Hang

Cellar Darling

Breathe silently, make the ghostly voice surrender
Stride carefully, let the forest sleep forever

I shall pick the tallest tree
Strong and sturdy just for me
Ask it if I may end my days
Clambering its graceful frame

Rising up high, scenic beauty unfolds
Only the wind scouting these grounds makes a sound

Breathe silently, make the voices die forever
Stride carefully, let the forest be my shelter
Leave violently, make it all be for the better
Hide stealthily, let me peacefully surrender

And once I tied and formed a sling
I saw a bird that had a broken wing
The bird was tired, could barely sing
Is this pain all that my life can bring?
And all it took was a piece of string
Around a stick to mend the broken wing
Through the forest now its voice could ring
Bow for this tree now has a brand new king

And all the while I hung
From the oak's eldest son
Dangling in the breeze
As the mother of the broken

Is this beauty not lovable?
Enough to change my mind?
Soaking in the silence
Anguish lingering

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