

This Moonlife

No Knife

world is still and dreams go on
it happens when i'm alone
the days stretch to their full height,
then collapse to a moon's delight
up here i'm safe again
i don't notice anything
signals they come and go
and i've seen enough of them to know.
full sails shape the lives of men.
far below we toss and turn over this,
is it desperate to make believe
that anything could ever be worse than all of this?
it's only forgotten words
only some odds-n'-ends of bad dreams
i can't forget.
i've seen enough of all of them.
full sails shape the lives of men.
and when the stars have gone
we turn and head for home.