

Sonny Moore, Equinox

This year is old like a dying father
whose will is out of spite
we pile into separate agendas
with the songs of defeat
playing in our minds
For you i give and give away
my unhappiness in color
for your abandoned heart to see them
to bloom into your world
Binded to your perfect lands
to live like somber cattle
and we're gathered as seeds
to sprout mid Sahara
for who for what?
For you i give and give away
my unhappiness in color
for your abandoned heart to see them
to bloom into your world