

# Theatre Of Tragedy "Storm"

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Storm

Can you see the storm getting closer now?  
Tell me how it feels being out there

A moment's glimpse of his vignette  
As he shone a light on the falling wall  
Instant pictures form shattered persons  
Whenever he leaves there's a tainted mark  
Flashbacks of his stark sleep filter out through smoke  
Revoking from the past things less provoked  
Any which day, there is no relief  
Adhesive words, spoken silently  
The shattered man

Can you see the storm getting closer now?

Tell me how it feels being out there  
I want to stay with you, and I see it clear now  
You are giving me no choice  
Let the rain pour down

He's holding for the moment of the fall  
Stolen knowledge by minds unformed  
Regulate the demolition of annexe for the differing  
thoughts  
Discarded sparks left years ago  
Evoked a language much more austere  
Reverberating with figments  
He left a trace of translucence

Shattered man  
There's a shattered man in a shattered land

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