Insect Eyes

Devendra Banhart

And each strand of her hair Is really insect eyes And each hole in her tongue Is always occupied by the milk of the sun

And each head on her head Is fields of gold wheat Where I'm lying on my back Where I'm falling asleep

And each lash in her eye Is really white roots And each line in her skin Is really red roots

And the neck her head's on Is a tunnel of dawn But darkness will come But darkness will come For sure, it's gonna come

And the breast on her chest Is where I take my rest Is where I have my fun Is where I have my fun

And one long red nail That shots from her toe Is tickling my blood And shifting its flow

And each strand of her hair Is really insect eyes And each hole in her tongue Is always occupied by the milk of the sun

And I'm always late, always late And I'm always late Yeah, I'm always late Yeah, I'm always late

And your black tulips of time And your black tulips of time And your hands rejoice in mine

And that seed it grows all day And that seed it grows all night And our veins are intertwined