

# Phideaux, Crumble

Do not speak of withered trees, of lichen strangled coverings  
And life just barely in the leaves, it will not be undone

Do not speak of what we've seen, of water choking algae  
And dust where fountains used to be, it will not be undone  
A wilderness unraveling, we've only just begun

Do not speak of ice retreat, of islands eaten by the sea  
And industrial economy, we've only just begun  
It will not be undone

Do not speak, oh do not speak, your tongue is dry your voice is weak  
The time has passed for words to seek, it will not be undone