

Burst

"Storm Wielder"

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I wake to see
The bastard children thriving
The plight
Your burden
The scourge abiding
No matter what consequences
I have only knives for you
I will be your storm
The strike you never knew
You little man
No willful melancholy
No matter how you plead
This wind to right your folly
Crushing worlds in front of you
Gushing through the trial
I am the wind
I am the storm you'll always flee
Find you there
Where the sun smote
Storm cleansing all away

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