

Cocteau Twins, Golden-Vein

Shunning punched
All of song
Will you spare
Last night, till dawn
Your eyes have mine
At last I've got lyric

The rest into(in two?)
A mood of dust
Myself into
With eyes for me
My safe love
Bought

Showing emotions
New rules
Reaching out
Realing with it
Our mountain roses
Oh in their eyes and then

Little flowers in the dirt
And gladness will fill me in your hand
You hold and surround me in gold
Myself into
It finds a thread