

Sleeper Set Sail

"The Woods on Fire"

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Rush for the river, we can all swim our way out.
We'll give birth to fawns who breathe fire,
lungs all full of flames.

Orange were the treetops when we awoke this morning,
clouded was our vision from the smoke.
Hearts would race, and our eyes would cry
"emergency",
our paws would leave tracks in the accumulation of
ash.

And from the sky airplanes are dropping sand to snuff
the flames,
that burn so bright in the tundra.
The deer would flee along side me in a crucial search
for safety.
It waits in the river, a crucial search for safety.

Rush for the river, we can all swim our way out.
We'll give birth to fawns who breathe fire,
lungs all full of flames.

So procreate and attempt for an evolution,
adaptation to the woods on fire.

Rush for the river, we can all swim our way out.
We'll give birth to fawns who breathe fire,
lungs all full of flames.

Lungs all full of flames
Lungs all full of flames
Lungs all full of flames
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