

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