

## **Yann Tiersen**

### **"Callous Sun"**

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By her bedside  
He brought to her a (?)  
By her bedside  
We sit to redeem  
My father, my father  
He darkened my name  
My father, my father  
You must not get away

The sun is out  
And it's callous and stout  
And i can't believe

Offer what  
Offer what you can

The sun is out  
And it's flawless and sound  
And I can't conceive

The sun is out  
And it's callous and stout  
And I can't conceive  
Of this loneliness

My father turn  
Turn away

The sun is out  
And it's callous and stout  
And I can't believe  
Of the night I bleed (?)

It's reckless and helpless  
It falls down my face  
This conflict is coming  
It wrestles with fear (?)  
This folly/falling is coming (?)  
It's fragrant with haste (?)

