

Night Blackmore's "Hanging Tree"

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There have been many tales
Tainted by truth twisted by time...

Some choose to forget
Yet it still
Weaves webs in their minds...

And it seems like she's been here forever
Her branches as black as the seas
She's been through it all
By the luck of the draw
She became the old hanging tree...

She asked for nothing
Except maybe
A little rain...
They used her strenght
To help them steal lives away...

And she witnessed the sadness and sorrow
To this day she still doesn't know why
And her heart broke
When they came with the rope
To declare her the old hanging tree...

Life stranger than fiction
Can make you want to cry
Roots could never stop her
From reaching for the sky...
Those years have all past
Lucky for us lucky for her...
Now, children play at her feet
And in her arms she cradles birds...
And it seems she's been here forever
These days are the best that she's seen
But somewhere in the back
Of her mind
Is the time
She was known as the old hanging tree...

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