

Baltic

Wintersleep

You're a righteous woman
Let the breeze brush
off your back
Summer's salty fingertips
My woman, let the
meaning dislocate
We are tongues and
shoulder blades A reflected image,
let the light wash over us
Deconstruct and reconstruct
my woman
Let the light erase the day
Let it out, let it out,
let it out of my head

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