Lake Winona

The Careful Ones

hold my own i won't, i won't
pull the rope to keep close, keep close
won't you carefully rest, place your hand on my chest, ohi see myself an old man, an old man
with arms painted blue black, blue black
harvest of plans with your frame leaned back, ohthe lake was filled with light, with light
a spark you heard from inside, inside
and it called you near, erased my fears for the nightwon't you make your home with me in my arms
you were made from my bones, for me for my arms

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