

Ten

"Wings Of The Storm"

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Light in the sky cuts a
Deep laceration
Into the night like a blade of a knife
Look to the black clouds
In anticipation
Wait for the thunder to roar into life

A sacred liaison, a sky of abrasion
The brooding clouds roll
And echo their pain
Lighting's impatience
A claw-like invasion
Stabs at the sky as it beckons the rain

Rise on the wings of a storm
Glide on the wings to the clarion call
Climb on the wings of the storm
Electric blue thunderstruck

Crash into battle
The warhorses calling
Deafening roars in electric blue light
There watching over
Descending and falling
The retinal core of the eye in the sky
Nothing is nature defies the creator

Now can the thunder-heads
Rumble be tamed
Vital, untarnished
Cannot be harnessed
Cannot be measured
Be captured or chained

Rise on the wings of a storm
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