

## Mothlike

Myrkur

The night falls  
I watch you sleep  
The dust from the ceiling falls  
And my hands are warm  
The mothlike creatures  
I wish I had their wings

In the dead of night  
I feel  
I can't close my eyes  
It's clear  
If I stay awake  
He will stay alive  
Like a rattlesnake  
Sound is my bite

Faith is what you make of it  
I thought I told you not to step outside  
You stay in line  
Your freedom is how you pay for it  
Just cover your face and stay in line

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