

# 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