

Three on a Match

Foxing

Little woken warmth
The only thing I loved
Now a suffocated soul
Its mother's makeup runs and rinses out the pores
Rings the color from her hair

For what we did my love I'm sorry
And who the cloth has wound was wound alone
For what we've done my love I'm sorry
And who the cloth has wound was wound alone

Its mother crosses heart
She's damned by her own milk
With unbroken water still

For what we've did my love I'm sorry
And for who the cloth was wound was wound alone
For what we done my love I'm sorry
And who the cloth has wound was wound alone

When it's three on a match
The worst are always left
I'm survived by the weight of my own sins

When it's three on a match
The Lord won't let me in
I'm survived by the weight of my own sins

The cypress came up to my knees in May
And woken warmth grew right beside my leg