

## Mirah "The Forest"

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When we went off away from the forest,  
we did travel far to get a taste of so much more.  
We dug up the roots of all the stories, put 'em in a pot  
and brought them to a fiery road.  
We fed on these things without a worry,  
never gave a thought to the coming of the winter  
storm.  
Gone away, gone away, what was yesterday.  
Make a meal, make a bed, tuck your feet in.  
Rested elbows twice on a table can be nice,  
but the comforts they can be deceiving

(Short instrumental break)

The seasons are not what they once seemed.  
The berries all are green, though summer's at a fine  
high crest.  
We lifted our shirts up in a hurry,  
reaching for the belly hollow from the long cold rest.  
We slept up all the fat but there'd be no more of that,  
cause there must be some disease 'neath the  
canopies.  
Swinging tails from trees we could gather what we  
need.  
Give away what we had our first share of,  
but now the forks and knives with the sacrifice.  
We could bare only some can believe in.

(Instrumental break)

When we in turn, we find all the leaves had died.  
Had we all gone away for such a long time.  
we are alike, so sweet and enough to eat,  
but now it's all just bones and a long way away from  
home.

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