

# Control the Storm

Delain

I can feel it grow  
Starting like a little storm  
Itching in my toes  
But it's will to take over  
Ain't quite that small  
I can feel it grow  
I can hear it moan  
I can hear it's bitter cries  
In my veins it crawls  
Underneath my tongue it hides  
I'm in control

An error in my genesis  
The reason why I started this  
Where did we go wrong?

Don't you know  
In the end you're no stronger of hand  
You are no stronger of heart  
Don't you know  
In the end, we'll be tragically torn apart  
If we can't control the storm

Does it get to you?  
Fury in your fingertips  
It doesn't get me too  
Turning hands to angry fists  
In rageful bliss  
Oh does it get to you?  
Crying all your lullabies  
Do you lick your wounds  
Wondering how we could try to stop this useless fight

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