

# In The Shadow Of The Sun

Love Like Blood

The reward will be submission and a lack of self-control  
We all need some permission or a rise of self-control  
With my awkward conduct the past is just a hole  
Unwanted feelings spread a lack of self-control

In the shadow of the sun  
Your life your thoughts your fears  
With the burning cold of ice  
Your face your eyes your ears

But nevertheless we sleep sweetly as in intoxication  
Some day we will need an attempt at resuscitation  
Some time we will see that our past is just a hole  
And some day we should reach some more self-control

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We walk aimless in the shadow of the sun