

## But I'm Not

Cocteau Twins

Sorrowful stories  
I hear all that's shown  
His posturish shiver on his things  
And she's always known  
Things from the forest die here  
But I don't  
Dead forest things are offered here  
But I'm not  
Vassels live lies  
Their faith never cries  
Giving in, getting in  
Wishing what her sad grin finds  
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