

Deadfly Ensemble

"Midsummer William"

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One

We laugh when midsummer's here, we flit beneath the green leaves of the deep, dark forest without fear. We step upon the brown and frowning rocks, for William's near!

Chorus

Me and she are holding hands. To kiss among the trees we linger... Me and she hear William and his laughter's bright orange salamanders...

Bright orange salamanders...

Two

We unfurl at Williamsound, the nutmeg breath of sleeping squirrels and harvest mouse blinks are his words. He squeezes shipwreck tales past smiling sap and barkskin scales.

Three

We are found, the light is bound away! His hands have clearly shown the tracks of beetles not yet grown! He turns his face of moss and lichen layers not yet lost...

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