

Light Leaves, Dark Sees Pt. II

Los Campesinos!

I part the curtains of your hair
And all the light of the sun floods the room, poured from your
sleepy stare
2 seconds each morning without fail
Before I enter the abattoir to see my insides hanging there
But they request that I leave 'cause my sad eyes are too much t
o bear

When the light leaves, then the dark sees

Your hands to your hips now: 2 swan necks
Curl between pelvis with stretchmarks and shoulders with these
freckle flecks
The pain of the silence before bed
Oh for the sound of your pissing through the thin walls, or str
oking your head
But for the shadows and doom and the sorrow we seem to have bre
d

When the light leaves, then the dark sees