

Iron And Wine, Sinning Hands

Midnight, and her eyes
Hide like kittens, new and wet
Mine are sinning hands
On her lying on my bed

The river still may rise
Wild and water take us both
Mine are sinning hands
Take our bodies, take our clothes

Bloodless moonlight, may my lady
Give her lovely skin and bones

Midnight, and my bride
Treads in distant water now
Mine are sinning hands
And my teeth have fallen out

The river still may rise
Though it took more than it gave
Mine are sinning hands
On a broken windowpane

Bloodless moonlight, like my lady
Gave me only skin and bones