

# Under The Sun

7Days

Why do we feed on sin?

Made out of clay  
To end up in fire  
Our human kind  
Destined to find

Of all things how can we  
In this ocean of lies  
Give up the true meaning  
For our ego

I accept that some things  
Under the sun  
Are not meant to be understood

But why, why do we feed on sin?

Ashes to ashes  
And dust back to dust  
A human mind  
Destined to find

Of all things how can we  
In this ocean of lies  
Give up the true meaning  
For our ego

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