

# Moon

## Foals

Now I see trouble  
Is coming up ahead  
Black dogs running through the fields  
They're dripping redThe world is quiet  
And there is nothing left unsaid  
Million image, million captured  
Million deadAnd all the birds fall out of the sky  
In two by two's  
And my teeth fall out my head  
Into the snow  
I am you now  
And you are me instead  
I see with is blood on your wedding dressAnd all of the old walk down  
And I'm feeling unsure  
When I'm sleeping in my own place  
I'm not homeIt is perfect  
It is beautiful and still  
And it is silent, it is white  
And it is good  
With all falling round us  
Daisy chains in our hair  
It is coming now my friend  
And it's the end

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>