

Spiral Staircase

Jarboe

The wind blows after dark
And then goes my heart
I never wanted this to start
Forever haunted by the dark

The wind comes in
The wind comes in

Here he comes for my life
Here she runs for the knife
I'm not the type
To tell your wife

The wind comes in
The wind, our sln

The wind blows after dark
When he comes for my heart
I never want this to stop

And what is sorrow but to knife the wind
And what is pain but to blind our skin