

## Grand Archives

### "Index Moon"

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We were all in blue disguised in black,  
bad news travels fast,  
sets in slowly.

Morning of an early loss,  
the words came out all wrong,  
the bells were all ringing out loud.

Left aside for the sake  
of rain on a sunny day,  
we all get left behind sometimes when time was all we  
had.

The Index moon was red,  
I was thinking about a friend,  
train whistle's blowing.

Echoing out a past,  
splintered wood and ash,  
the bells were all ringing out loud.

Left aside for the sake  
of rain on a sunny day,  
we all get left behind sometimes when time was all we  
had.

Now the bells are ringing out loud.

Left aside for the sake  
of rain on a sunny day,  
of rain on a sunny day,  
of rain on a sunny day,  
so blue.

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