

Decemberists

"The Queen's Rebuke"

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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 in the eves, and
the 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 by 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

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