

Center Of The Sun

Conjure One

Young girl in the market, music to the men
When the men leave her eyes are red
When her eyes are closed again
She sees the dark market of above

And she sings
They say the most horrible things
But I hear violins

When I close my eyes
I am at the center of the sun
And I cannot be hurt
By anything this wicked world has done

Young boy in the market follows all the men
When the men leave he's out of his head
When his eyes are closed again
He sees the dark market of above

And he sings
They break the most beautiful things
But I hear violins

When I close my eyes
I am at the center of the sun
And I cannot be hurt
By anything this wicked world has done

I look into your eyes
And I am at the center of the sun
And I cannot be hurt
By anything this wicked world has done

Center of the sun

Young boy in the market
Sees the girl alone and asks her
"Have you lost your way home?", she sings
"You say the most beautiful things, just like my violins"

I look into your eyes
I am at the center of the sun
And I cannot be hurt
By anything this wicked world has done

When I close my eyes
I am at the center of the sun
And I cannot be hurt
By anything this wicked world has done

'Cause I hear violins
I hear violins
I hear violins
I hear violins

Center of the sun
I hear violins