

Behind The Sun "Second December"

Visit "[Second December](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

They died standing up,
Frozen with palms at their sides.
A second December,
No less bitter than the first.
Further and further beneath,
Dreams decay,
And days flew by like grains of sand,
With no one to catch them with outstretched hand.

One by one the walls came down... never to be built
again...

Turned from the pain
A body of empty regret
Faced in the end
With what you could not forget

The shadows grew longer against the old stone walls,
And the ox refused to pull the wagon forth.
The wellspring which had turned the hills to green,
Dried up and bled them gray again.
Time tugged harder against the revolving wheels,
Until they were silent and spun no more.
A quiet descended from the heavens
And buried our acts in the veils of the past.

Turned from the pain
A body of empty regret
Faced in the end
With what you could not forget

Turned from the pain
A body of empty regret
Resigned in the end
To what you would not forget

Visit [Behind The Sun](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.