

Fill in the gaps

Poses, poses
That's all you are to me
Roses, roses
That's all you're offering me
And now I (1) to God that the (2)
would turn cold
And my (3) would forget it's made of glass
And all the pretty tulips would disappear
And (4) disturb me again
You (5) me my very first gun
I'll go out and hunt the hidden dome
With white foxes
With white foxes
Freeze
Hunger, hunger
Is the purest sin
It is an empty church in a crowded bin

I wept and I stumbled, I fought and I craved
For the gravy of your soul
But all I (6) to do now is walk around
Down (7) trees in fields of snow
You gave me my very first gun
I'll go out and hunt the (8) dome
With white foxes
With (9) foxes
Freeze
Freeze
My eye is my sanctuary



- 1. wish
- 2. earth
- 3. heart
- 4. never
- 5. gave
- 6. want
- 7. barren
- 8. hidden
- 9. white

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