

# 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