

The Moment

[Terra Naomi](#)

The wayward wind winds home at last
Feels the same and bends the mast
The moon rose backward till its past
Time the trickster ticking fast Oh the faces empty places we have been
Try so hard to find the moment love begins October comes the colors change
The trees shake off their summer chains
Nothing ventured nothing gained
Nothing censored or explained Of the faces empty places we have been
Try so hard to find the moment love begins If were to slip like a sailing ship
Like a fingertip on your skin
Like my fingertip on your silky skin
Like a sailing boat on a summer wind
On a summer wind Oh the faces empty place we have been
Try so hard to find the moment love begins Oh the faces empty place we have been
Try so hard to find the moment love begins The moment love beings Ooh...

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