

Unspoken witness never reached the eyes of the day  
Yet the moon was the one for hear  
How she prayed forgiveness for each shattered little word she made to weep

Why these words still echo, how the whispering tangles on  
When the moon was the only one here  
How I pray to loose my burden in this place where I loved you dead

And you are the air, the cold beneath this whispering wind, carried within  
You are the air, the warmth in sorrow I took in when I could feel the end  
The air... the air I breath was gift from you