

Bon Iver, Michicant

I was unafraid, I was a boy, I was a tender age
melic in the naked, knew a lake and drew the lofts for page
hurdle all the waitings up, know it wasn't wedded love
4 long minutes end and it was over it'd all be back
and the frost took up the eyes

pressed against the pane could see the veins and there was poison out
resting in a raze the inner claims I hadn't breadth to shake
searching for an inner clout, may not take another bout
honey in the hale could fill the pales of loving less with vain
hon, it wasn't yet the spring

aiming and it sunk and we were drunk and we had fleshed it out
nose up in the globes, you never know if you are passing out
no it wasn't maiden-up, the falling or the faded luck
hung up in the ivory, both were climbing for a finer cause
love can hardly leave the room
with your heart