

Black Moon Rising "Crazy Moon (part II)"

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As Iâ'm walking through the night
Iâ'm chasing down the glowing eye
...a need to bathe within itâ's lightâ...
When I wander where no one else will go
_f I come back even I donâ't know
Â...feel the mist wrap around my bonesÂ...

Â...and I call unto the crazy moon
Â...locked inside this lunar tomb
Â...spit and sin for my crazy moon
Â...bring me forth into my lunar doom

As I stalk between the trees
Fingers so cold theyâ'll crack and bleed
..but in itâ's light Iâ'll truly seeÂ...
Iâ'll just keep walking till I reach itâ's gaze
Wandering on though my body shakes with pain
Â...if I die it will not be in vainÂ...

Â...and I call unto the crazy moon
Â...locked inside this lunar tomb
Â...spit and sin for my crazy moon
Â...bring me forth into my lunar doom

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