

Cosmos and Damien

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
And 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
To swallow what I'd seen
Threads of grass and thimbles
Needles made of hair
Weaves a dance that stumbles
Limbs laughed in the air
Threads of grass and thimbles
Needles made of hair
Weaves a dance that stumbles
Limbs laughed in the air
And on the day you fall
Who's name would you call
The only thing you taught me is the only thing you know
How to start a fire once the embers cease to glow
The only thing you taught me is the only thing you know
How to start a fire once the embers cease to glow