

# Cocteau Twins, But I'm Not

Sorrowful stories  
I hear all that's shown  
His posturish shiver on his things  
And she's always known  
Things from the forest die here  
But I don't  
Dead forest things are offered here  
But I'm not  
Vassels live lies  
Their faith never cries  
Giving in, getting in  
Wishing what her sad grin finds  
Things from the forest die here  
But I don't  
Dead forest things are offered here  
But I'm not  
[x4]