## **Blue Chicago Moon**

Songs: Ohia

Out of the ruins Blood grown heavy from his past His wings stripped by thunder But those storms keep coming back Singing birds in sickness Sing the same blues songs When they fell out of the emptiness They must have brought along Space's loneliness Space's loneliness Gotten so good at hiding it Even he does not admit it That glittering flash in his eyes Makes it look like he might be alright If the blues are you hunter Then you will come face to face With that darkness and desolation And the endless depression But you are not helpless And you are not helpless Try to beat it Try to beat it And live through space's loneliness And live through space's loneliness You are not helpless You are not helpless I'll help you to try to beat it