

Elk.Blood.Heart

All Them Witches

the dogs died
 in the park last night
 nothing we could do
 there's nothing we could do let the bees go hunt for honey
 there's nothing we could do
 there's nothing we could dooh but praise themoh Elk Blood Heart
 tastes like the Great White North
 and I hope you found
 that i hold all the keys to open up
 every single dooroh Elk Blood Heart
 tastes like the Great White North
 and I hope you found
 that i hold all the keys to open up
 every single doorlet it ring through the arch of my skull
 let it breathe through the teeth of all of these people
 there's nothing we could do
 there's nothing we could dooh but praise themoh Elk Blood Heart
 tastes like the Great White North
 and I hope you found
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every single door

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