

Peter Schilling

"The Hurricane"

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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
likebirds of pray in flight
and nature lifts an angry hand
posed and set to strike
and every man will know the power
that marked the planets 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 benieth the waves
the moon attends the final rites
above the ocean grave
while restless clouds still circle 'round
like birds of prey in flight
natures 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

