

## Sunddal 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.