

It was just before the moon hung
Her weary heavy head in
The gallows and the graves of
The milky milky cradle
His tears have turned to poppies
A shimmer in the midnight
A flower in the twilight
A flower in the twilight

And our screaming
Is in his screaming
Our screaming in the willow

They took him to the gallows
He fought them all the way though
And when they asked us how we knew his name
We died just before him
Our eyes are in the flowers
Our hands are in the branches
Our voices in the breezes

And our screaming
Is in his screaming
Our screaming in the willow tree

We're waiting by the willow
Our milky milky cradle
Our lockets long have rusted
His picture worn and weathered
Our hair is in the garden
Our voices in our toeses
Our heart are in the blossoms
Our eyes are in the branches

And our screaming
Is in his screaming
Our screaming in the willow tree