

# Moon

## Foals

Now I see you, trouble, it's coming up ahead  
Black dogs running through the fields, they're dripping red  
The world is quiet, there is nothing left unsaid  
A million image, million capture, million dead  
And 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

Then I see there is blood on your wedding dress  
And all of the old walk down and I'm feeling unsure  
When I'm sleeping in my own place, I'm not home  
It is perfect, it is beautiful and still  
And it is silent, it is white and it is good  
And all by the fooling round with daisy chains on our heads  
It is coming now, my friend, and it's the end

Lyrics provided by

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