## Solstice, The Man Who Lost The Sun

I want to feel this way
I worship the night and despise the day
sleep brings escape from turmoil and pain
the accursed sun brings it back again
I sleep and dream, of kingdoms far away
I might be king, loved for a day
a life I choose, no despair or hate
with fear I will not ingratiate
when the darkness comes
I would not run
I am the man who lost the sun
my waking hour should have come
but I denied the warmth of rising sun
no more. to see the shadows fall
I walk a black horizons dawn