

Yann Tiersen, Callous Sun

By her bedside
He brought to her a (?)
By her bedside
We sit to redeem
My father, my father
He darkened my name
My father, my father
You must not get away

The sun is out
And it's callous and stout
And i can't believe

Offer what
Offer what you can

The sun is out
And it's flawless and sound
And I can't conceive

The sun is out
And it's callous and stout
And I can't conceive
Of this loneliness

My father turn
Turn away

The sun is out
And it's callous and stout
And I can't believe
Of the night I bleed (?)

It's reckless and helpless
It falls down my face
This conflict is coming
It wrestles with fear (?)
This folly/falling is coming (?)
It's fragrant with haste (?)