

# Swans, Stay Here

The Wind Blows After Dark  
And Then Goes My Heart  
I Never Wanted This To Start  
Forever Haunted By The Dark  
The Wind Comes In  
The Wind Comes In  
Here He Comes For My Life  
Here She Runs For The Knife  
I'm Not The Type  
To Tell Your Wife  
The Wind Comes In  
The Wind, Our Skin  
The Wind Blows After Dark  
When He Comes For My Heart  
I Never Want This To Stop  
And What Is Sorrow But To Knife The Wind  
And What Is Pain But To Blind Our Skin