

Fleet Foxes, Third of May / Ōdaigahara

Light ended the night
But the song remained
And I was hiding by the stair
Half here half there
Pas the lashing rain
And as the sky would petel white
Old innocent lies came to mind
As we stood
Congregate
At the firing line

Night ended the fight
But the song remained

Ans so I headed to the wall
Turned tail to call to the new domain
As if in the sigh of sea
You're suddenly free
But it's all the same
But I can hear you
Loud in the center
Aren't we made to be crowded together
Like leaves