

Peter Schilling**"The Hurricane Hammers On The Shore"**

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how the lights have long gone out

the town is sound asleep

like omens underneath the moon

the waves crash on the beach

the restless clouds are circling

like birds of prey in flight

and nature lifts an angry hand

posed and set to strike

and every man will know the power

that marked the planet's birth

the hurricane, the hurricane

returns us to the Earth

no man-made shelter strong enough

to stop the raging tide

the storm relentless in its quest

to conquer and divide

what has stood a hundred years

awakens to the roar

as the waves come pounding down

like hammers on the shore

and every man will know the power

that marked the planets birth
the hurricane, the hurricane
returns us to the Earth
the harbour lights have long gone out
submerged beneath the waves
the moon attends the final rites
above the ocean grave
while restless clouds still circle 'round
like birds of prey in flight
nature's hand all quiet and still
retreats before the light
the hurricane is over now
the storm has finally past
while on the sand a child walks
and kicks at bits of glass

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