

Devendra Banhart

"In Empress Hands"

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Oh how i wish that all black babies had more names
and all rejoice is all i am

in gold and empress hands
in gold and empress hands

and all of us without guns in us
and our hair growing out of us

when her belly bleeds its an open seed
that strain into the sea
that strain into the sea

and suddenly, oh suddenly,
a voice comes out of me
a voice comes out of me

but it dont belong to me
but it dont belong to me
but it dont belong to me

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