

# Rusty Moon

## the heavyheads

Bathed in the rust of moon  
Is the death beds lullaby  
Sung so softly with the stars  
Reflected in her eyesIt's the blaze that beckons men  
Into the woods of beaten path  
Is the sight of the fire that  
No maiden's eyes should haveIron does as iron's told  
The drinks of life's red, gold  
But shame won't leave with dying breath  
The life that wants it's ownAnd the forest hums its silent hymn  
Heard by those of solitude  
As mist it wells up the brook's dark banks  
Bewitched by these fir woodsIt's the blaze that beckons men  
Into the woods of beaten path  
Is the sight of the fire that  
No maiden's eyes should haveIron does as iron's told  
The drinks of life's red, gold  
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The life that wants it's ownBathed in the rust of moon  
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But shame won't leave with dying breathIron does as iron's told  
The drinks of life's red, gold  
The life that now wants it's own death

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