

## Light Leaves, Dark Sees Pt. II

Los Campesinos!

I part the curtains of your hair  
And all the light of the sun floods the room, poured from your  
sleepy stare  
2 seconds each morning without fail  
Before I enter the abattoir to see my insides hanging there  
But they request that I leave 'cause my sad eyes are too much to bear

When the light leaves, then the dark sees

Your hands to your hips now: 2 swan necks  
Curl between pelvis with stretchmarks and shoulders with these  
freckle flecks  
The pain of the silence before bed  
Oh for the sound of your pissing through the thin walls, or stroking your head  
But for the shadows and doom and the sorrow we seem to have breed

When the light leaves, then the dark sees