Sticks That Made Thunder

The SteelDrivers

My roots are deeper than the bones, the others
My colors that change with the sun
My branches, were higher
Than anything on the hillside
On the day that I watched them all comeSome wear the color of the sky in the winter
Some, were as blue as the night
They came like a storm with the light of the morn
And they fell through the whole day and nightColors flew high and they danced in the sky
As I watched them come over the hill
Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder
Such a great number lay stillWhen the light came again
There was death on the wind
As the buzzards made way for the worms
And the little white trees that dont bend in the breeze
For the ones that will never returnColors flew high and they danced in the sky
As I watched them come over the hill
Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder
Such a great number lay stillThose that have fallen, come when I call them
And answer the best that they can
But all they can see is what they used to be
And thats all that they understandColors flew high and they danced in the sky
As I watched them come over the hill
Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder
Such a great number lay stillColors flew high and they danced in the sky
As I watched them come over the hill
Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder
Such a great number lay still

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