

# The Moon-Atomic

Angels & Airwaves

It's like the day has turned to rust  
Like every dream's been sealed shut  
Like every door has closed before we've gotten out  
As bullets rip the air in two from house to house

We are all that we are, so terribly sorry  
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The moon you felt, it has no side  
That's dark like hell, or safe from light  
Just blown apart, by wind from stars  
With white dust tides to pull on ours

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I see the crowds  
They're giving way  
For some they're better off that day  
The bombs blew off the shells  
They're glowing red at first

The less there is to feel each night upon the earth

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