

S.T.U.N. "Chased By Our Own"

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don't wear this crown
don't run this town
where you are all alone
maybe you'll fail
maybe you'll sail, let go

chased by the shade of the crown
guided by the voice of your own

"melt!" said the king to the arctic ocean
"freeze!" said the wind to the king
steering the course through the coldness
love is hard to confess

chased by the shade of the crown
guided by the voice of your own

everything and anything and nothing will kill your
desire
everything and anything and nothing will hold you
down
everything and anything and nothing will kill your
desire
everything and anything and nothing will hold the
crown

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