

Far beyond the reach of boxing hares
You leapt across a breach, it's never been fair

Far beyond the form that never did hold
The moon is crescent prescient, all unfolds
You fear me and I fear you
Yet I still run and you pursue

With copper skies in amber eyes
Your back against the weather
With copper skies in amber eyes
Across the morning heather

You've come home
And turned towards the fell

You've come home
And turned towards the fell

Oh now the vixen's fled
Her thorns her bed
Oh now the vixen's fled
Fled and gone to ground
Fled and gone to ground
Fled and gone to ground

Oh now the vixen's fled
Her thorns her bed
Oh now the vixen's fled
Fled and gone to ground
Fled and gone to ground
Fled and gone to ground

Fled and gone to ground
Fled and gone to ground
Fled and gone to ground
Fled and gone to ground