

## Milla

# "On The Hill"

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All the clouds roll on  
Roll on before you  
Who can say anything  
When the sun shines, it shines  
I turn my face towards your face  
Alone facing the sun  
Facing the sun  
Then the wind will follow  
Blowing away trace of tomorrow  
On the hill grows  
A single silver rose  
On the hill grows  
Everything I'd ever longed for

Find myself walking on  
So far...so far  
Look behind the wind's fire  
My sun still shining away  
How many times did I look behind?  
Stare at my sun to light  
Blind to die

No the sparks came and went like sparks do  
Time and fire never tried to help them stay  
But my sun burns my own lies and dries them

La, la, la  
La, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la

(transcribed by natasha memmott)

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