When the moon is full
And I've pried,
I'll take up your guts
To the little shed outside

I'll shuck all the light from my skin
Then I'll hide it in you.
I'll pluck the long grass
That grows from me and hide it (in you).

I'll pretend I'm blind in one eye And I'll hide it in you.
It's like your head is crumbled And hiding in you.