

The Black Box Revelation

"New Sun"

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Purple chairs in the snow
Waiting for the next round
Forgotten after the last dance?
It was Fall that took them down
While the wind fooled the trees
It was Fall that took them down
While the wind fooled the trees

I am here alone
I miss the taste of honey
Waiting for my love
Heat the burning flame
I want to grow a new sun
I want to grow a new sun
I want to grow a new sun
I want to grow a new sun

I want to grow a new sun
I want to grow a new sun
I want to grow a new sun

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