

The Cult, Black Sun

Don't you hit that defenseless child
What gives you that empty right?
Carry that for the rest of your life
Carry that for the rest of time

Did they hold you down?
Oh yeah
Did they push you around?
Oh yeah-yeah

Burning in the black sun
Like a jackle on the run, well
Burning in the black sun

Burning up in the black sun, whoa yeah
Rotten apples every one, ay
Look at them
Look at them run
Guilty now for what they have done

Did they hold you down?
Whoa yeah-yeah
Did they push you around?
Whoa yeah-yeah

Burning in the black sun
Like a dog on the run
Burning in the black sun
Well, the time has finally come, whoa yeah
Black sun
It's like a jackel on the run, whoa yeah
Burning in the black, the black sun

Caught their vein, you've gone insane
You've lost your mind, you're not my kind
I hate your soul, you kill my fun
You did no good, you better run

Gonna get you down, gonna put you down
Gonna stick you in the ground
Gonna stick you in the ground
Gonna make you
Oh, gonna make you, whoa

Burning in the black sun, black sun
Burning in the black sun, black sun, black sun

Don't you hit that defenseless child
What gives you that empty right?

Burning in the black sun, black sun, black sun, black sun, black sun
Like a dog on the run

Burning in the sun
Burning in the black sun

Black, black sun
Black, black, black, black sun

Yeah, you were a bully
The universal bullies
Ha ha ha
Who's laughing at you now?
Who's laughing at you now?

You ain't got no hold on me
You ain't got no piece of me
You are lost in your own mind
Yes you are you're declining in

Oh yeah-yeah, black sun

Burning in the black sun, black sun, black sun, whoo
Yeah-yeah, black sun
The black sun

Burning in a black sun, black sun, black sun, yeah