

# Raging Moon

John Mark McMillan

Oh, in my clothes and holy darkness, woah  
Oh, in the Bible black shade of blackness, woah  
Woah, woah, woah

Walk me home in the midnight hour  
While the world lays low under midnight power

In the crow black  
In the Bible black night so sacred and soon  
Would you be my

My raging moon

What the mind don't see, the eye doesn't understand  
So be my glow in the shadow of the shadowland

In the crow black  
In the Bible black night so sacred and soon  
Would you be my

My raging moon

At the close of the day we burn and rave  
We all feel the heaviness of the weight  
In the twilight we cling to the things that we know  
Where the hours end I will look for you

My raging moon

Oh, in my close and holy darkness  
Oh, in the Bible black shade of blindness  
Oh, in my close in holy darkness  
Oh, in the Bible black shade of blindness