

Moths

Jethro Tull

Oh, the leaded window opens to move the dancing candle flame
And the first moths of summer suicidal came, oh, suicidal came
And a new breeze chattered in its May bud tenderness
Sending water lilies sailing as she turned to get undressed
And the long night awakened and we soared on
powdered wings
Circling our tomorrows in the wary month of spring
Chasing shadows slipping in the magic lantern slide
Creatures of the candle on a night light ride
Dipping and weaving flutter through the golden needle's eye
In our haystack madness butterfly stroking
On a spring-tide high, oh, on a spring-tide high
Life's too long as the lemming said
As the candle burned and the moths were wed
And we'll all burn together as the wick grows higher
Before the candle's dead

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