

# 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!