

# Anita Rywalska, Black Hole Sun

In my eyes  
Indisposed  
In disguise  
As no one knows  
Hides the face  
Lies the snake  
The sun  
In my disgrace  
Boiling heat  
Summer stench  
'Neath the black  
The sky looks dead  
Call my name  
Through the cream  
And I'll hear you  
Scream again

Black hole sun  
Won't you come  
And wash away the rain  
Black hole sun  
Won't you come  
Won't you come

Stuttering  
Cold and damp  
Steal the warm wind  
Tired friend  
Times are gone  
For honest men  
And sometimes  
Far too long  
For snakes  
In my shoes  
A walking sleep  
And my youth  
I pray to keep  
Heaven send  
Hell away  
No one sings  
Like you  
Anymore

Hang my head  
Drown my fear  
Till you all just  
Disappear