Holocene by Bon Iver

Fill in the gaps

"Someway, baby, it's (1) of me, apart from me."
you're (2) waste to Halloween
you fucked it friend, it's on it's head, it struck the street
you're in Milwaukee, off your feet
and at once I knew I was not magnificent
strayed above the highway aisle
(jagged vacance, thick (3) ice)
I could see for miles, miles, miles
3rd and Lake it burnt away, the hallway
was (4) we learned to celebrate
automatic bought the years you'd talk for me
that night you played me ?Lip Parade?
not the needle, nor the thread, the lost decree
saying nothing, that's enough for me
and at once I knew I was not magnificent
hulled far from the highway aisle
(jagged, vacance, thick with ice)
I could see for miles, miles, miles
Christmas night, it clutched the light, the hallow bright
above my brother, I and (5) spines
we smoked the (6) to make it what it was to be
now to know it in my memory:
and at (7) I knew I was not magnificent
high above the highway aisle
(jagged vacance, thick with ice)
I could see for miles miles miles



- 1. part
- 2. laying
- 3. with
- 4. where
- 5. tangled
- 6. screen
- 7. once

Fill in the gaps