

Luna Halo, So Far

So far your hands are left wanting
You fall down
In search of your calling
Your fascinations led
To these myths inside your head
Infatuations dead
You turn around instead
And try to understand the things they've said

Some might say they've found a way to heaven
And celebrate their ordinary ways
You might say you've found a way to heaven
But I don't believe in anything I've seen
In you so far

So far your hands are left wanting
You fall down
You're falling
Imaginations led
To these myths inside your head
Infatuations dead
You turn around instead
To try to understand from your bed