

# Poets Of The Fall - Children Of The Sun

Tom: G

Parallel to life  
 There's a wisdom that seems out of reach  
 Like a figure of speech  
 In a maze of white lies  
 So elusive it's hard to recognize  
 With naivety's eyes  
 It's like running with a knife  
 The thought steals away with your peace  
 And high on that trapeze  
 You hold on to me  
 You hold on to me  
 And I'll be singing you  
 Songs of tomorrow  
 And then dawn will follow  
 And our sorrows all undone  
 When you're done with all the strife  
 When they echo the minds in the streets  
 You know your heart beats  
 A solitary call  
 For a change in the tone of it all  
 You'll be scaling that wall  
 And the higher you climb  
 The more you can see of this life  
 On the edge of that knife  
 You hold on to me

Hold on to me  
 And I'll be singing you  
 Songs of tomorrow  
 And then dawn will follow  
 And our sorrows all undone  
 Yeah I'll be singing you  
 Songs of tomorrow  
 And then dawn will follow  
 And our sorrows all undone  
 And you know you can take this story  
 Take your glory  
 Make your own way  
 Yeah, I want you to shake this story  
 Take your glory  
 Find your way  
 Make your own way  
 And I'll be singing you  
 Songs of tomorrow  
 And then dawn will follow  
 And our sorrows all undone  
 Yeah  
 And I'll be singing you  
 Songs of tomorrow  
 And then dawn will follow  
 We are children of the sun  
 [Solo] G Em D C

## Acordes

