

# Alela Diane, Tatted Lace

Gold around those fingers shown  
Bound for to carry home  
Fond of the flattest field  
But you know there are bones buried deep down below  
Tatted lace frail figure graced  
That has since been torn and stained  
Tatted lace frail figure graced  
That has since been torn and stained  
And put, and put so far away, oh, so far away  
Novels we don't write  
Hearts been lost in flight  
Skin in the black of night  
Love is a sinking kite  
Tatted lace frail figure graced  
That has since been torn and stained, oh  
Tatted lace frail figure graced  
That has since been torn and stained  
And put, and put so far away, oh, so far away  
Gold around those fingers shown  
Bound for to carry home  
Suitcase filled with stones  
Snow keeps me alone  
Suitcase filled with stones  
Snow keeps me alone, all alone  
All alone, all alone  
All alone, all alone, all alone