# Blackfield

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Curling lips, fingertips, dead eye dips
I saw it all in the blackfield
Splinter cracks, summer tracks, paperbacks
We found them all in the blackfield
In the shade, whistle blades, singing fades
In the blackfieldShe wants to stay and talk all day
So I remark when it gets dark
All the pale things under the earth will reverse
[Incomprehensible]River glass, cycle past, overcast
I saw it all in the blackfield
Copper sky, shadows rise, bridge of sighs
We had all in the blackfield
Skin tracks, face facts, fade to black
In the blackfieldShe wants to stay and talk all day
So I remark when it gets dark
All the pale things under the earth will reverse
[Incomprehensible]

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