

# 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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