

## Sometimes

Solar Fake

Tearing down the monument  
That's been a sign of what you stand for  
The stones it's made from are too old to survive this  
The future years in icy rain  
When we'll be gone

You bear the torment sometimes  
Hardly trusting yourself, sometimes  
Standing motionless sometimes, when the fury takes control  
Pretending glory for the blind, sometimes

Diving through an underpass  
Running fast between the raindrops  
Tracking down your intuition  
Inverting words that we believed  
And we are gone