

# Borknagar, Moon

When awake  
When asleep  
In the night  
All day  
Desolation prevails  
For the howling adorer  
Through the looking glass  
In awe aghast

In orbit  
In trance  
The lunatic advance  
Aim to control  
The shiny shiny object  
Mounted scope in hand  
Flawless plan

The moon tonight  
Out of reach yet dead in sight  
You don't understand

A circle fill the circle in my scope  
And I adjust to see and feel the most like many times before  
And in all its glory all of sudden there it is  
Armstrung out but  
Nothing there

Spit fire  
Raise hell  
To warm the void  
One more day  
The distance is the key  
The closer it seem  
Over the hill it disappear

I saw craters  
I saw pain  
What it project  
I had in check  
Now the wisdom of the moon:  
You shine when you are shined upon

The grey and man  
It takes a loon to even think  
You do understand