

Silver Is Her Color

Frank the Baptist

The moon has a face
That keeps me in my place
Alone and apart like me, satellite
The mountains in my path step aside when I realize
Holding on is what bounds me down to the ground
And when I let go of the world it fall at my feet
And offers itself up, now I'm in control

The moon has a face that keeps me in my place
The moon has a face that keeps me in my place

There's a moon way up above and they say it's not alive
You know that if it doesn't live that means that it can never die
With its undying draw of tides, reflecting everlasting light
It smiles down on my back whenever I give up the fight.