

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