

Devendra Banhart, Rejoicing In The Hands

In the dark we are without her empress light
In the dark we are without a light
Half asleep we are calmly waiting through her night
Half asleep we wait till she arrives

Clouds of birds are covering her dark blue sky
Clouds of birds are covering her sky
A rush of wind is gently playing with their wings
and yellow stones are standing on her eyes

All rejoice is all we are when in her hands
All rejoice we are in her hands
Owl eyes her sun will rise and light the land
All rejoice we are in her hands