

Yellow Moon

The Morning Birds

Here far away
One could feel the earth vibrate
Moon changing shape and shade
As we all do under its gaze
Yellow moon on the rise
Yellow moon on the rise Round we go, where we stop no one knows
So tonight the moon I go
Yellow moon on the rise An echo that rings a bullet unchained
One life, one grave joins the parade At night the sky grows dark with fallen stars
Who comes so far a headstone and grave
The colors turns grey, the black and white fades Yellow Moon on the rise
Yellow Moon on the rise Yellow Moon on the rise
Yellow Moon on the rise

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