

Thunderstone, Until We Touch The Burning Sun (

I'm watching through the frozen window.
through the reflection of my face. There's a cold world out there.
And i'm here, and deceitfully fine...

This is my world. My haven, my home.
Where i can be alone.
Only hear and see.
Hear and see things that really matter to me.

When i open the door and look upon the haze, i can see a million eyes
and the way they're gazing at me.

Walking through the misery. Surrounded by the things
that i don't want to see.

I can feel the hopeless pain, and it's driving me insane.
And today i'll make a promise just to break it my tomorrow.

We will never learn, we will never turn. Our eyes to the world where
the pain is reality.
We will never see, we will never believe. Until we touch the burning sun.

I feel the breeze. The breeze that makes me realize,
that i am not alone. I'm here, i'm home and safe again.

Behind the doors, locked inside.
Never want to leave again.