

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