

Straight At The Sun

Murder by Death

It's a dark road, when you walk it alone..
When you walk it alone.

The moon is high,
A hard light casts shadows in the valley tonight
I feel old, when it gets this cold.

I have every reason to stay,
But I gotta be on my way.
The nights get longer and I speak
Lower my head & go straight at the sun
To the fire, to the warmth

It's a heavy load to carry alone, carry alone.
I try to speak, but my voice has gone weak, and I don't recognise the sound.
Now a fire has gone cold as I walk through the woods to the road
The nights get longer and I run
Lower my head go straight at the sun

To the fire
To the warmth
To the fire
Straight to the heart

It's a dark road, when you walk it alone..
When it gets this cold.