

# Devendra Banhart, Cosmos And Demos

I've never told this story to another living soul  
For fear it might awaken and the story would unfold  
Candles in a courtyard and a paper colored cat  
While demos danced on feathers and cosmos held the hat

Next came their profession and a paper colored purr  
An umber armed albino and the crowd began to stir  
I slid behind a linden to swallow what I'd seen  
I slid behind a linden and to swallow what I'd seen

Threads of grass and thumbles, needles made of hair  
Leaves a dance that stumbles, limbs laughed in the air  
Threads of grass and thumbles, needles made of hair  
Leaves a dance that stumbles, limbs laughed in the air

And on the day you fall, whose name would you call  
The only thing you taught me is the only thing you know  
How to start a fire once the umbers cease to glow  
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How to start a fire once the umbers cease to glow