

Land's End

Bat for Lashes

Well the winter it came, my love
And I did not know my own name
So I drove down that old country road
And the spirits conjured something
Grey clouds over storms did roll
And I searched for you in the cyclone
For my love, I will bleed
And I drive till I set myself free

To land's end
Oh, oh
To land's end
Oh, oh
To land's end

Ask a soothsayer and old men wives
Where the witches burnt for all our lies
Past the motorways and city lights
That my soul be free and spirit fly

To land's end
Oh, oh
To land's end
Oh, oh
To land's end
To land's end