

## When Will the Forest Speak...?

Sikth

Why can I not sleep?  
Why am I turning?  
Why are all the trees burning?  
Forest fires, crooked liars,  
Why am I so sullen and drained?

In the bush, it's raining,  
Lost man on his own,  
Has anyone thought to save him?

The monkey is waiting in the tree  
Counts to three  
Hearing the sound of the fume-fuelled wagon  
He leaps on the back...  
Attack! Attack! Attack!  
No old heathen, not today.

The rain falls upon the acidic trees of the millennium  
scorn  
The fire has vanished, leaving behind a trail of death  
for all to see.  
The birds & the trees, then you & me  
Lay twitching on the forest floor.  
The yeti is waiting for us to take us into his home,  
Care for us just like one of his own.

Wild bones!  
Wild bones!

Wait! The yeti no longer has a home  
The trees are gone & nothing has grown.  
A table, a chair, an internet nightmare,  
When will the forest speak?  
When all is dried up and way too weak?

Wait for nightfall, it's so beautiful out here.  
Up high in a wave of oxygen love I sit,  
Up high on this glorified cement postcard I spit.  
I spit, I spit upon thee.

Wait for your red skies,  
Wait for the red skies,  
Do you know how it feels to be alive?  
Let me know, let me know how you feel...  
When will the forest speak?  
When the trees are dried up and way too weak?

Wasting a life on calculations,  
Not enough money for operations,  
Waste of life, statistics, plastic soldiers  
Sound of sticks rubbing together.  
All the people gather.

Wait for the man, he must have a plan,  
Show me and make me a smile I can wear.  
Me & you we can make up too,  
No use for hate if you're wearing my shoes.

Be happy, be sad, be a wild rotten lamb,  
Don't bother me now, I'm drenched to the bone.

A sound of a truck and an axe and a fall  
Of a tree and a life and a planet so small  
Sick to the bone of your dour heart of stone.  
Let me know how you feel...

You say it's too hot so you can take off your top  
A clank of a slot machine, coins bled unclean.

A beaten old lizard staggers over the road,  
A hand and a heart, the lake in the park,  
The candle won't light and the fire won't spark.

I'm worn and I'm torn but I still carry on.  
The money is angry, the money has taken the...

Watching mayhem leaping from truck to truck,  
This is where he rejoins his friends.  
They feast, they drink, they talk about  
How things used to be...

I still can't sleep.  
I still can't sleep.  
I still can't sleep.

A million minds and a million voices  
A million thoughts, and only one choice.  
The need to find peace.