The Decemberists, The Tain

Crone: Here upon this pillow Made of reed and willow You're a fickle little twister Are you sweet on your sister? Your fallow won't leave you alone.

And granted for their pleasure
Possessions laid to measure
She's a salty little pisser
With your cock in her kisser
But now she's a will of her own.
</lyrics>
==Part II==
<lyrics>
Husband: Damn your ankles and eyes wide
From you fingernails to your ponytails too.
King of the insects and the m-5
Over Charlemagne in a motorcade too.

And baby needs a new prize Baby needs a new and shiny prize.

Captain: In this place called Heavenly You were born here.
This place called Heavenly You were born here.
You were born here.

Husband: And now all the marchers descend from high I will dedicate all of my awakenings to this.

And damn all the angles that oppress my sight I will bleed your heart through a samovar soon.

Captain: In this place called Heavenly You were born here.
This place called Heavenly You were born here.
You were born here.
</lyrics>
==Part III==
<lyrics>
Soldier: They settled dust in your hair To watch you shake and shout it out.
With our armaments bared
We shed our bags and travel alls.

From the lee of the wall He comes in chain and chariot And all his eunuchs in thrall Can scarce lift his line and lariat.

Here come loose the hounds To blow me down.

Chorus of Waifs: Blow me down.

Soldier: On this stretch of ground

I'll lay me down.

Chorus of Waifs: Lay me down.

Soldier: To sleep.

Chaplain: And now stricken with pangs That tear at our backs like thistledown The mirror's soft silver tain Reflects our last and birthing hour

Soldier: Here come loose the hounds

To blow me down.

Chorus of Waifs: Blow me down.

Soldier: On this stretch of ground

I'll lay me down.

Chorus of Waifs: Lay me down.

Soldier: To sleep. </lyrics> ==Part IV== <lyrics> Evening

Widow: O the wind is blowing, it hurts your skin As you climb up hillside, forest and fen.

Your arms full of lullabies, orchids and wine Your memories wrapped within paper and twine.

The room that you lie in is dusty and hard Sleeping soft babies on piles of yards Of gingham, taffeta, cotton and silk Your dry hungry mouths cry for your mother's milk.

When the dawn comes to greet you, you'll rise with clothes on And advance with the others, singing old songs Of cattle and maidens and withered old queens. Let the music carry you on.

The room that you lie in is dusty and hard Sleeping soft babies on piles of yards Of gingham, taffeta, cotton and silk Your dry hungry mouths cry for your mother's milk. </lyrics> ==Part V== <lyrics> Woman: Darling dear, what have you done? Your clothes are torn, your make-up runs.

Daughter: I ran through brambles, blooming thistle I washed my face in the river when you whistled me on.

Woman: Darling dear, what have you done? Your hands and face are smeared with blood.

Daughter: The chaplain came and called me out To beat and to butcher his mother's sow

Woman: But darling dear, they found him dead This morning on the riverbed.

But hush now, darling, don't you cry. Your reward's in the sweet by-and-by. So hush now, baby, don't you cry. Your reward's in the sweet by-and-by.

Crone: And now we've seen your powers

Softly stretch the hours You're a fickle little twister Are you sweet on your sister? As now you go wandering home.