A Small Spark vs. A Great Forest

Norma Jean

What did you say? Don't speak
You nailed down all your words on meAnd it felt like a blind guide
Leading me into quicksand
So fight fair, fight fair
But all you hear is noiseFight fair, fight fair
Fight fair, fight fairI've earthed this seed so many times
Deeply held in this skin of bark
Branches made of ash
And forests born aflameRestless and full of poison
Shattered by a sea of dialog
Rabid speech like dogs with teethWith words like a beggar
That don't speak, that don't speak
Crouched and bent out of shapeRip this tongue out by the root
And shake, and shake these walls
Off this pale grave
A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills
A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hillsA blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills
A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hillsOpen grave from which a great forest
Will rise, the fires collapses
The corpses I've madeThis should not be, oh, how we curse
Tongue is a flame, let there be graceWith words like a beggar
With words like a beggar
That don't speak, that don't speak
That don't speak, that don't speakThat don't speak
Rip this tongue out by the root
And shake these walls, shake these walls
Off this pale graveA blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills
A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hillsAnd fight fair, fight fair
Fight fair, fight fairFight fair, fight fair, fight fair
Fight fair, fight fair, fight fair
Fight fair, fight fair, fight fair

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