

# The Decemberists

## "The Queen's Rebuke / The Crossing"

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### "The Queen's Rebuke / The Crossing"

The Queen

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

Well my feet are the trunks, my head is the canopy  
And my fingers extend to the leaves in the eves

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

And 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

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