Cinders

Sarah Blasko

Slow falling whispers on pricked up ears
Slow burning cinders, three long years between
When we lit them in so much haste
High hazard seasons, houses laid to wasteDid you forget it all? Do you listen when I call?
These fire trails lead north and slowly back in time
Slowly back in time, slowly back in timeTime has its reasons for letting go
Comes as it pleases, this new growth beneath
Where the branches are cracked and bowed
Covers the feelings, these old scars still showDid you forget it all? Do you listen when I call?
These fire trails lead north and slowly back in time
Slowly back in timeIf only I could have escaped
Without turning back to take
Things that I could have replacedYou just can't return to these daysDid you forget it all? Do you listen when I call?
These fire trails lead north and slowly back in time
Slowly back in time, slowly back in time

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