

Bat For Lashes, Horse And I

Got woken in the night,
by a mystic golden light.

My head soaked in river water.

I had been dressed in a coat of armor. They called a horse out of the woodland.

"Take her there, through the desert shores."

They sang to me, "This is yours to wear. You're the chosen one, there's no turning back now.

The smell of redwood giants.

The banquet for the shadows.

Horse and I, we're dancers in the dark.

Came upon the headdress.

It was gilded, dark and golden.

The children sang.

I was so afraid I took it to my head and prayed.

They sang to me, "This is yours to wear. You're the chosen one, there's no turning back."

They sang to me, "This is yours to wear. You're the chosen one, there's no turning back."

There is no turning back.

There is no turn.

There is no turning back.

There is no turn.

There is no turning back.

There is no turn.