

# Roslyn

## Bon Iver

Up with your turret  
Aren't we just terrified?  
Shale, screen your worry  
From what you won't ever find Don't let it fool you  
Don't let it pull you down  
Don't sit around, folds in the gown Sea and the rock below  
Cocked to the undertow  
Bones blood and teeth erode  
With every crashing note Wings wouldn't help you  
Wings wouldn't help you down  
Down towards the ground, gravity's proud You barely are blinking  
Wagging your face around  
When'd this just become a mortal home? Whoa, whoa, whoa Won't let you talk me  
Won't let you talk me down  
Will pull it taut, nothing let out

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