

Solar On The Rise

Tennis

I will be your history
I'll be the blame
Like the sacred mysteries
They're all the same

Dark [?]
That throw their fragrance round
Roots that clutch [?] through the dust
Below the ground

Silver moon is turning
Now I feel the glow

Lift your bellies high
My solar on the rise [x2]

See a miracle
But my baby don't believe
If that gift is a given
You better not receive

There's a hymn within
Singing all the end

Lift your bellies high
My solar on the rise [x6]