

## Wash.

Bon Iver

Climb  
is all we know  
when thaw  
is not below us  
no, can't grow up  
in that iron ground

Claire, all too sore for sound

Bet  
is hardly shown  
scraped  
across the foam  
like they stole it  
and oh, how they hold it

Claire, we nearly forfeit

I, I'm growing like the quickening hues  
I, I'm telling darkness from lines on you  
over havens fora full and swollen morass, young habitat!  
all been living alone,  
where the ice snap and the hold clast are known

Home  
we're savage high  
Come  
we finally cry  
oh and we don it  
because it's right

Claire, I was too sore for sight

I, we're sewing up through the latchet greens  
I, un-peel keenness, honey, bean for bean  
same white pillar tone  
as with the bone street sand is thrown where she stashed us at  
all been living alone,  
where the cracks at in the low part of the stoning