

Creature Fear

Bon Iver

I was full by your count
I was lost but your fool
Was a long visit wrong?
Say, you are the only So many foreign worlds
So relatively fucked
So ready for us, so ready for us
The creature fear I was teased by your blouse
Spit out by your mouth
I was loud by your low
Seminary soul Tear on, tail on
Take all on the wind on
The soft bloody nose
Sign another floor So many territories
Ready to reform
Don't let it form us, don't let it form us
The creature fear So did he foil his own?
Is he ready to reform?
So many Torahs, so many for us
The creature fear

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