

## Moths

Jethro Tull

The leaded window opened  
to move the dancing candle flame  
And the first Moths of summer  
suicidal came.

And a new breeze chattered  
in its May-bud tenderness  
Sending water-lillies sailing  
as she turned to get undressed.

And the long night awakened  
and we soared on powdered wings  
Circling our tomorrows  
in the wary month of Spring.

Chasing shadows slipping  
in a magic lantern slide  
Creatures of the candle  
on a night-light-ride.

Dipping and weaving - flutter  
through the golden needle's eye  
in our haystack madness. Butterfly-stroking  
on a Spring-tide high. (On a Spring-tide high)

(Mezihra: Life's too long (as the Lemming said)  
as the candle burned and the Moths were wed.  
And we'll all burn together as the wick grows higher  
before the candle's dead.)

The leaded window opened  
to move the dancing candle flame.  
And the first moths of summer  
suicidal came

To join in the worship  
of the light that never dies  
in a moment's reflection  
of two moths spinning in her eyes.