

Weave A Noose, Burn The Bear

Fields

Son, what did your mother do
Weaken my mind
You just weaken my mind

Break these rules that control you
Break my resolve
You just break my resolve

Ride heavy to lovers arms
Smothering arms
These are smothering arms

Ill keep you safe you wont come to harm
Bring me to harm
Please just bring me to harm

Theres a place we ought to go
These fields are dead and i should know

Winter corners from behind
We dont mind
Cause were already cold
And our words they are bitter now

Summer gold skin on you
Burnt by your hand
I was burnt by your hand

Wasted weeks feeling bitter and blue
Bitter and blue, i was bitter and blue

Take hold to your lovers charms
Accommodate you
To accommodate you

Traded on things that were hidden in lies
Hidden from you
They were hidden from you

Theres a place we ought to go
These fields are dead and i should know

Winter corners from behind
We dont mind
Cause were already cold
And our words they are bitter now