

## Beardfish "Blue Moon"

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The Blue Moon,  
Holding a straight line.  
Cruising like a fungus through time,  
And to define it all.  
I would have to know them better  
The creatures of my mind.  
How can one escape his own mind?

The Blue Moon.  
In presence of red wine.  
Hiding in it's gown a disgrace.  
Yet in it's face.  
You can see the marks of living,  
Harrowed by the light.  
How did it start, why must we fight?

Ooh...  
Lying still in the cool, green grass on this summer  
night.  
The pale grey moon turning blue on me in a strange  
delight, lush and bright

A Blue Moon,  
Holding a straight line.  
Cruising like a fungus through time  
And to define it all.  
I would have to know them better  
The creatures of my mind.  
How can one escape his own mind?

Hiding here in the quiet night,  
With my goblins twisting and turning.  
The big blue moon shifting colours now,  
Yellow and burning.

Lush and bright.

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