Moon

The Swell Season

Cut the bonds with the moon
And let the dogs gather
Burn the gauze in the spoon
And suck the poison up
And bleed

Shut the door to the moon
And let the birds gather
Play no more with the fool
And let the souls wander
And bleed
From the soul

A slow hurt, and it breaks us
And so down,
Down, down and so plain
So down
When you play some more it seems so
And my friends are past this game
Of breakdowns
And our friends that are lost at sea
Throw down
And I'll break the wasted space
Slow down, slow down,
If you don't slow down, slow down
If you don't slow down, slow

Cut the bonds with the moon
And watch the dogs gather

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