

Moonswept

The Roches

With us, its isness was obvious
And the ones that followed us
They knew of it, too
But the broomstick fell
Behind the moon

It used to be a campfire
Songs sung around a circle of rocks
But now it's the burnt heart
Of a small witch
It's the burnt heart
Of a small witch

We scattered and tried to tell it
Each with different words
Agitated, we were heard

We had funny disagreements
But oh, when the moon came up
All we saw was broom
All we saw was the broom

Moonswept... we were
Moonswept...