

Bon Iver, Wash

Climb
Is all we know
When thaw
Is not below us
No, can't grow up
In that iron ground
Claire, all too sore for sound

Bet
Is hardly shown
Scraped
Across the foam
Like they stole it
And oh, how they hold it
Claire, we nearly forfeit

I'm growing like the quickening hues
I'm telling darkness from lines on you
Over havens for a full and swollen morass, young habitat!
All been living alone, where the ice snap and the hold clast are known

Home
We're savage high
Come
We finally cry
Oh and we don't
Because it's right
Claire, I was too sore for sight

We're sewing up through the latched greens
Un-peel keenness, honey, bean for bean
Same white pillar tone as with the bone street sand is thrown where she stashed us at
All been living alone, where the cracks at in the low part of the stoning