

Alexa Borden "Almost Moon"

Visit "[Almost Moon](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Harvest moonrise.
A trail of glittered black collides
in your war-scarred, worn eyes.
They're searching for adjustment
to its light.

White crisp linen.
You're stifled in the crinkled sheets
and your skin is glistening.
Weathered, lined, and flushed out from the heat.

We're withering, the ending has come too soon.
Will you stay here with me under the almost moon?
Listen to me, we dont need to see high noon.
We can dream forever under the almost moon.

Early pink dawn.
The quiver of the robins call
and your chest is pulsing slowly

to the rythm of its song.

Pastel cracked lips.
You lick them to moisten the red and you
rub your eyelids.
A sigh drifts out to fade, and to forget.

We're withering, the ending has come too soon.
Will you stay here with me under the almost moon?
Listen to me, we dont need to see high noon.
We can dream forever under the almost moon.

We're withering, the ending has come too soon.
Will you stay here with me under the almost moon?
Listen to me, we dont need to see high noon.
We can dream forever under the almost moon.

Visit [Alexa Borden](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.