

# The Queen's Rebuke/The Crossing

The Decemberists

I'm made of bones, of the branches, the boughs and the bough be  
ating light

Well my feet are the trunks and 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

A day, brightest day  
It's my day

And you have removed this temptation that's troubled my innocen  
t 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