

Bon Iver, Perth

I'm tearing up, across your face
Move dust through the light
To fide your name
It's something fane
This is not a place
Not yet awake, I'm raised to make
Still alive, who you love
Still alive, who you love
Still alive, who you love
In a mother, out a moth
Furling forests for the soft
Gotta know been lead aloft
So I'm ridding all your stories
What I know, what it is, it's pouring, wire it up
You're breaking your ground