

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