Holocene by Bon Iver

Fill in the gaps

"Someway, baby, it's (1) of me, apart from me."
you're laying waste to Halloween
you fucked it friend, it's on it's head, it struck the street
you're in Milwaukee, off (2) feet
and at (3) I (4) I was not magnificent
strayed above the (5) aisle
(jagged vacance, (6) with ice)
I could see for miles, miles, miles
3rd and Lake it burnt away, the hallway
was where 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 (7) 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 tangled spines
we smoked the screen to (8) it what it was to be
now to (9) it in my memory:
and at once 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. your
- 3. once
- 4. knew
- 5. highway
- 6. thick
- 7. highway
- 8. make
- 9. know

Fill in the gaps