

Sweet Matthew "Smog Moon"

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There's a smog moon, in the amber sky, wavering and
burning like a golden lie.

I fell so far, I didn't think I'd make it back

We are all made, as an afterthought,

Destined to believe that we are what we are not

I'm afraid, but I don't need to tell you that

There's a smog moon coming I can always feel it

The cartoon trees cannot conceal it

When it's high up in the sky, it almost looks like it is
white

When it's high up in the sky, it almost looks like

There's a lost man, with a bitter soul, Only for a
moment,

Did life make him whole

And while he was, he thought he was invincible

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They're not your words, but you're reciting the lines

You don't mean a thing, but you exist in their minds

How does it feel, when they have turned out the lights?

'Cause you know they sooner would get rid of you, than
fight.

And the dark night, has the strongest pull

We both know that staying young, can take its toll

Are you afraid of finding out you're over that

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Missy (MookynTay3@aol.com)

