

# Dead Moon, Nightline

Shallow cries the stranger's warn  
Don't be trapped by the angry storm  
Suitcase, suitcase fix my head  
I buried my dreams before they were dead  
And i,m on the nightline

Phantom pain can numb your life  
Make you dazed before you're tied  
Cinch coat, cinch coat only a few

Ever return after going through  
I'm on the nightline

Detached eyes that reek with scorn  
Stare into the poisoned sores  
Footsteps, footsteps without any face  
Footsteps, footsteps fading away  
I'm on the nightline