

Cataracts

Andrew Bird

And when our mouths are filled with uninvited tongues of others
And the strays are pining for their unrequited mothers
Milk that sours is promptly spat, light will fill our eyes like cats
And they shall enter from the back
With spears and scepters and squirming sacks
Scribs and tangles between their ears
Faceless scrambled charcoal smears, oh dear
Through the coppice and the chaparral
The thickets thick with mold
The bracken and the brier
Catch weed into the fold
When our mouths are filled with uninvited tongues of others
And the strays are pining for their unrequited mothers
Milk that sours is promptly spat, light will fill our eyes like cats
Light will fill our eyes like cats, cataracts

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