

## Move With The Season

Temples

When the time comes, move with the season  
Lend your young ears to the sound of day  
When the time comes, move with the feeling  
Lend your young ears to the sound of day

When the time comes, move with the seasons  
Lend your young ears to the sound of day  
When the time comes, move with the feeling  
Lend your ears to the sound of day

In our place where [?]  
Stretch the sunlight on our minds  
Bringing life to the size  
Waiting on some skies of light

Take the handle, make it out now, never  
Take the crystal quill from me now, all we see  
The ink upon the glass  
The season through the night now paper white  
Making plans upon a crimson moonrise  
Take your crystal from the ground, now, all we see  
The see-through-colored words  
The season through the night now paper white

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Take the handle, move it forth  
Save the memory of the star  
Now your life has changed  
And though there is no yonder  
Had he known that you were fonder  
Of the things you had from birth

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