

Third of May / Ōdaigahara

Fleet Foxes

Light ended the night, but the song remained
And I was hiding by the stair, half here, half there, past the
lashing rain
And as the sky[e] would petal white
Old innocent lies came to mind
As we stood, congregated, at the firing line

Night ended the fight, but the song remained
And so I headed to the wall, turned tail to call to the new domain
As if in the sight of sea, you're suddenly free, but it's all the same...
Oh, but I can hear you, loud in the center
Aren't we made to be crowded together, like leaves?

Was I too slow?
Did you change overnight?
Second son, on the other line...

Now, back in our town as a castaway
I'm reminded of the time it all fell in line, on the third of May
As if it were designed, painted in sand to be washed away
Oh, but I can hear you, loud in the center
Aren't we made to be crowded together, like leaves?

Was I too slow?
Did I change overnight?
Second son, for the second time...

Can I be light and free?
If I lead you through the fury will you call to me?
And is all that I might owe you carved on ivory?

But all will fade. All I say. All I needed
As a flash in the eye, I wouldn't deny, all receded

Life unfolds in pools of gold
I am only owed this shape if I make a line to hold
To be held within one's self is deathlike, oh I know

But all will be, for mine and me, as we make it
And the size of the fray, can't take it away, they won't make it

I was a fool
Crime after crime to confess to
But I hold the fleet angel, she'll bless you

Hold fast to the wing. Hold fast to the wing