

Norma Jean

"A Small Spark vs. A Great Forest"

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What did you say? Don't speak
You nailed down all your words on me

And it felt like a blind guide
Leading me into quicksand
So fight fair, fight fair
But all you hear is noise

Fight fair, fight fair
Fight fair, fight fair

I've earthed this seed so many times
Deeply held in this skin of bark
Branches made of ash
And forests born aflame

Restless and full of poison
Shattered by a sea of dialog
Rabid speech like dogs with teeth

With words like a beggar
That don't speak, that don't speak
Crouched and bent out of shape

Rip this tongue out by the root
And shake, and shake these walls
Off this pale grave
A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills
A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills

A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills
A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills

Open grave from which a great forest
Will rise, the fires collapses
The corpses I've made

This should not be, oh, how we curse
Tongue is a flame, let there be grace

With words like a beggar
With words like a beggar

That don't speak, that don't speak
That don't speak, that don't speak

That don't speak
Rip this tongue out by the root
And shake these walls, shake these walls
Off this pale grave

A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills
A blaze, a blaze is set upon the hills

And fight fair, fight fair
Fight fair, fight fair

Fight fair, fight fair, fight fair
Fight fair, fight fair, fight fair
Fight fair, fight fair, fight fair

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