

# MGMT, Of Moons, Birds & 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