

Moon

Sufjan Stevens

Jack rabbit trumped with a generous mood
Offering itself on the fire for food
Touched by his virtue, the fortune approved
Outlining ears on the virtuous moon
As I'm about to enter your world
As I'm about to enter your world
I give you light

Some say the crane was the call for two
Stretched by the weight as her legs withdrew
Carrying the chariot, the rabbit assumed
Washing her face with the redheaded hubris
As I'm about to enter your world
As I'm about to enter your world
I give you blood