

# Dead Moon, Echoes To You

I don't want the hour to fade  
I don't want to make the break  
I don't want a conversation  
With the echos of a dying nation  
I just want to spread your wings beneath my sky

I don't want to pale the light  
I don't want to lose you twice  
I don't want an explanation

Like the echos in the waiting station  
I just want to spread your wings beneath my sky

I don't want to forget you  
I don't want a perfect blue  
I don't want to know the answer  
Like the echos of an aging dancer  
Just want to spread your wings benesth my sky