

The Storm, It's Coming

Glen Hansard

Breaking from the feast
From the decade of the beast
On a new road, with no true north I see.

There's doubt in every face
And there's a lair on the stage.
What good is it, if he don't himself believe in it?

Every clap rings out a warning
Get ready for the storm it's coming
It's coming.

There's a slap back in the face
For a sin you can't erase
A coin dropped in the box don't change the meaning.

There's a storm and it's raging
In the belly of the slave
And it's coming.
It's coming.

When the wind howls at your gate
Already it is too late.
It's coming.
It's coming.