

Sunndal Song

The Apples In Stereo

In tired paths of light
You circle me and try to pin me down
And all the forward thoughts
Of emptiness are moving to the sound
On such a perfect night
The moonlight lingers softly in the air,
And to the moon's delight,
It shimmers slightly dancing in your hair.

And so when you're down
I'll lift you up I'll be the one
Who's always sure of where you are
And all the things you need to know,
And when you're tired and think the moon
Forgot to shine on you you'll see,
Just wait for me to show you.

The pockets in the air
That float and turn and hold the flecks of light,
The sound of happiness
Will show in motions rendered by the night
And dreams of splintered sounds
Which played before you silent as a thought,
And you'll remember these
Are better than the reasons you had lost.