

The Decemberists, The Queen's Approach

I'm
Made of bones of the branches
The boughs and the brow-beating light
While my feet are the trunks
And my head is the canopy high
And my fingers extend
to the leaves
and the eaves
and the (bright?)
Might I shine?
It's my shine (child?)
He
Was a baby abandoned
entombed in a cradle of claim (clay?)
And I was a soul
Who took pity
And stole him away
And gave him the form of
A fawn to inhabit
By day
Bright Eyes, stay
It's my day
And you
Have removed this temptation
that's troubled my innocent child
To abduct and abuse and to render, (bereft?) and defiled
But the river is deep
To the banks and the water is wild,
I will fly you
To the far side