

Sticks That Made Thunder

The SteelDrivers

My roots are deeper than the bones, the others
My colors that change with the sun
My branches, we're higher
Than anything on the hillside
On the day that I watched them all come

Some wear the color of the sky in the winter
Some, we're as blue as the night
They came like a storm with the light of the morn
And they fell through the whole day and night

Colors flew high and they danced in the sky
As I watched them come over the hill
Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder
Such a great number lay still

When the light came again
There was death on the wind
As the buzzards made way for the worms
And the little white trees that don't bend in the breeze
For the ones that will never return

Colors flew high and they danced in the sky
As I watched them come over the hill
Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder
Such a great number lay still

Those that have fallen, come when I call them
And answer the best that they can
But all they can see is what they used to be
And that's all that they understand

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