

A Small Spark Vs. A Great Forest

Norma Jean

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

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