

## The Sun

Jukebox the Ghost

Everything under the sun  
Is getting burned  
Everything under the moon  
Is gonna sleep

And I think that one day soon  
It's all gonna

Big bags of blood bore by inference, big bags of water  
Sticks too tightly after  
Seems likes packaging are hurtling through busy city streets  
They're running fast, but what are they running from?

Well, I hate to be the bearer of bad news  
But I've been all around, I've seen the globe from upside down  
There's no bearded man on a fiery throne  
With angels blowing trumpets below and calling out his judgment  
sounds

If God exists in a place like this then  
Where else could a god or goddess be if he or she is not trapped  
inside?  
What if it's all just a black abyss and lips that kiss you  
When you're sick or feeling just a little out of touch