

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
Things from the forest die here
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