph

Of the sun

Rained down for us

From

A high place the moments pass

Every single one

Is a head rush

Now

I'm still

And plain

No more words

Nothing

I fought by an angel's side

Getting what we want

Sunlight on us

Formed

Made from the darkest ice

So cold

Sunlight on us

Songwriters

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