

Flee The Seen

"English House"

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You go with your two feet bare
Down through the cold lane there, to Brighton
A country house, a liar and a louse live there

Go with your arms held wide
Happiness in your eyes, convincing
And stay the night, turn out every light you see
And lay them down buried in the ground for me

Whoa my love, whoa my love
Whoa my love, whoa my love
Whoa...

Tongues of the creatures wait
Drawn to the fragile legs you walk on
A cold wind blows, Brighton to the coast from me
The cold wind blows, Brighton to the coast from me

Whoa my love, oh my love
Whoa my love, oh my love
Whoa my love, oh my love
Whoa my love, oh my love
Oh...

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