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