

Moon

Foals

Now I see trouble
Is coming up ahead
Black dogs running through the fields
They're dripping redThe world is quiet
And there is nothing left unsaid
Million image, million captured
Million deadAnd all the birds fall out of the sky
In two by two's
And my teeth fall out my head
Into the snow
I am you now
And you are me instead
I see with is blood on your wedding dressAnd all of the old walk down
And I'm feeling unsure
When I'm sleeping in my own place
I'm not homeIt is perfect
It is beautiful and still
And it is silent, it is white
And it is good
With all falling round us
Daisy chains in our hair
It is coming now my friend
And it's the end

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>