

# Third of May / ÅĖdaigahara

## Fleet Foxes

Light ended the night, but the song remained  
And I was hiding by the stair, half here, half there, past the lashing rain  
And as the sky would petal white  
Old innocent lies came to mind  
As we stood, congregated, at the firing line  
Night ended the fight, but the song remained  
And so I headed to the wall, turned tail to call to the new domain  
As if in the sight of sea, you're suddenly free, but it's all the same...  
Oh, but I can hear you, loud in the center  
Aren't we made to be crowded together, like leaves? Was I too slow?  
Did you change overnight?  
Second son, on the other line...  
Now, back in our town as a castaway  
I'm reminded of the time it all fell in line, on the third of May  
As if it were designed, painted in sand to be washed away  
Oh, but I can hear you, loud in the center  
Aren't we made to be crowded together, like leaves? Was I too slow?  
Did I change overnight?  
Second son, for the second time... Can I be light and free?  
If I lead you through the fury will you call to me?  
And is all that I might owe you carved on ivory? But all will fade. All I say. All I needed  
As a flash in the eye, I wouldn't deny, all receded  
Life unfolds in pools of gold  
I am only owed this shape if I make a line to hold  
To be held within one's self is deathlike, oh I know  
But all will be, for mine and me, as we make it  
And the size of the fray, can't take it away, they won't make it  
I was a fool  
Crime after crime to confess to  
But I hold the fleet angel, she'll bless you  
Hold fast to the wing. Hold fast to the wing

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