

Christian Kjellvander - The Woods

**Oh, into the woods I go
These trees have seen more shit
Than better folks I've met
'Cause we dream in these words
Make love on different terms
Bathed in blood, bathed in blood
Bathed in blood
The woods in this stall
Unnerved, comfortable
When I lay in gloom
They're on back there
We dream in these words
Make love just taking turns
Bathed in blood, bathed in blood
Bathed in blood
Oh, dream in these words
Make love to no avail
Oh, what's left of the fire
They fire down the trail
Blood, blood, blood, blood
Blood, oh, blood, blood, blood**