

## Grand Archives

### "A Setting Sun"

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We won't need twenty steps today,  
the gallery it swims away  
in Monday shoes.

It's awful tempting, might black,  
the way the words run down your back,  
beneath the gentle sway of paper lantern moons.

Could you be quick or be,  
could you be quick or be tired.  
The tock, the tick of it,  
atop the funeral pyre.  
We're in the thick of it,  
so bite the brick of it all.

We gnaw through limbs to extricate ourselves,  
from where we stand and where we fell,  
when we don't know how  
to sidsetep when tiny guns  
have made their way through the best of us,  
beneath the gentle sway of paper latern moons.

Could you be quick or be,  
could you be quick or be tired.  
The tock, the tick of it,  
atop the funeral pyre.  
We're in the thick of it,  
so bite the brick of it all.

Your tithing teeth have never sung,  
a fitting tune for a setting sun.  
I know your ghost is somewhere good.

We haven't seen and we'll never know,  
where summer sleeps and the springtime goes.  
We only hope it's somewhere good.

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