Frou-Frou Foxes in Midsummer Fires

Cocteau Twins

I buckle and rose as God and the rest
How mere riches be a war or we lose
Close into symbols a fly drinks ignitions
They turn infant's breath my milk and wrap to baby
In day and the night to comeI buckle and rose as God and the rest
How mere riches be a war or we lose
Close into symbols a fly drinks ignitions
They turn infant's breath my milk and wrap to baby
In day and the night to comeTheir little hands smooth all things out, nauseaSinged by it, pulled around of my blazoning
(Pulled 'round)
Eyes on the usually science of cherry-colored
(Trousers)
Limelight not the music it's plain as as can be so
(Tighter)
All of the time I improvise by making sure it's to wait for you
(Tighter)
Pulled rounder, pulled rounder, pulled rounder, pulled rounderSinged by it, pulled around of my blazoning
(Pulled 'round)
Eyes on the usually science of cherry-colored
(Trousers)
Limelight not the music it's plain as as can be so
(Tighter)
All of the time I improvise by making sure it's to wait for you
(Tighter)
Pulled rounder, pulled rounder, pulled rounder, pulled rounder
(Pulled 'round, trousers, tighter, tighter)Their fan I tickle from serpents to dragons
I'd immerse you in flame, your milk and your passion
Lead weight for his from his old turn, the young, I was eagerest
On using the stairs I, how nested to find youI buckle and rose as God and the rest
How mere riches be a war all we lose
Close into symbols a fly drinks ignitions
They turn infant's breath my milk and wrap to her baby
In day and night to comeTheir little hands smooth all things, nausea
Things old and young, young
Rise here comes our reason
New skies are a young escape to find youSinged by it, pulled around of my blazoning
(Pulled 'round)
Eyes on the usually science of cherry-colored

(Trousers)
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