

White Foxes

Susanne Sundfør

Poses, poses,
that's all you are to me.
Roses, roses,
that's all you're offering me.

And now I wish to God, that
the Earth would turn cold.
And my heart would forget it's made of glass,
and all the pretty tulips would disappear,
and never disturb me again.

You gave me my very first gun,
I'll go out and hunt the hidden dome
with white foxes, with white foxes.
Freeze.

Hunger, hunger is the purest sin,
it is empty church in a crowded bin.
I've wept and I've stumbled,
I fought and I craved
for the gravy of your soul.
But all I want to do now is walk along
down barren trees in fields of snow.

You gave me my very first gun,
I'll go out and hunt the hidden dome
with white foxes, with white foxes.
Freeze, freeze.

My eye is my sanctuary. (4x)