

# Sunrise In the Eyes of Our Maker

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Got the rough, got the rough cold winter hair.  
Scrubbed the sun of my skin, till there`s nothing there.  
And when I sit in my tub, I get the small-apartment-scare.  
When I think another year has passed.

Then it`s sunrise in the eyes of my maker,  
in his running eyes,  
it is Sunrise in the eyes of my maker.  
And I`m falling down on my knees, right,  
Before the eyes of my maker.  
And I don`t care, I don`t care, I don`t care anymore.

2010 came the traffic jam, many struggle in their youth.  
They wanna show they got game, but noone follows the rules.  
So you battle, playing chess with the dead, out of their cool-box for work and screw.  
Till they say: eat and pray, when you re 42.

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in his running eyes,  
it is Sunrise in the eyes of my maker.  
And I`m falling down on my knees, right,  
Before the eyes of my maker.  
And We don`t care, We don`t care, We don`t care anymore.

And We don`t care, We don`t care, We don`t care anymore.

So nevermind, nevermind your ambitions turn out wrong.  
Cause when walk, when you walk, every step`s a song.  
And when you walk, when you walk, you can`t go wrong.  
Cause the choice that you made is your own. Your own.

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