

Foals

"Moon"

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Now I see you, trouble.
It's coming up ahead.
Black dogs running, through the fields.
They're dripping red.

The world is quiet.
There is nothing left unsaid.
A million image, million capture, million dead.

And all the birds fall out of the sky in two by two's.
And my teeth fall out my head into the snow.

I am you now.
And you are me instead.
Then I see there is blood on your wedding dress.

And all of the old walk down and I'm feeling unsure.
When I'm sleeping in my own place
I'm not home.

It is perfect.
It is beautiful and still.
And it is silent.
It is white and it is good.

And all by the fooling round with daisy chains on our
heads.
It is coming now, my friend.
And it's the end...

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