

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 shoots 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 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