

Fill in the gaps

Poses, poses	
That's all you are to me	
Roses, roses	
That's all you're (1)	_ me
And now I wish to God that the (2)_	would turn
cold	
And my (3) (4)	forget it's made of
glass	
And all the pretty tulips would disappea	r
And never disturb me again	
You (5) me my very first gur	n
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 (6) in a c	rowded bin

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



- 1. offering
- 2. earth
- 3. heart
- 4. would
- 5. gave
- 6. church
- 7. walk
- 8. barren
- 9. hidden

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