Rosyln

Bon Iver & St. Vincent

up with your turret
aren't we just terrified?
shale, screen your worry from what you won't ever find.Don't let it fool you,
don't let it fool you down
down sitting down
Folds in the gown.sea and the rock below
Cocked to the undertow
Bones blood and teeth erode,
with every crashing nodeWings wouldn't help you
Wings wouldn't help you...down
Down fills the ground, gravity's proudYou barely are blinking
Wagging your face around
When'd this just become a mortal home?Won't, won't, won't, won'tWon't let you talk me
Won't let you talk medown
Will pull it taut, nothing let out

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