Moths

Jethro Tull

Oh the leaded window opened
but you moved the dancing candle flame
and the first moths of summer
suicidal came, oh suicidal came.And the 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's light -
creatures of the candle
on the night's light's rite.Dipping and weaving, flutter
through the golden needle's eye
in our haystack madness, butterfly stroking
on a spring-tide high.Life's too long (as the lemmings 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.
Oh the leaded window opened
but you moved the dancing candle flame.
And the first moths of summer
suicidal came, oh suicidal came,
to join in the worship
of the light that never dies
in the moments reflection
of two moths spinning in her eyes.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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