

Meet With Green

C F C
Bring us through the day of fire
C F G
slit from our throats the battle cry
G F
And green we'll make our proud return
G F C
with you, O Grower of the earth.

Am G F
Don't let our hands or words or roots grow weak
Am G F
Gather us and plant us here, along these tender streets
Am G F
That those who pass will know
Am G F
that you have brought us home,
Am G C
That we may meet with green what once was fire.

C F C
The cities round us fall like snow,
C F G
such quiet deaths but piling up.
G F
Underneath, our own demise,
G F C
desperate we grab onto the cold.

Sweep away everything,
sweep away our graveled voice
of odium, and old words, Lord,
though silent we'll let forth a cry
that we may meet with green what once was fire.