

Ionia

"The Storm"

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Iâ€™m the wind that knocks you down
And beats you to the ground
Youâ€™ve found

Iâ€™m the taste inside your mouth
The one you canâ€™t wash out
Youâ€™re doubt
You pout

Will it get much worse before it gets much better?
Grieve in all naivety
If she leaves the light on it wonâ€™t change the weather
The monsters still believe in me

Iâ€™m the coward you keep caged
Undeserving of your rage
I rage

Iâ€™m the storm of your design
Your villain mastermind
Your mind

Will it get much worse before it gets much better?
Grieve in all naivety
If she leaves the light on it wonâ€™t change the weather
The monsters still believe in me

Iâ€™m the cancer in your brain
The blood clot in your vein
The stench of still remains
The soothsayer who saves

Will it get much worse before it gets much better?

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