

## The Burning

Corpus Christi

Burning Sun so high above  
Will you ever hurt Me  
When I see you, my hands seem to die  
If I see you I begin to fall  
I am as a rock so cold and dark  
When you touch me, I burn inside  
For all this ages you've been a god  
You represent knowledge and fertility  
A fragile kingdom you've constructed  
Made of Nature and much more  
An obsolete side of torture was born  
Star of might you shall fall now  
It's time you lay down to sleep  
All your work is now finished  
Mother Earth in ashes