Frou-Frou Foxes in Midsummer Fires.

Cocteau Twins

I buckle and rosed
As god and the rest(wrist)
How mere riches be
A war or we lose
Close into symbols
A fly drinks the ignitions(indications)
They turn infant's breath my
Milk and wrap to her baby
In day
And night to come
And night to comeTheir little hands
Smooth all things
Ad nauseum
Singed by it, pulled around of my blazening
(Pulled round)
Eyes on the usually science of cherry-colored
(Trousers)
Limelight not the music it's plain as as can be so
(Tighter)
All of the time I improvise by making sure
(Tighter)
It's to wait for you
Rounder
Pulled rounder
Pulled rounder
Pulled rounderPulled round
Trousers
Tighter
Tighter
Their fan I tickle
From serpents to dragons
I'd immerse you in flame
Your milk and your passion
Lead weight for his from his old turn
The young, I was eagerest
On using the stairs I
How nested to find you
I buckle and rosed
As god and the rest(wrist)

How mere riches be
A war all we lose
Close into symbols
A fly drinks the ignitions
They turn infant's breath my
Milk and wrap to her baby
In day
And night to come
Their little hands
Smooth all things
Ad nauseum
Things old
And young
Very young
Rise here comes our reason
New skies are a young escape to find you
Singed by it, pulled around of my blazening
(Pulled round)
Eyes on the usually science of cherry-coloursed
(Trousers)
Limelight not the music, it's plain as as can be so
(Tighter)
All of the time I improvise by making sure
(Tighter)
It's to wait for you
Pulled round of
Pulled round of
Pulled round of
Pulled round of

Songwriters
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