For short lived cattle grazing land
With the whole world in their hands
They're cutting down and burning up the land
Asset stripping the medicine man
& all for one
And every man for himself
The conflict of interest lies
Selling off cheap
Avoid political heat and burn up in a forest fire

And now that there's nothing left Just a hole above our heads Letting the sunshine in That's how the end begins With a forest fire

The black cloud rising in the sky
Up into the atmosphere
it's bringing down a different kind of weather
to the one we knew last year
and
though it's taking so long to do something about it
they chip away at it
bit by bit
you won't believe anything that grown up for so long
could be cut down this quick

and now that there's nothing left just a hole above our heads letting the sunshine in that's how the end begins with a forest fire

in the corner of a foreign land in the wind that blows the sand there's the sting of a thousand lies that burned up in a forest fire we're burning up in a clear blue sky in a funeral pyre in a big white lie in a forest fire