

Rez Band, Sunrise

The day is coming you'll forget your gold,
You'll throw it in the streets like a sacrifice of old,
But you won't be able to buy what you most desire: another sunrise to avoid the fire.

No, it won't protect you from the crowd of sins - they've come to get you,
No, it won't protect you from the state you're in when it's time to go.

The day is coming you'll forget your power,
There'll be no favours to trade in that final hour,
No political talk, you have reached the top,
Now it's time to come...come back down.

Promises you didn't keep are hanging around - they won't protect you from the pack of lies you spread.

The time is coming, you'll remember the day and every bit of truth that you threw away,
And every bit of love that you crucified will be coming back to haunt you like a jilted bride.

It'll come to get you - don't you worry 'bout that,
No, it won't forget you,
It will surely find you exactly where you're at when it's time to go.