

# Frank Black, Honeycomb

The old churchyard is where I faded  
She watched me while I fell unaided  
And in my time  
When God's army came and got me

I could not find my honeycomb  
I could not find my honeycomb  
I could not find my honeycomb

Cherry-brown lips of maple  
Olive creams her eyes and face were  
And in that town  
As I walk as a deserter

I could not find my honeycomb  
I could not find my honeycomb  
I could not find my honeycomb

Dance for God, dance for mating  
The ritual of her figure-eighting  
And in my mind  
As I fly above the churchyard

I could not find my honeycomb  
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