

Move with the Season

Temples

When the time comes, move with the season

Lend your young ears to the sound of day

When the time comes, move with the feeling

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Lend your young ears to the sound of day

When the time comes, move with the feeling

Lend your young ears to the sound of day In our place when the time

Stretch the sunlight on our minds

Bringing life to the size

Waiting on some skies of light

Take the handle, make it out now, never

Take the crystal quill from me now, all we see

The ink upon the glass

The season through the night now paper white

Make you plans upon a crimson moonrise

Take your crystal from the ground, now, always see

The see-through coloured words

The season through the night now paper white When the time comes, move with the season

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Take your crystal from the ground, now, always see

The see-through coloured words

The season through the night now paper white Take the handle, move it forth

Save the memory of the star

Now your life has changed

And though there is no yonder

Had he known that you were fonder

Of the things you had from birth Take the handle, move it forth

Save the memory of the star

Now your life has changed

And though there is no yonder

Had he known that you were fonder

Of the things you had from birth

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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