

## Summer Child

Filter

Have you ever seen the abyss  
Or a fixed spot on the horizon  
I watched 'em plead, cry and they begged  
They say I'm thirsty, tired and near dead

Oh sweet summer child  
You live without the wind of winter  
Coming down to you  
Oh sweet summer child  
History's got it all  
Cued up for you  
But you're a fool

I've weathered and seen the storms  
But it's cut down with the song of a bird  
I've seen divisions have been made  
Sold to us with fake grace by an impotent king

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