The Forest

Mirah

When we went off away from the forest,
we did travel far to get a taste of so much more.
We dug up the roots of all the stories, put 'em in a pot
and brought them to a fiery roar.
We fed on these things without a worry,
never gave a thought to the coming of the winter storm.
Gone away, gone away, what was yesterday.
Make a meal, make a bed, tuck your feet in.
Resting elbows twice on a table can be nice,
but the comforts, they can be deceiving(Short instrumental break)The seasons are not what they once seemed.
The berries all are green, though sun is at a fine high crest.
We lifted our shirts up in a hurry,
reaching for the belly hollow from the long cold rest.
We slept off all the fat but there'll be no more of that,
cause there must be some disease 'neath the canopies.
Swinging tails from trees we could gather what we need.
Give away what we had our fair share of,
but now the forks and knives with the sacrifice.
We could bare only some can believe in.(Instrumental break)

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