

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