

## Man Behind the Sun

### Secrets of the Moon

Sometimes when it's dark I see the man staring at the sun  
with his eyes open wide not blinded by the light  
it seems so long that I followed him down the lightish way  
and once I distressed him it got darker with each day

sometimes when it's dark he kisses my lips with vermillion  
he whose mouth is like a flame  
'til my tongue is torn and bleeding

and as the spirits gather in the coldness of the field  
I started waving the flag  
and through the black morass I fled, I jumped, I fell  
nowhere to find my way

by sunrise I'll try to break him  
I don't know where he is from  
and when it falls I try to take him  
the man behind the sun

I passed the garden grey until the fields felt endlessly  
and I saw him standing desperately by the oldest of the trees

I sat in the black field and storms shook the corn  
I heard the woeful cries of men

by sunrise I'll try to break him  
I don't know where he is from  
and when it falls I tr y to take him  
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severe storms destroyed the fields of sorrow  
my calls fell silently alone  
the flag I waved before was long gone  
taken by the man behind the sun

at sunrise I tried to break him  
I don't know where he is gone  
and as he fell I stood behind him  
the man behind the sun