

The Wooden Wings

"Luna"

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Silver grey with age and all the wiser
Holding every haunt and every minor
She stares, watching you

Phases as she pleases in the black
Wearing every wrinkle, every crack
She stares, watching you

Luna cannot keep her eyes to herself
Luna cannot keep her eyes to herself

Iâ€™m baffled by a miracle and spin your own planet
You seek a perfect fortune so in ten years you can
blame it
Youâ€™ve mastered arithmetic but cannot speak your
own language
When you do itâ€™s trivial to the victims of the
damage

Luna cannot keep her words to herself
Luna cannot keep her words to herself

Mother Nature of the night

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