The Rise

Okkervil River

All the riders on the rise
Circlers from every side
All the riders on the rise
Circlers from every sideEyes up!
Light floods around
In a yellow shadow after night
Comes down
In a dull dumb swipe.
And all's whiteFire painting on the pines
And hawks above the timber-line
Water weeping from the iceFire painting on the pines
And hawks above the timber-line
Water weeping from the iceHeat is lost
Winter rocks into a lonely boxwood grove
And quiet snowfall
Smothers all of the lawns
Where the ladies coughed and cried,
["I don't want to be there when it's time!"]The dying stag is on his side
The hunters are hiding, up on high
The wind is beating through the briars
The wind is beating through the briarsThe dying stag is on his side
The hunters are hiding, up on high
The wind is beating through the briars
The wind is beating through the briarsWaves on the graves of the saints
Dull grey as the sea pushes land away
Dull ache when you wake
Grey smoke shows the way you walk
down by when it's timeI don't want to be there when it's time
To go down, down
I don't want to go down there alone
Down down
I don't want to go down there aloneDown down down down
Down down down down
Down down
Down down
Down down
Down down
Ooh

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