

Sufjan Stevens, Marching Band

One dark day the trees began a trumpet sound,
trumpet sound
We sat listening patiently, the sky was near
and i felt the trembling motion
we ran out to see the future, from the ground
from the ground
from the ground
from the ground
people died and people risen everywhere
We held hands and made a circle
quietly from the ground
quietly from the ground
We returned and set the table, by the door