

Elysian Fields, Black Acres

Whirlwind
Take me there
Where I will be
His lady fair
Sheets of night
Hiding us
Gusts of wind
Riding us
I'm blown away
Into his hands
I'm weak and high
Can barely stand

In the web
Of dizzy leaves
Virgins all
Elude the trees

Touch me now
Touch me
The black acres are claiming me
They're claiming me

He holds me up
Like a babe
Pressing close
I can't behave
I need to have
This little death
I'm up against
His downy chest

In the web
Of dizzy leaves
Virgins all
Elude the trees
The chill is flush
With burning flesh
It's so refined
This little death

Touch me now
Touch me
The black acres are claiming me
They're claiming me

Touch me now
Touch me
The black acres are claiming me
They're claiming me
Black acres

I'm running
Away from home
Black acres
And the wind
The wind is blowin'
Black acres
And the weathervane
Its heathen song
Lulls the world
With silver tongue

Touch me now

Touch me
The black acres are claiming me
They're claiming me