

Norma Jean, A Small Spark Vs. A Great Forest

What did you say? Don't speak
You nailed down all your words on me
It felt like a blind guide
Leading me into quicksand
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 dialogue
Rabid speech, like dogs with teeth
With words like a beggar, that don't speak, that don't speak
Crouched and bent out of shape
Rip this tongue out by the root
And shake, shake these walls of this pale grave
A blaze, a blaze
Is set upon the hills

A blaze, a blaze
Is set upon the hills

Open grave from which a great
Forest will rise
The fire 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!