

Moon

Foals

Now I see you, trouble, it's coming up ahead
Black dogs running through the fields, they're dripping red
The world is quiet, there is nothing left unsaid
A million image, million capture, million dead

And all the birds fall out of the sky in two by two's
And my teeth fall out my head into the snow

I am you now and you are me instead
Then I see there is blood on your wedding dress

And all of the old walk down and I'm feeling unsure
When I'm sleeping in my own place, I'm not home

It is perfect, it is beautiful and still
And it is silent, it is white and it is good

And all by the fooling round with daisy chains on our heads
It is coming now, my friend, and it's the end