Black Acres

Elysian Fields

Whirlwind take me there
Where I will be his lady fair
Sheets of night hiding us
Gusts of wind riding us
I'm blown away into his hands
I'm weak and high, can barely stand
In the web of dizzy leaves
Virgins all, elude the trees
Touch me now, touch me
The black acres are claiming me
They're claiming me
He holds me up like a babe
Pressing close I can't behave
I need to have this little death
I'm up against his downy chest
In the web of dizzy leaves
Virgins all, elude the trees
The chill is flush with burning flesh
It's so refined this little death
Touch me now, touch me
The black acres are claiming me
They're claiming me
Touch me now, touch me
The black acres are claiming me
They're claiming me
Black acres
I'm running away from home
And the wind, the wind is blowin'
And the weathervane
Its heathen song
Lulls the world
With silver tongue

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