

# Echoes to You

## Dead Moon

I don't want the hour to fade  
I don't want to make the break  
I don't want a conversation  
With the echos of a dying nation  
I just want to spread your wings beneath my skyI don't want to pale the light  
I don't want to lose you twice  
I don't want an explanation  
Like the echos in the waiting station  
I just want to spread your wings beneath my skyI don't want to forget you  
I don't want a perfect blue  
I don't want to know the answer  
Like the echos of an aging dancer  
Just want to spread your wings benesth my sky

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