

Neuraxis

"Enemy Of The Sun"

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Torn of this land's disgrace
Too hungry to contain a future
The sun bathes my wounds with a veil of rage
It's rays dyed with the blood of our disrespect

Suffering for the wisdom long forgotten
The sound of bloodletting echoes on the wind
The suicide of drought for a faith destroyed
We starve with pride and glass in our throats

Harvest their return
Those who drive away the sun

The masks lay fallen, sheltered in the dust
Tearing our flesh amongst wolves
See how they run as we laugh
In lunar horizons there is understanding

Harvest their return
Carry my soul to the sun

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