

# Armistice

Patrick Wolf

Coat of black, coat of black  
Weary waiting, weary waiting I turn out the light, we kiss goodnight  
And weary waiting  
Weary waiting to come closer  
Closer to where we belong Outside the city children brandish  
Sharp their knives  
Sharpen knives and come closer  
Closer to where we belong If you'll be weak then I'll be strong  
When the night is long, oh Trust all the years you'll wait to find  
This man who's loved you your whole life  
So come closer  
Closer to where we belong Just close your eyes, let those foxes fight  
The children of this city sharp their knives  
Come closer  
Closer to where we belong And if I be weak, won't you be strong?  
When the night is long If I'll be weak  
Chomreedhoo, chomreedhoo  
When the night is long Close your eyes, let the foxes fight  
Close your eyes  
Come closer to where we belong  
Where we belong When the night is long  
When the night is long

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