

# Sticks That Made Thunder

The SteelDrivers

My roots are deeper than the bones, the others  
My colors that change with the sun  
My branches, we're higher  
Than anything on the hillside  
On the day that I watched them all come

Some wear the color of the sky in the winter  
Some, we're as blue as the night  
They came like a storm with the light of the morn  
And they fell through the whole day and night

Colors flew high and they danced in the sky  
As I watched them come over the hill  
Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder  
Such a great number lay still

When the light came again  
There was death on the wind  
As the buzzards made way for the worms  
And the little white trees that don't bend in the breeze  
For the ones that will never return

Colors flew high and they danced in the sky  
As I watched them come over the hill  
Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder  
Such a great number lay still

Those that have fallen, come when I call them  
And answer the best that they can  
But all they can see is what they used to be  
And that's all that they understand

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