

Days seem sometimes as if they'll never end.
Sun digs its heels to taunt you,
But after sunlit days, one thing stays the same:
Rises the moon.

Days fade into a watercolor blur.
Memories swim and haunt you,
But look into the lake, shimmering like smoke:
Rises the moon.

Oh-oh, close your weary eyes.
I promise you that soon the autumn comes
To darken fading summer skies.
Breathe, breathe, breathe.

Days pull you down just like a sinking ship.
Floating is getting harder,
But tread the water, child, and know that meanwhile:
Rises the moon.

Days pull you up just like a daffodil
Uprooted from its garden.
They'll tell you what you owe, but know even so:
Rises the moon.

You'll be visited by sleep.
I promise you that soon the autumn comes
To steal away each dream you keep.
Breathe, breathe, breathe.