

Icehouse, Sunrise

On the edge of the bay
A day just like the next
They gather their nets
And face their boats around
Over the rooftops
Hear the hum of wings
In seventeen seconds
The world explodes

And it buries the night a brave new sunrise
With a sweep of the sword, a blood red sunrise

You'll never see the faces
Of the fishermen
But you may see their shadows
Burned against the wall
And in the temple grounds
New bamboo grows again
As if the heat of the flame
Had left no trace at all

And there's a light in the eastern sky ... sunrise
And there's no place a man can hide, the sunrise
Well, it buries the night, a brave new sunrise
With a sweep of the sword, a blood red sunrise

But in the cool of the evening
When the children sleep
The old mountain remembers
And hangs his head in clouds

And there's a light in the eastern sky, yeah, ... sunrise
And there's no place a man can hide, the sunrise
Well, it buries the night, a brave new sunrise
With a sweep of the sword, a blood red ... sunrise