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Cymbals Eat Guitars

If I should return like I once did
Animals will mark me with brown infant eyes
The same eyes whose lids I kissed the high grass in which they sit
Is shoulder length and hanging on your foreheadA week is four years in ancient hive minds
And soon those eyes begin to well up
Your shallow grave concealed by fragrant leaf piles
Black glistening bird eyes averted

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/