

# Set the Woods On Fire

## Art in Manila

We make things better, we make things hard  
A shelter of sorrow grows in the dark  
Oh, how long must the soul survive  
Under the weight of these haunted pines? Set the woods on fire  
Set the woods on fire, now Like Randall Adams and the thin blue line  
You're not guilty but you're doing time  
Oh, how long must the soul endure  
To find that silence is all you get for yours? Set the woods on fire  
Set the woods on fire, now We make things better, we make things hard  
We make things better, we make things hard, no  
Oh, how high will the flames reach?  
Behind every tree is just another dream Set the woods on fire  
Set the woods on fire  
Set the woods on fire  
Set the woods on fire, now

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