

## White Willow "Storm Season"

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Moor the houses, lay low all masts and poles  
Shear down the trees, anchor your barks  
Gather your children and pray that they will be there  
when dawn breaks  
Sound all your warning bells, cry for the lost sailors at  
sea  
They are the first who will know what a storm can be

You will remember me, you will remember me  
I am the scar upon your soul

I am the voice that speaks, I am the voice that speaks

I am the silence that precedes

The turning, the end of everything  
All you have loved, all you have built  
All that you are will be taken away by me  
Who loved you with ever rising force  
I will not stop what I unleash  
Mine is the fire that devours what it most desires

Lost on a raging sea, lost on a raging sea  
I am the voice to lead your home

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