

Redwood. by Brittany Jean

A woven, deep cathedral is growing over me
And I'm no longer turning with the earth beneath my bare feet
Although I am standing where I have never stood
I am home in these soft-spoken woods

My eyes up on the skylight, bewildered by the heights
Underneath this timbered floor, they have known me all my life
My father and my mother, sisters and my brothers
Growing closer, we carry each other

Here in the round I am spellbound
As the rain calls the colors of the day
Here among the sentinels on hallowed ground
I'm taller now
Taller now

Tracing my fingers over rings of fallen giants
Whose bandings tell the span of years now lost in ancient silence
Whispering farewell, I won't leave you empty-handed
For my soul has been planted by the redwood

Here in the round I am spellbound
As the rain calls the colors of the day
Here among the sentinels on hallowed ground
I'm taller now
Taller now
And I'm spellbound
As the rain calls the colors of the day
Here among the sentinels on hallowed ground
I'm taller now
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