

# Bon Iver, Towers

For the love, I'd fallen on  
in the swampy August dawn  
what a mischief you would bring young darling!  
when the onus is not all your own  
when you're up for it before you've grown

from the faun forever gone  
in the towers of your honeycomb  
I'd a tore your hair out just to climb back darling  
when you're filling out your only form  
can you tell that it's just ceremon'  
now you've added up to what you're from

build your tether rain-out from your fragments...  
break the sailor's table on your sacrum...  
fuck the fiercest fables, I'm with Hagen

for the love, comes the burning young  
from the liver, sweating through your tongue  
well, you're standing on my sternum don't you climb down darling  
oh the sermons are the first to rest  
smoke on Sundays when you're drunk and dressed  
out the hollows where the swallow nests