

The half-moon is aching, bitter and sad.
We are wet. we are stripped to the bone.
It's out of our hands, the dream we're bound to dream.
We are wet, always alone
How many ways can you say goodbye
That was nothing
?? something
How many days were in dreaming
In many ways just a lie
In better days I'd be dreaming
As my life passed me by
Now pardon me for trying
Trying to tear apart
And pardon me for lying
It's just easy, so easy, to start