

# Wash.

## Bon Iver

Climb is all we know  
When thaw is not below us  
No, can't grow up  
In that iron ground  
Claire, all too sore for sound  
Bet is hardly shown  
Scraped across the foam  
Like they stole it  
And, oh, how they hold it  
Claire, we nearly forfeit  
I, I'm growing like the quickening hues  
I, I'm telling darkness from lines on you  
Over havens for a full and swollen morass, young habitat  
All been living alone  
Where the ice snap and the hold clast are known  
Home, we're savage high  
Come, we finally cry  
Oh, and we don't  
Because it's right  
Claire, I was too sore for sight  
I, we're sewing up through the latchet greens  
I un-peel keenness, honey, bean for bean  
Same white pillar, tone as with the bone street sand  
Is thrown where she stashed us at, all been living  
Alone where the cracks at in the low part of the stoning

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