

Eisley

"Lady of the Wood"

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Every night we watch the same surprise,
And you ripped his wing off of his arm,
And he stepped through the blooming door.

Scarecrows are walking through the rows toward him,
"Have you seen the missing lady of this wood?"
"Oh, no, sir, it's oh so sad, she was taken away, taken
away."

Moonlight was making his skin glow like the fireflies
he'd taken
From the tiny scarecrows in a hurry,
They said, "Sir, you'll need these on your journey."

He came upon a wishing well,
Keeling forward and he fell,
Softly floating down on wings of fireflies.
And he saw her lying there, tangles in her hair,
in her hair.

Oh, a pretty broken wrist
Was clutched under her fist,
Her ankles were all wound
About a silver gown

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