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 soundBet is hardly shown
Scraped across the foam
Like they stole it
And, oh, how they hold it
Claire, we nearly forfeitI, 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 knownHome, we're savage high
Come, we finally cry
Oh, and we don it
Because it's right
Claire, I was too sore for sightI, 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/