

Bon Iver, Creature Fear

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 lowered
Seminary soul

Tear on tail on
Take all on the wind on
The soft bloody nose
Sign another floor

The 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