

# Red Moon

Will Wood

Red, red moon. Keep on rising  
The sunset soon indeed will bleed in my horizon  
The crescent rests, tethered to the west  
Waxing to the rhythm writhing in my chest  
That crack between the watercolor sky and sea is the  
Corner where you're born in the mist  
I might deride the tide, 'cause I'm pulled as it pools about my  
feet  
Towards your stolen light, while you're holding my slight gravi  
ty

Well, I walk the equator, chasing the light; little do I know i  
t orbits close behind  
I might remember or might assume, but I only turn around every  
once  
In a red, red moon. I only turn around every once in a red, red  
, moon

Red, red moon. When will your shadows break?  
Tell the truth; what're you hiding behind that face?  
If matter's in then I might space out  
Why can't I take in what you've been dishing out?  
Why do I reject while you endlessly reflect?  
You're projecting your perfection astounds  
Nighttime, please hide my eyes, so the man up there won't watch  
me stare  
Teach me to make moonshine, and we'll get drunk on the spirits  
of the air

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The constellations form infinite paisleys in the sky  
The condensation tumbles down and erases all my sight  
And is it in the nightmare map of the cosmos up high?  
Or is it in the signs? Or stranger still, just in my eyes?

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