

Roslyn

St. Vincent

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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