

Harper Roy "The Tallest Tree"

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The earth is possessed
By the curse of the west
Who devour
Newspaper furniture
Paparazzia by the hour
But a man with a vision
Believed
That tomorrow's begun
And has to be won
And nobody here is reprieved
O Chico, Chico Mendes
The man in a million
Stood in the way
Stood his ground
For the earth
For the coming of day
The chorus of dawn
On the perch of each morning
Receives
A forest of tears
As the joy reappears
On their leaves
And believes

Sings his name
And the tallest tree
Forever stands
Beyond the flame(s)
North south east and west
We can all reach the rest
Every day
Now is the change
To set out together
For a beautiful day
Whoever saw it
A different way
Was a man in a nightmare
Too numb to the future
Of brilliant possibles
Ever to share
The same air
As the men in the clay

O Chico, Chico Mendes

There are men who are more than just men

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