

# 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