

Jukebox the Ghost **"The Sun"**

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Everything under the sun
Is getting burned
Everything under the moon
Is gonna sleep

And I think that one day soon
It's all gonna

Big bags of blood bore by inference, big bags of water
Sticks too tightly after
Seems likes packaging are hurtling through busy city
streets
They're running fast, but what are they running from?

Well, I hate to be the bearer of bad news
But I've been all around, I've seen the globe from
upside down
There's no bearded man on a fiery flow
With angels blowing trumpets below and calling out his
judgment sounds

If god exists in a place like this then
Where else could a god or goddess be if he or she is
not trapped inside?
What if it's all just a black abyss and lips that kiss you
When you're sick or feeling just a little out of touch

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