

## **Howlin Rain**

### **"Calling Lightning Pt 2"**

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Someday I'll find your rotting bones  
Oh my golden old friend it's so hard to let go  
While time is drifting like the ice in the hearts of the  
bergs  
Drifting beneath the northern lights

Lonely is the town  
And dark is the dusk in the city's bloodshot eyes  
There was hardly a sound  
But for the feathers of vultures beating the ground

We are only slaves to our ghostly arms and legs  
Dancing in our graves  
And laying in the ruins of this golden age  
I worked in the fields in a dignified way  
But my pride was just another agent of decay

You were my song when you ripped your pretty head  
And let the laughter fly like you were burning your  
bread  
Hold the dogs at bay, your laughter was the love that  
ran today  
I tried to wield a greater blade  
But all you lions can keep your bloody pride

We are only slaves to our master's memories  
Staggering through the days to yield the seed of the  
golden age  
When we were young we said we'd never play the  
game  
With our handles of wine and blood stained blazers  
Well time now has surely passed us by  
And I remember our school but little of our crimes

Oh my dear brothers what were your names?  
And what was the nature of our glorious anger?  
The sound we fear is only our day  
Creeping behind us to another stranger

We are only slaves to our distant youths and coming  
graves  
Let them say I was a hard working stiff and sand of the

golden age

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