

Poets Of The Fall - Children Of The Sun

Tom: G

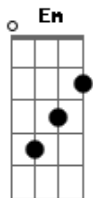
Parallel to life
 There's a wisdom that seems out of reach
 Like a figure of speech
 In a maze of white lies
 So elusive it's hard to recognize
 With naivety's eyes
 It's like running with a knife
 The thought steals away with your peace
 And high on that trapeze
 You hold on to me
 You hold on to me
 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

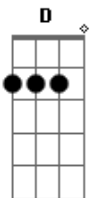
Acordes



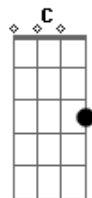
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