

# The Rise

Okkervil River

All the riders on the rise  
Circlers from every side  
All the riders on the rise  
Circlers from every side

Eyes up!  
Light floods around  
in a yellow shadow after night  
Comes down  
in a dull dumb swipe.  
And all's white

Fire painting on the pines  
And hawks above the timber-line  
Water weeping from the ice

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Heat 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  
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Waves 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 time

I 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 alone

Down down down down  
Down down down down  
Down down  
Down down  
Down down  
Down down  
Ooh  
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