

Rusted Root, Moon

We have not traveled very far
We have not traveled very far
For in the circle I see
and in the fire will be a dying sun

I swear I saw the moon move
glide across the sky with a star at it's side
it's crescent shape is out tonight with opal shadow hiding by
and I swear I saw the moon move

I'm singing about some kind of pain sits outside from where the fire burns
All of you huddled in the earth I am touching the surface, I am
Let me bend into the fire let it dry my skin
it waits to be part of the fire
let the healing begin let the healing begin

I am sifting through glass chards of wisdom pains
I am tearing them out one by one one by one
They've been buried so long I had chose to ignore them
but slowly they surface and cut through my skin

I swear on my conscience/ If you tell me twice my good Lord I will suffer your will again
I swear I'll move through this/ If you tell me twice my good Lord I will suffer your will again
Suffer your will again
if you tell me twice my good Lord Suffer your will again
if you tell me twice my good Lord

For in the circle I see and in the fire will be a dying sun
For in the circle I see and in the fire will be a dying sun

If you tell me twice my good lord
Never suffer your will again
If you tell me twice my good lord
Never suffer your will again

And I swear I saw the moon move
glide across the sky with the stars all in line
I'm standing here watching the fire grow
As everyone sees it and cuts through their own
And I swear I saw the moon move