

Behind The Sun "Sour Days"

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Now that darkness rules the day
I never get to see you
To run my hands across your face
I never get to feel you
Rain is coming,
I know that now
It's smell is all around me
So won't you wash me out.

Wash me down
Clear my mind
Help me think
And redefine
What is real
What is not
In this maze of sour days

I wish that I could find
The back-door to my mind
A safe haven in my head
That will stop me from going blind
A crack of light in this fuzzy gray
To lift the blockings from my way.

Lift them up
Set me free
Let me run
Aimlessly
Show me a way
The real way out
Of this maze of sour days

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