

# Weave A Noose, Burn The Bear

Fields

Son, what did your mother do  
Weaken my mind  
You just weaken my mind

Break these rules that control you  
Break my resolve  
You just break my resolve

Ride heavy to lovers arms  
Smothering arms  
These are smothering arms

Ill keep you safe you wont come to harm  
Bring me to harm  
Please just bring me to harm

Theres a place we ought to go  
These fields are dead and i should know

Winter corners from behind  
We dont mind  
Cause were already cold  
And our words they are bitter now

Summer gold skin on you  
Burnt by your hand  
I was burnt by your hand

Wasted weeks feeling bitter and blue  
Bitter and blue, i was bitter and blue

Take hold to your lovers charms  
Accommodate you  
To accommodate you

Traded on things that were hidden in lies  
Hidden from you  
They were hidden from you

Theres a place we ought to go  
These fields are dead and i should know

Winter corners from behind  
We dont mind  
Cause were already cold  
And our words they are bitter now