

ANVIL OF THE SUN

Words and Music by Lance Cory Frank ©2012 Lance Cory Frank

The desert is an ocean in which no oar is dipped.
We ride a thousand miles our camels are our ships.

There is no turning back. This battle must be won
but first we all must cross The Anvil of the Sun.

Anvil of the Sun, Anvil of the Sun
For most a burning furnace, for me it will be fun.

Anvil of the Sun, Anvil of the Sun
I didn't mind the pain until the job was done.

The guns at Akaba all face the sea.
They can't be turned around they are no threat to me.

Nothing is written until it is done
and so we all must cross the Anvil of the Sun.

Anvil of the Sun, Anvil of the Sun
For most a burning furnace, I was having so much fun

Anvil of the Sun, Anvil of the Sun
I didn't mind the pain until the job was done

We travel at night rest in the day.
The times passes slowly I must not drift away.

No water for the camels they will soon begin to die.
A drop to wet my lips as they go so do I.

There is nothing in the desert, nothing that is seen
but it fills my soul with knowledge more than all the green

Of the fat land of my birth and the worlds found in between.
I'm a desert loving Englishman I love it 'cause it's clean.

Anvil of the Sun Anvil of the Sun
A burning fiery furnace it was anything but fun

Anvil of the Sun, Anvil of the Sun
I didn't mind the pain until the job was done.