

# 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

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