

Little Comets

"His Thunder"

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I'm a mat and I still retain

Accumulated stories of the tawdry years

I've been stamped out by rum-fuelled boots

The brute, us hiding under stairs.

Waiting for his thunder to hit

Waiting for his thunder and thinking is this it?

Waiting for his thunder to shout

Waiting for his thunder to tire itself out.

So I lie flat, in sheets worn thin

By his sublimations that reside within

For I'm the truth, the two in ten

That suffer at the whims of the weakest men.

Waiting for his thunderâ€¦

Each bruise I use as a chronicle of all that you gave me
now

And every scar a reminder of the power that you had

The saddest part about the darkest hours

The implication that the fault was ours.

Waiting for his thunderâ€¦

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