Moonsea

Phildel

I called it,
I called it,
I called it,
The Moonsea.It is a cruel dream.
At the end of my day,
Your gravity reaches,
Such a long way.Here in the Moonsea.
It is a cruel dream.
Don't share the past,
If you won't share your heart,
All that we share is the view of these stars.There are diamonds on the floor,
You can't take back.
There's an eyelash on the board,
Does she wear black?I called it,
I called it,
I called it,All the violence that I swore,
You could have back.
There's red varnish on the door,
I don't wear that.I called it,
I called it,
I called it,
The Moonsea.It is a cruel dream.
From up so high,
I can hardly decide,
If you're waving hello,
Or waving goodbye.Here in the Moonsea,
It is a cruel dream,
Don't share the past,
If you won't share your heart.
All that we share is the view of these stars.There are diamonds on the floor,
You can't take back.
There's an eyelash on the board,
Does she wear black?I called it,
I called it,
I called it,All the violence that I swore,
You could have back.
There's red varnish on the door,
I don't wear that.I called it,
I called it,

I called it,And I'll be at the back of your mind,
I'll be at the front of the line.And I'll be at the back of your mind,
I'll be at the front of the line.Waiting for you.There are diamonds on the floor,
You can't take back.
There's an eyelash on the board,
Does she wear black?I called it,
I called it,
I called it,
(Moonsea)All the violence that I swore,
You could have back.
There's red varnish on the door,
I don't wear that.I called it,
I called it,
I called it,
The Moon scene.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/