

## Three Stages from Legends' "Love Song"

### Legends

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*Legends is Elizabeth Reddin and Raquel Vogl. We began collaborating in 2006. We work together on every aspect of the project, both of us coming from backgrounds of music and writing. Music, poetry, and storytelling are the essential parts of what Legends is. Our pieces are long story songs; each song tells a story. We have played all over New York City at a wide variety of venues, including the Bronx Museum, St. Mark's Church, Mercury Lounge, Taxter & Spengemann gallery, Barbes, and The Stone.*



## Stage Two

Now that I'm out  
Walking and looking  
Beginning to see

Roots of a growing tree  
Lifting the concrete  
Making of cracks in the street

All reminding me mine's not the only heart beat  
All reminding me mine's not the only heart beat

White headlights of oncoming cars  
Draw bright outlines

Neon signs circle and combine  
Soft drawn lines

On the black sky a mind's design

I'm stepping in time  
I'm stepping in time  
I'm stepping in time  
I'm stepping in time  
I'm stepping in time  
I'm stepping in time  
I'm stepping in time

**Stage Five**

As we sink to the bottom of the sea  
Two anemones

Mouth to mouth we breath  
Mouth to mouth we breath

We play it like a dream

Mouth to Mouth  
Mouth to Mouth  
Mouth to Mouth  
Mouth to Mouth  
Mouth to Mouth  
Mouth to Mouth  
Mouth to Mouth  
Mouth to Mouth

No stones to throw  
No past to tow  
No crash to burn  
Nothing to relearn  
No fights to fight  
No malice  
No spite  
No lace to unlace  
No mistakes to retrace  
And retrace

All is not set but the closer we get  
The closer we get to unrest in this nest

**Stage Seven**

A molecule adrift  
Cells merge to split  
But never get used to it  
To your wings being clipped

Now they've grown again  
The sun thins their ends  
To curtain the return  
Of Ashes to urn  
The sting and the burn  
Of having to relearn  
Of wanting to turn  
On the axis of earth  
Axis of earth  
Not blind to rebirth

I watched as the dust  
Reddened to rust  
And ate through the lock  
On my mouth and my mind

The loud sound of time  
The clock it has chimed  
Rusted shut by the us  
That before  
Was gilded with lust

To feel alive  
To be the freedom that dives  
Into a vast glassy space