Roslyn

Justin Vernon & St. Vincent

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

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