

# Clangour and Flutes

## Sin Fang Bous

Eat the young, taste the blood  
They don't know a thing about us  
Shake their bones, throw them out  
We make something new out of things lost I will be the lumberjack and you will be the tree  
If you go chasing rabbits and you know you've gone too far  
The lines in your hands are the map to show you where you are I will be the boat and you will  
be the sea And if you would find feelings where should be none  
Bury them deep before you do something that can't be undone  
I will be the fire and you will be the home Any fluke just might damn off the look those eyes  
will see  
A cold wind's blowing, the cold wind that came with me I will be the forest and you will be the  
dead tree  
Eat the young, taste the blood  
Stab the night with water knives  
Shake their bones let them know that there are rodents in their eyes I will be the lumberjack and  
you will be the tree

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>