

# Bon Iver & St. Vincent, Roslyn

Up with your turret  
Aren't we just terrified?  
Shale, screen your worry from what you won't ever find  
Don't let it fool you  
Don't let it fool you...down  
Down's sitting round, folds in the gown  
Sea and the rock below  
Cocked to the undertow  
Bones blood and teeth erode, with every crashing node  
Wings wouldn't help you  
Wings wouldn't help you...down  
Down fills the ground, gravity's proud  
You barely are blinking  
Wagging your face around  
When'd this just become a mortal home?  
Won't, won't, won't, won't  
Won't let you talk me  
Won't let you talk medown  
Will pull it taut, nothing let out