

If a Tree Can Drop It's Leaves

We Are The Emergency

Did we ever find that ladder
That went straight up to the moon?
Did we ever find that painting,
Of a man who climbed too soon?

A man is made, a town is born
A city grows and burns its home
A drop falls, a pool is born
A lake grows and joins the storm

We're on the edges of these sinking walls,
One makes hate and one not enough
We're hunting witches and it's tearing me apart
And I'd like to say, we can show it up

We fight them in the alleys
We fought them in the snow
Six bullets making changes
All I know

I couldn't care for a spreading disease
I couldn't care for a sultry song
I know there is no time if nobody counts
I've got no more use for medicine