Storms That Breed

Weyes Blood

When you feel strange
In the end of the day
When you're down
Eyes spinning' round
Like the wheel
How do you try to feel?

No one can truly cure my soul
A desert fool am I still
Without the will to greet
The pasture's eyes with my own

In the pale night
When the moon changes you
Makes you blind
Don't think twice
Let the phase pass over again

No one can truly hear me then
A broken rope
A desert's sign
I've flown too high

Let me sleep now
That I've been to the bottom and up
I've finally spilled up cup
Now I'm thin watch me spread everywhere

No one can put me back in there
In there I left this world
A roamin' far with no star

And I will go unto
When the sky takes my own key
I fair thee all well
Don't miss me
I am on the otherside
I'm still free

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