

Armistice

Patrick Wolf

Coat of black
Coat of black
Weary waiting
Weary waiting

I turn out the light
we kiss good night
been weary waiting
weary waiting
to come closer
closer to where
we belong

Outside the city
Children brandish
Sharp their knives
Sharpen knives
And come closer
Closer to where
We Belong
Now if I be weak
Wont you be strong
When the night is long?

Trust
Over years you'll wake
To find this man
Who's loved ya'
Your whole life
So come closer
Closer to where
We belong

Just close your eyes
Let those foxes fight
The children of this
City sharp their knives
Come closer closer
To where we belong

And If you be weak
Then I'll be strong
When the night is long
If I be weak
Comreedhoo
(coat of black)
Comreedhoo
When the night is long