

BLACK SUMMER

Fire crackles and ash rains down like snow

The haze haunt's me

Sounds of helicopters flying

As I wake and as I sleep

Seek shelter

The sky turns orange then red.

Day turns to night

Like a shiny coloured spinning top

Going around and around

Seek shelter

No bush fire as bad as this

Even now the smell of smoke

Haunts me

It was Black Summer...



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I am from the burnt forest

From the shackles holding me down

And the roaring fire

From the deep blue

And the burning plants

I am from the

I am scared

I am brave

I am from the hellscape

Shackles holding me down

I am in the ocean

C-h-a-i-n-e-d

Left to drown

I am from a happy home

Cake and cookies



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I remember a time

When this beast

Wasn't inside me

I am from

It will pass

Even alone now

HERE

I am from two places

Like an island

in the sea

It was Black Summer...



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