

Trees (ft. Anish)

My glacial-caps now feel estranged, for many years I didn't feel aged

till the rising of the human-race and mass-destruction of my place

Now my being depends on you, spirit quiet and subdued

Will you help me laugh or hear me cry till my beauty crumbles, planet dies?

(I see all wrong...)

I stand tall yet forlorn, while I cannot speak, I'll still be strong

though my head now swims in smoke and fumes, unlike you, can't hide in rooms

Don't break the branch that feeds and make sure of its needs, I am your tree

And though I'll fight till I fall, if I can't walk, I will crawl

I stay tall for you all, but I wish that I was free

Of enemies near my trees, in my forest, lands and seas

Your presence is anathema to me

Grieving for my Madagascan dream and Amazon since the fifties

I had thought we were a team till you waged wars, created screams

Nostalgia leaves me hurt, like the peat become dirt

While they talk of change, they never do, empty words will prove untrue

(I don't know why...)

Have we lost reality in a virtual world with virtual dreams?

Where a life can change indefinitely by statements made on silver screens

Do they not care for Mother Earth? Do my pleas have zero worth? I am your tree...

And though I'll fight till I fall, if I can't walk, I will crawl

I stay tall for you all, but I wish that I was free

Of enemies near my trees, in my forest, lands and seas

Your presence is anathema to me

And once this earth was utopian, vast forest and trees, leaves golden

Poles frozen, so polar bears didn't watch as their homes melt down into oceans

We had plants coloured lucid-green, clean air just for you to breathe

but then along came the devil in the form of a bunch of creatures we refer to as human-beings

Destroying all the lands and the deep seas, can't live in peace with each other let alone other species

We then still believe that our type is the most evolved life
I do believe that we're smart but our sick greed, it keeps us apart
We just watch the reckless deletion of billions of years of Mother Nature's art

And though I'll fight till I fall, if I can't walk, I will crawl

I stay tall for you all, but I wish that I was free

Of enemies near my trees, in my forest, lands and seas

Your presence is anathema to me

Don't be an enemy to me