

Blue Moon

Beardfish

The Blue Moon,
Holding a straight line.
Cruising like a fungus through time,
And to define it all.
I would have to know them better
The creatures of my mind.
How can one escape his own mind?

The Blue Moon.
In prescence of red wine.
Hiding in its gown a disgrace.
Yet in it's face.
You can see the marks of living,
Harrowed by the light.
How did it start, why must we fight?

Ooh...
Lying still in the cool, green grass on this summer night.
The pale grey moon turning blue on me in a strange delight, lush
and bright

A Blue Moon,
Holding a straight line.
Cruising like a fungus through time
And to define it all.
I would have to know them better
The creatures of my mind.
How can one escape his own mind?

Hiding here in the quiet night,
with my goblins twisting and turning.
The big blue moon shifting colours now,
yellow and burning.

Lush and bright.