

A Small Spark vs. A Great Forest

Norma Jean

What did you say?
Don't speak.
You nailed down all your words on me
And it felt like a blind guide.
Leading me into quicksand.
So fight fair, fight fair.
But all you hear is noise.
Fight fair. Fight fair!

I've earthed this seed so many times.
Deeply held in this skin of bark.
Branches made of ash and forests born aflame.

Restless and full of poison, shattered by a sea of dialog.
Rabid speech like dogs with teeth.
Words like a beggar, that don't speak.
Crouched and bent out of shape.

Rip this tongue out by the root.
Shake the walls off this pale grave.
A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills.

A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills.

An open grave from which a great forest will rise
The fires collapses.
The corpses I've made.
This should not be. Oh, how we curse.
The tongue is a flame.
Let there be grace.

With words like a beggar, with words like a beggar
That don't speak, that don't speak
That don't speak, that don't speak
Don't speak

Rip this tongue out by the root
And shake these walls
Shake these walls of this pale grave

A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills

Fight fair!