

The Last Bison

"Setting Our Tables"

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And our forks and knives
They work with antlers side by side
They're gnawing at the withered pine
Hoping she's the one

As the Red Deer relate to
The month of April
So do we wait patiently
To set our tables

Our forks and knives
They work with antlers side by side
They're gnawing at the withered pine
Hoping she's the one

And my Father's Bride
Is tearing down the mountain side
And soon the trees will all align
Leaving us with Sons

So cast them later than the older ones
Until September when they have become
Fully covered in a velvet skin
Till they're just like the shrubs and saplings they
defend

As the skin sheds slowly
The mount becomes more stable
And I would climb to redefine
The path if I were able

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They work with antlers side by side
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[x2]

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