

Time of the Moon (Aimoon Psy-Trance Remix)

[t.A.T.u.](#)

We're killing space and wasting time and dying hard and spilling beans.
We're moving fast on intuition in the world of stupid things.
We are the flyers, no return and no regrets and no delay.
Into the frenzy--this is crazy--burning wheels to get away. Time of the moon.
In the sky,
cloud is breaking.
Voice of the doom,
for the birds,
in the making.
The time is wasted on intuition.
We are the flyers, into the frenzy.
We're spilling beans on stupid things.
With no delay we get away. Time of the moon.
In the sky,
cloud is breaking.
Voice of the doom,
for the birds.
in the making.
No destination is the way we're talking of accelerate.
Get rid of garbage, yes, you may. They draw the bridge but it's too late.
We are the final revelation, shooting through the burning sky.
Abandoned cargo hits the ground. On broken wings we are flying high.

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