Waters of earth sway as if being your partner at the cosmic ball. The goodness in some reaches you to leave a ware wolf behind. Some lovers are moonstruck and have fits of epilepsy. All I do is admire you grow and then watch you decline.

Waters sway in trance with a cosmic ball,

The goodness in men seems to fall,

Revealing the warewolf within.

As the night draws its shroud all around,

Sometimes in enchantment, as I recline,

I watch you grow, and then decline.

A shining eye, an eternally scarred face,

A reflection of the light,

From outer space.

Mute, yet animate, tantalizing, artwork so fine,

Your unpretentious face aint a silly design,

A reminiscent of the past.

But moon o mine, why so indifferent to me?

Always showing the same face, never letting me see,

Through, to the other side.

My love for you, is pure, though obscure,

Like a dew drop on a fresh morning, hanging

Delicately through a spider’s web.

Now that you are far, love is something, I can’t make,

And with this tumultuous explosion of emotions,

Expression is something, I can’t fake!

So hear my plea, for all I want is your trust in me,

And I shall be with you forever, when time sets me free,

I shall be bound to you, for eternity.

As I behold your image in my tiny eyes,

People laugh, saying I am inflicted, with a Cupid’s bug,

They don’t believe me when I say, I am just,

Moonstruck!

But moon o moon, why are you so indifferent to me? Always showing me the same face every day. Don’t you trust me? Are you afraid of showing me your other side? Trust me my love, my moon.

As I behold your image in my tiny eyes,  
People laugh, saying I am inflicted, with a Cupid’s bug,  
They don’t believe me when I say, I am just,  
  
Moonstruck!

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