

[No one moves, the rain won't come now...]

Panic, kerosene  
By the side, gasoline  
And the story goes  
They left you here  
And we'll never know  
Why they disappeared  
Smoking  
Oh forest  
You are choking  
There's a rope around you  
There's a sinking sense of knowing that you're going  
There's a crater down where  
Deep inside there's nowhere  
[No one moves the rain won't come now]  
The rain won't save you  
There's a can of kerosene  
From this legendary ghostly scene  
It will always be there  
While the trees are moving violently  
Slaughter in the corner of my mind's dream  
We are choking  
Look to the sun...  
There is a memory of you  
Look to the sun...  
There isn't much that you can do  
Look to the sun  
Owls burning  
Fire swirling crown  
Squirrels try to reach the ground  
Walking in twos  
What could they do?  
Smoking  
The trees are moving violently  
Echoes of the footsteps of the arsonies  
They will always be there  
Is it lonely forest  
Is it only for us walking now  
Is it lonely forest  
Is it only that we wake you  
From the slumber of your deep misery  
Look to the sun...  
There is a restless forest  
Look to the sun...  
Isn't it wild, isn't it fun  
When you've begun to look to the sun  
There isn't much that you can do  
Look to the sun...