

# Moon

## Rusted Root

We have not traveled very far  
We have not traveled very far  
For in the circle I see  
And in the fire will be a dying sun  
I swear I saw the moon move  
Glide across the sky with a star at it's side  
It's crescent shape is out tonight  
With opal shadow hiding by  
And I swear I saw the moon move  
I'm singing about some kind of pain  
Sits outside from where the fire burns  
All of you huddled in the earth  
I am touching the surface, I am  
Let me bend into the fire  
Let it dry my skin  
It waits to be part of the fire  
Let the healing begin  
Let the healing begin  
I am sifting through glass shards of wisdom pains  
Tearing them out one by one, one by one  
They've been buried so long  
I had grown to ignore them  
But slowly they surface  
And cut through my skin  
And I swear on my conscience  
(If you tell me twice my good Lord)  
(I will suffer your will again)  
I swear I'll move through this  
(If you tell me twice my good Lord)  
(I will suffer your will again)  
Suffer your will again  
If you tell me twice my Lord  
Suffer your will again  
If you tell me twice my Lord  
For in the circle I see  
And in the fire will be a dying sun  
For in the circle I see  
And in the fire will be a dying sun  
Tell me twice my good Lord

I will suffer your will again  
If you tell me twice my Lord  
I will suffer your will  
And I swear I saw the moon move  
Glide across the sky with the stars all in line  
I'm standing here watching the fire grow  
Everyone sees it and cuts through their own  
And I swear I saw the moon move

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