

The Queen's Rebuke/The Crossing

The Decemberists

I'm made of bones, of the branches, the boughs and the bough beating light

Well my feet are the trunks and my head is the canopy
And my fingers extend to the leaves in the eaves

And a bright, brighter shine
It's my shine

And he was a baby abandoned entombed in a cradle of clay
And I was a soul who took pity and stole him away
And gave him the form of a faun to inhabit

A day, brightest day
It's my day

And you have removed this temptation that's troubled my innocent child
To abduct and abuse and to render her rift and defiled
But the river is deep to the banks and the water is wild

I will fly you to the far side