

## Sorrowstorm

### "It's Morning Again In America"

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Awake, mistake  
You made last night, things you shake.  
All day, you stay,  
In your bed 'till sky turns gray,  
And black, and blue  
Hard cold rain, you sleep straight through.  
No one comes to lay beside you,  
Sent away the few who've tried to  
How would they move so slow?

You lie, you lie.  
You're Scraped and bruised but don't know why.  
Your hands are cut.  
You still see thing with your eyes shut,  
So tight, so tight.  
To keep out every trace of light.

No one offers you no help,  
They only want to help themselves.  
Nobody wants to  
Know what you've been though.  
How was the past so slow?

Awoke, you choke,  
The cold dead air,  
Your sheets are soaked straight through. You knew  
Just what you did and you still do  
But there's no one here to confess to  
There's no one here to dress your wounds,  
There's no one here to get to you,  
There's no one here to get you through,  
There's no one here.  
There's no one here.

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