

Distant Suns

Thrice

When night has come, no glint or glimmer of the moon
And poisoned tongues have plunged us into grief and gloom
And everywhere, we breathe despair
A single spark, feels dim and fragile, drifting in the
Cold and dark, but when a million embers blend and
Burn as one, a brilliant sum

And I believe in shooting stars and satellites
Each shining deed will show the way through darkest night
'Cause I can see the path ahead by light of distant suns

The heat from stars that burned so fierce, their fire was spent
Ignites our hearts, though we stand years of light from them
Their memory burns apathy
And can you see? This arc we bend towards justice just as
Gravity is bending light towards all of us
The arc is long, so we carry on

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