

Midday Moon

Fredrika Stahl

Come and sit with me
It might come soon
You see I'm waiting for a glimpse
A glimpse of the midday moon

Been here a while
How long I'm not sure
But the sky might be a bit
A bit brighter than before
I'm always on the run and I hate copy paste for god's sake
It's that time again
When I want to get away

Snow is falling
Life diamond dust
The trees are glazed
With polished frost

But nothing sparkles
In the absence of light
The scene's on hold
Through the late polar night

It's that time again
When I want to get away
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