Los Campesinos! "Light Leaves, Dark Sees PtII"

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I part the curtains of your hair
And all the light of the sun floods the room
Poured from your sleepy stare
Two 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, the dark sees

Your hands to your hips now,
Two swan necks
Curl between pelvis with stretch-marks
And shoulders with those 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 bred

When the light leaves, the dark sees

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