

# Tilt, Goddess Of The Moon

Standing in a crater in my leaden shoes  
I am held here by more than gravity  
She's been hit so many times with heavenly abuse  
Quite a history of catastrophe  
But the footprints on her face are merely made by man  
She is shining despite the rough terrain  
I think she picks her teeth with the staff of a flag  
She plucked from her teeth with playful disdain

Glowing survivor  
Gorgeous in orbit  
Throwing a spotlight  
Over the chasm  
Glowing survivor  
Gorgeous in orbit  
Over the sea (&quot;Heavens&quot; @ end)

Geological samples held up to the light  
Teach very little of her life  
Astronomer's deny what they can divine  
By merely gazing up into her eyes  
Every lunar cycle she begins anew  
Not afraid to show herself in full  
The man is a myth  
Lovers share the view  
All God's howling dogs to her are dutiful

If you come at nightfall  
You can see all her magnitude  
Her tidal tears have fallen  
Reflective of the sun  
Beaming her gratitude