

Man Behind the Sun

Secrets of the Moon

Sometimes when it's dark I see the man staring at the sun
with his eyes open wide not blinded by the light
it seems so long that I followed him down the lightish way
and once I distressed him it got darker with each day

sometimes when it's dark he kisses my lips with vermillion
he whose mouth is like a flame
'til my tongue is torn and bleeding

and as the spirits gather in the coldness of the field
I started waving the flag
and through the black morass I fled, I jumped, I fell
nowhere to find my way

by sunrise I'll try to break him
I don't know where he is from
and when it falls I try to take him
the man behind the sun

I passed the garden grey until the fields felt endlessly
and I saw him standing desperately by the oldest of the trees

I sat in the black field and storms shook the corn
I heard the woeful cries of men

by sunrise I'll try to break him
I don't know where he is from
and when it falls I tr y to take him
the man behind the sun

severe storms destroyed the fields of sorrow
my calls fell silently alone
the flag I waved before was long gone
taken by the man behind the sun

at sunrise I tried to break him
I don't know where he is gone
and as he fell I stood behind him
the man behind the sun