

The Forest

Mirah

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 them in a pot and brought them to a fiery roar
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
And resting elbows twice on a table can be nice
But the comforts, they can be deceiving

Now the seasons are not what they once seemed
The berries all are green though the sun is 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 off all the fat, but they'll be no more of that
'Cause there must be some disease 'neath the canopy

Swinging tails from trees, we can gather we need
Give away what we had a fair share of
And now the forks and knives with the sacrifice
With a pair only some can believe in

When we return, we'd find all the leaves have died
Have we all gone away for such a long time
We have a life so sweet and a nut to eat
Now it's all just bones and a long way away from home