

Hozier, Swan Upon Leda

Her husband waits outside
A cryin' child pushes a child into the night
She was told he would come this time
Without leavin' so much as a feather behind
To enact at last the perfect plan
One more sweet boy to be butchered by hand

But the gateway to the world
Was still outside of reach for them
Would never belong to angels
Had never belonged to men
The swan upon Leda
Empire upon Jerusalem

A grandmother smugglin' eggs
Past where the god child-soldier
Setanta stood dead
Our graceful turner of heads
Weaves through the checkpoints like a needle and thread
Someone's frightened boy waves her on
She offers a mother's smile and soon she's gone

The gateway to the world
Is gone in a tremblin' hand
When nature unmakes the boundary
The pillar of myth still stands
The swan upon Leda
Occupier upon ancient land

But the gateway to the world
Is still outside the reach of hands
Would never belong to angels
Had never belonged to men