

# Sinning Hands

## Iron & Wine

Midnight and her eyes, hide like kittens new and wet  
Mine are sinning hands, on her laying on my bed  
River still may rise, wild, and water take us both  
Mine are sinning hands, take our bodies, take our clothes  
Bloodless moonlight, may my lady  
Give her lovely skin and bones  
Midnight and my bride treads in distant water now  
Mine are sinning hands, and my teeth have fallen out  
The river still may rise, though it took more than it gave  
Mine are sinning hands, on a broken windowpane  
Bloodless moonlight, like my lady  
Gave me only skin and bones

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