

Borknagar, Moon

When awake
When asleep
In the night
All day
Desolation prevails
For the howling adorer
Through the looking glass
In awe aghast

In orbit
In trance
The lunatic advance
Aim to control
The shiny shiny object
Mounted scope in hand
Flawless plan

The moon tonight
Out of reach yet dead in sight
You don't understand

A circle fill the circle in my scope
And I adjust to see and feel the most like many times before
And in all its glory all of sudden there it is
Armstrung out but
Nothing there

Spit fire
Raise hell
To warm the void
One more day
The distance is the key
The closer it seem
Over the hill it disappear

I saw craters
I saw pain
What it project
I had in check
Now the wisdom of the moon:
You shine when you are shined upon

The grey and man
It takes a loon to even think
You do understand