

## Fill in the gaps

## Glacier by James Vincent McMorrow

I wanna go south of the river, face it alone in the heart of the winter.

| Someone hears a lie, somewhere underneath,                                                      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Caught between the reeling, mirroring the beat.                                                 |
| no longer fit and the years asleep.                                                             |
| Show no sense of holding, staring aimlessly.                                                    |
| wanna go south of the river, glacier slow in the heart of the winter.                           |
| wanna go south of the river, (1) it alone in the heart of the winter.                           |
| And this we'll celebrate, this we'll celebrate                                                  |
| There and on the stage, this is a mistake.                                                      |
| Damn me off the long.                                                                           |
| Down the earth and moon,                                                                        |
| Damp and (2) kneeling, (3) into change.                                                         |
| n a moment I was caught, in a calling by a steam.                                               |
| n the moment of a hot.                                                                          |
| wanna go south of the river, glacier (4) in the heart of the winter.                            |
| wanna go south of the river, face it alone in the heart of the winter.                          |
| am knotted at the (5) called house.                                                             |
| Few became, few (6) as glory as long locked as the (7) state and (8) living near.               |
| Harrow since, ever since the farthest reaching (9) we inside a cheat, his banks again, so dear. |
| Someone hears a lie, somewhere underneath.                                                      |
| Caught between the reeling, mirroring the beat.                                                 |
| no longer fit, and in years we fall.                                                            |
| Silence is so cold, and there's no sense at all.                                                |
| And I was someone else,                                                                         |
| was something good.                                                                             |
| Barrelling at the old.                                                                          |
| There along the door.                                                                           |
| wanna go south of the river, face it alone in the heart of the winter.                          |



## 1. face

- 2. clawing
- 3. rustling
- 4. slow
- 5. love
- 6. became
- 7. forest
- 8. starting
- 9. under

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