

# Marketa Irglova, The Moon

Cut the bonds with the moon  
And let the dogs gather  
Burn the gauze in the spoon  
And suck the poison up  
And bleed

Shut the door to the moon  
And let the birds gather  
Play no more with the fool  
And let the souls wander  
And bleed  
From the soul

A slow hurt.. and it breaks us..  
And so down,  
Down, down and so plain  
So down  
When you play some more it seems so  
And my friends are past this game  
Of breakdowns  
And our friends that are lost at sea..  
Throw down  
And I'll break the wasted space  
Slow down, slow down,  
If you don't slow down, slow down  
If you don't slow down, slow..

Cut the bonds with the moon  
And watch the dogs gather