

## 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  
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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.