

# Moonlight

## Protest the Hero

Yawn awake, familiar surroundings  
All hotel rooms are pretty much the same  
Although the room number might change  
Catch a glimpse of everything within the lighter's flame  
There's always a window and so changes the view  
Affording a clue to the answer that's owing  
Where we might be and where we might be going  
There's no fixed address but the band, white as a suburb  
Catch a reflection, it's going knots  
As we're headed in any direction  
So press your head against the window  
Look outside at emptiness  
Tell a joke or take a piss  
Take a picture at every mile  
Lock the door and start the engine  
'Cause it's gonna be a while  
Tell a joke, take a piss  
Take a picture at every mile  
Start the van, close the door  
Quince, I think it's gonna be a while  
The climates flay themselves  
Undress themselves at the side of the road  
Commute at the union between failure and hope  
[Incomprehensible] highway line, [Incomprehensible] on the  
land  
Twist and turn, and tell a story like the palm of your hand  
Buckle up and wonder, keep watching the skies  
Pucker up and flounder in the blink of an eye  
The climates flay themselves  
Undress themselves at the side of the road  
Commute at the union between failure and hope  
Turn our weakness into  
Turn our blindness into  
Turn our questions into answers as obvious  
Turn our weakness into might, oh  
Turn our blindness into sight  
Turn our questions into answers just as obvious  
As moonlight in the darkest, darkest night  
As moonlight in the darkest, darkest night

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