

Moonsea

PHILDEL

I called it the moonsea,
It is a cruel dream,
At the end of my day your gravity reaches
Such a long way Here in the moonsea,
It is a cruel dream,
Don't share your heart, if you won't share your past,
All that we share is the view of these stars There are diamonds on the floor you can't take back,
There's an eyelash on the board, does she wear black?
All the violence that I swore you could have back,
There's red varnish on the door, I don't wear that
I called it the moonsea,
It is a cruel dream,
From up so high, I can hardly decide,
If you're waving hello, or waving goodbye,
Here in the moon scene,
It is a cruel dream,
At the end of my day,
Your gravity reaches such a long way, There are diamonds on the floor you can't take back,
There's an eyelash on the board, does she wear black?
All the violence that I swore you could have back,
There's red varnish on the door, I don't wear that And I'll be in the back of your mind,
And I'll be at the front of the line,
And I'll be in the back of your mind,
And I'll be at the front of the line,
Waiting for you
There are diamonds on the floor you can't take back,
There's an eyelash on the board, does she wear black?
All the violence that I swore you could have back,
There's red varnish on the door, I don't wear that

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