

The Decemberists, The Queen's Rebuke

-The Queen-

I'm made of bones of the branches the boughs and the bough beating light
well my feet are the trunks, my head is the canopy
and my fingers extend to the leaves in the eves
and a bright, brighter shine

It's my shine

and he

was a baby abandoned

intombed in a cradle of clay

and I was a soul who took pity and stole him away

and gave him the form of a faun to inhabit

and a day, brightest day

It's my day

and you

have removed this temptation that's troubled my innocent child

to abduct and abuse

and to render her rift and defiled

but the river is deep to the base of the water

and I

I will fly you

to the far side