

# When Mama Was Moth

Cocteau Twins

Sunburst and snowblind  
I'd seen the (I shouldn't fear)  
Fear running down my brook  
While mama was clear (queer),  
One more brook  
Chills all start screaming  
Ribbed and veined  
The sunburst and the snowblind  
A chill of fear running down my back  
When mama was moth, I took bulb form  
Body electric  
Writhe in vain  
Body electric

Body electric  
Body electric  
Body electric  
Body electric  
Body electric

Body electric  
Body electric  
Body electric  
Body electric  
Body electric