

## The Queen's Approach

The Decemberists

I'm  
Made of bones of the branches  
The boughs and the brow-beating light

While my feet are the trunks  
And my head is the canopy high

And my fingers extend  
To the leaves  
And the eaves  
And the (bright?)

Might I shine?  
It's my shine (child?)

He  
Was a baby abandoned  
Entombed in a cradle of claim (clay?)

And I was a soul  
Who took pity  
And stole him away

And gave him the form of  
A fawn to inhabit  
By day

Bright Eyes, stay  
It's my day

And you  
Have removed this temptation  
That's troubled my innocent child

To abduct and abuse and to render, (bereft?) and defiled

But the river is deep  
To the banks and the water is wild,  
I will fly you  
To the far side