

# Battle Of Trees

Tori Amos

Our language of love  
The Battle of Trees  
We fought side by side  
No one had more  
Sharper consonants than you, love  
And my vowels, well, were trusted  
First comes the Birch  
Rowan followed by the Ash  
Then through the Alder she forms  
And merges with Willow  
The Hawthorne blossoms  
As the Oak guards the door  
She is the hinge on which the year swings  
He courts the lightning flash and her  
Summoning the spirits  
Through incantations  
You said the Thunder God seems to have  
And our enemies are the Reed  
But we knew the Furies held the Holly sacred  
We were insulated  
In a circle of words we'd drawn  
With wisdom sent from nine Hazels  
A Rowan fire and a Willow rod  
At ten comes the vine  
That generates bramble wine  
The constant change of the night sun  
A song in the blood of the white bull  
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From Ivy leaves is an ale that can unveil  
The hidden meanings and serpents  
Only revealed through visions  
Yes vowels could insert  
"A" was for the Silver Fir

The Firs of course  
Then came next  
With Heather at her most  
Passionate  
The White Poplar's gift to the souls of the dead  
A promise that it was not the end  
But for the vine the "U", it's coffer  
Vowels and consonants  
The power of trees  
The power they hold  
The power of prose  
So when the church  
Began to twist the old myths  
They built their own Tower of Babel  
From Ulster to Munster  
The Reed gave way then  
To the Elder  
The Earth turns her will  
So that night follows day  
From dawn to dawn  
From Winter to Winter  
At day the Ash had power over the Alder  
Our language of love  
The Battle of Trees  
We fought side by side  
Then he said to me:  
"I've dodged bullets and even poisoned arrows  
Only to be foiled by the blade of a vowel"

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