

MGMT, Of Moons, Birds and Monsters

Why'd you cut holes in the face of the moon base?
Don't you know about the temperature change
In the cold black shadow?
Are you mad at your walls
Or hoping that an unknown force can repair things for you?
Pardon all the time that you've thrown into your pale grey garden?
If the ship will never come you've got to move along
Even a bird would want a taste of dirt from abyssal dark
The prick of a feather could make a kingdom burn and the bloodshed start
The falling apart
Made me a shadow in the shape of wonder
The waves of black
If she's going under I can hold my breath till the sky comes back
Or drown like a rat, rat, rat
He's a rat!
To catch a monster
We make a movie
Set the tempo
And cut and cut its brains out
It will inspire on the burning pyre
Half the distance
Half the motion
Communication
It's easy as the ocean