

Forgotten Tree

1. Tzion
2. Worship at our temple
3. Celtic woman
4. Struck Down
5. Dropped out of bed
6. Fly Away
7. June for April
8. Rose to love
9. Who can tame the tongue?
10. Forgotten Tree

1. Tzion

Yes a man is born into trouble, it comes like the day turns to night,
the sun turns to rain and a man is born into trouble like a Jew in Germany like a slave
in chains.

And the wind is so heavy and the earth rises to meet.
Within this body of clay a heart of gold does beat.

Chorus

And with the wind in my hair and with the sun on my face
join me and run to the higher place.

Yes a man is born into trouble, comes like the heat to the desert like the pain to the cut
and a man is born into trouble, like a woman says 'love' like a woman turns away.
And we live on the border yeah the border of night and day, within this body of clay,
with sorrow and so much pain, sorrow and so much pain.

Chorus

And with the wind in my hair and with the sun on my face
join me and run to the higher place.

Yes a man is born into trouble, comes like the child hurt in play and like lovers in
what they say.
And a man is born into trouble, like a church in Russia and like a power play.
And yes run the good race, fight the good fight, within this body of clay and that's all
I want to say all I want to say.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

2. Worship at our Temple

Mark has rattled that little bone in my head. Blowing strong she's right on, sweet NZ.
Running around getting our stuff together.
Single wing that flies with out a single feather.
Meeting at the paddock like perfect, no drugs in me but I feel like an addict.

Patches of rock that are sticking out like mange, no scabe dog she's the beautiful
Paeroa range.
Deer and boar they have a home on her true. Her top scrapes then it just cuts into the
blue.
Also looks like a giant pushed dirt over a grave, not sure if I'm fool hardy or brave.

Dust is spiraling from the car like a vapour trail, soon so quiet slip throught the air
under a sail.
At take off there is always a safety check, who wants to break and then spiral into the
deck?

Standing there I feel the glory of a thermal. We have come to worship at our temple.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

3. Celtic Woman

Celtic woman she's my friend, good things she placed in my heart sometimes flow
from my pen. Brick by brick she pulled down the wall of fear. She used them to built
a bridge to the land she calls "I care".

Celtic woman hair firey red I've watched her mouth shaping words 'love' she softly
said. I'm like that moth dancing near the sweet golden flames. Weary of the fire weary
of the desire in case I'm mamed.

Celtic woman she's a good thing. She's like the sun that's rising, making birds sweetly
sing. I'll head out through that scary no man's land, to fight my way through to reach
the other side then touch her hand.
Celtic woman she's my friend.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

4. Struck Down

Stuck down on love's battle field. I've lost hope, a knight holding a plastic sword
feeling like a joke. Along the plain over the mountain there is snow the wooden horse
I owned wouldn't go.

I've seen my dreams vanish. A patch of light consumed by the storm like a blind
weatherman I couldn't see to forwarn.

A loner that found someone sweet oh so dear I never asked her for help to start tearing
down the fear.

Can mere man stand in this bright lovely light and do what's always right always
right?

We do have many troubles, all our many troubles are so small but when added up they
lead completely to our fall.

Those arrows are words they're not fiction but fact. Those words striking so hard
they pierced my heart through the back. So close we touched and then I was deeply
torn. The beautiful young rose still has thorns. We're like two beautiful butterflies that
have been caught in our very own rain.

Will we live Elohim will we live and fly again?

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

5. Dropped out of bed and into life

He dropped out of bed and into life sat there thinking about the after life.
He dropped in front so he dropped back to see if anyone had some smack.

Chorus

Jonny stop doing it, stop frying your brain get back with sweet Mary Jane.

The girls call him a cute lay about dropped into class only to drop right out.
Dropped into Mary's then drop right off right in the middle of Rachmaninov.

Chorus

Jonny stop doing it stop frying your brain get back with sweet Mary Jane.

He dropped doing drugs yeah dropped the scene, decided to live bright and clean.
He dropped the question didn't drop the ring. Its now clear the family can't sing.

Chorus

Jonny stopped doing it stopped frying his brain hes now married to that sweet Mary
Jane.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

6. Fly Away

The olive branch will soon lie broken its a sign its a symbolic omen and dead on the ground lies a dove and soon to be joined by brotherly love.

I see war paint quietly being put on do you know? It won't be very long. Seven thousand war horses waiting at the gate
G-d knows the right time, the time to evacuate.

The time has now come now come to pass that the weapons have the power to turn sand to glass. Those poisonous dark clouds will darken the sky and blinding lights will consume many innocent eyes.

Yet many will leave and fly away like a large flock there they will land in the cleft of The Rock.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

7. June for April in December

Is commitment dead? Maybe she's lost. I thought I saw her in the haze of the frost. Yes it was you in the middle of the bridge throwing something over that looked like garbage.

Chorus

You're murdering commitment saying her words where like brick with out mortar committing a crime greater than manslaughter.

Most say you were lead by that little member, when leaving June for April in December.

Your will is like a butterfly that is blown on the wind saying I am sinless, layer skin on skin.

Chorus

Your murdering commitment saying her words where like brick with out mortar committing a crime greater than manslaughter.

So many excuses from your mouth roll yet in the distance there's a lone bell does toll. Are you listening to me and myself? That's your name, enemy of Abel a friend of Cain.

Chorus

Your murdering commitment saying her words where like brick with out mortar committing a crime greater than manslaughter.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

8. Rose to Love

I've been a loner riding on the plains for too long. Sat by many fires but sang the same song.

I've seen the whirling wind dust turn to a spiral staircase in the sky, to say I want to be alone would be a lie.

I'm yearning I'm a turning to Rose to love.

I've been a sitting next to this flaming fire for too long. Thinking that to live all alone is so wrong.

Life it is so very short, there it goes a shooting star falls through the sky.

Just like that spark jumps to the ground, flickers then just dies. I'm a yearning to Rose to love.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

9. Who Can Tame The Tongue?

They say war starts with a shot from a gun, but I say words start them by rolling off the tongue.

The tongue can set your world on fire as one man calls another man a liar. You better believe the tongue can spit fire.

Chorus

Who can tame the tongue?

Who can tame the tongue?

Can you tame your tongue?

Its so true sticks and stones do break bones and its so true words can hit as hard as a stone.

Those words can break our spirit like flowers if hail falls on them shower after shower.

You better believe your words they have power, power.

Chorus

I saw words strike out like men use their feet.

I saw that name lying so still on the street.

That name was kicked and a bruised in mud, it lay there hurting no sign of the blood.

Hey, I would suggest you speak out some love, love.

Chorus

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

10. Forgotten Tree

If I were the rain I would fall on you the dry flower. If I were healing I would heal your broken wings.

If I were the light to you I would come a blazing. If I were the calm I would enter your storm.

Chorus

But I'm only me a wild forgotten tree.
Standing on a desert plain calling your name.

If I were a word, to you I would be the word love. If I were sweet peace I would come and fill your heart.

If I were the time, for you I would stand so still. If I were a boat, from the trouble we could float.

Chorus

But I'm only me, a wild forgotten tree standing on the dersert plain.
Calling your name, calling your name, so from the sun I'll give you shade.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan