

Cosmos and Demos

Devendra Banhart

I've never told this story to another living soul
For fear it might awaken and the story would unfold
Candles in a courtyard and a paper colored cat
While demos danced on feathers and cosmos held the hat

Next came their profession and a paper colored purr
An umber armed albino and the crowd began to stir
I slid behind a linden to swallow what I'd seen
I slid behind a linden and to swallow what I'd seen

Threads of grass and thumbles, needles made of hair
Leaves a dance that stumbles, limbs laughed in the air
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And on the day you fall, whose name would you call
The only thing you taught me is the only thing you know
How to start a fire once the umbers cease to glow
The only thing you taught me is the only thing you know
How to start a fire once the umbers cease to glow