

## 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]