

Sugar In A Hurricane

Anita Lane

The whispers cut like hard rain
Like sugar in a hurricane
Like tears from a gun
All blood and sun
Well the holes from your pretty swords
I fill them up with hush
Hush words
And I hum
Shut your wings little flower
Shut your wings
Little flower

And fearing no-one
He said
"Bow unto me"
But no-one could hear him
So great was the grinding and gnashing of wings
Shut your wings little flower
Shut your wings