

Devendra Banhart

"Summerdeath"

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Split of a second, my need to decide
Retina's stained, visions of your smile
Your struggling, wild beauty, sharp fists opulence
We're so alike my Dahlia - see our resemblance?

Your life to memories small, fell apart
You are a yesterday, rotting with your heart
Your pain was numbed, all fear was breached
The traces of your life I washed away with bleach

Lifeless and cold incisions enfold

Jesus wept
Jesus wept when he saw your carved face so raw
The grotesque remains, red stains on the devil's claw

Lifeless and cold before you grew old

Murder

Life flourishing garden, liar in wait,
I'm the un-belonging ghost faced wraith
Final the hour, your pain isn't love,
Cold flesh and a little knife to dispose of

Jesus wept on the devil's claw

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