

## Sonny Moore "Equinox"

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This year is old like a dying father  
Whose will is out of spite  
We pile into separate agendas  
With the songs of defeat  
Playing in our minds

For you I give and give away  
My unhappiness in color  
For your abandoned heart to see them  
To bloom into your world

Binded to your perfect lands  
To live like somber cattle  
And we're gathered as seeds  
To sprout mid Sahara  
For who for what?  
For who for what?  
(For who for what)

For you I give and give away  
My unhappiness in color  
For your abandoned heart to see them  
To bloom into your world  
For you I give and give away  
My unhappiness in color  
For your abandoned heart to see them  
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