

# Sun

The Hotelier

You and I'd escape the night and call it summering.  
I'd hold your rays and ride for days while you spin endlessly.  
You undone, I felt safely strung between all your nerve endings

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So you made waves to congregate and finally ask of me,

"Will you lay with me where the sun hits right?  
When the tired days can't remember,  
How a blurring haze came across your eyes.  
Will you lay with me forever?"

Sun.

Focused state. Wide awake in the eye of everything.  
You and me twin-firing machines spending all our energy.  
I felt the shade cool and grey and glanced up suddenly.  
Aurora spray, a horizon away as I shout at the top of me,

"Will you lay with me in the sun tonight?  
When the tired days can't remember,  
How a blurring haze comes across my eyes.  
Will you lay with me forever, Sun?"

Carved your name across the sky in a fit of exiting,  
With the polar night just in sight, will you come and visit me?  
You and me twin-firing machines spending all our energy.  
But if it's you undone, you undone, then I can't sit with you.  
If it's you undone, you undone, then I can't sit with you.  
And it's you undone, you undone, and I can't sit in your sun.