

Last Tree Standing

Said the Whale

My horizon:

Jet-black mountain, crumbling into the sea
Little city, you're still so young
But you got so dirty
Hey old ocean, are you still holding on?
You look so sad and empty
Fires burning, forest falling
Forevergreen, forevergone

I'll say a prayer for the trees by the side of the road
For the deer in the headlights, and the ashes, of the fires still growing
And I'll say goodbye to the life of the aquamarine
To the catch of the day, and moonlight swimming

The heat on my back
Like two hands more likely to give than to receive
Standing on the side of the highway
Taking shelter in the shade of the last big tree for miles around
There are fires burning for miles around

Ashes to the ground.