

## Glasshouse

### Hands Like Houses

A silver line, a disease on the horizon,  
A whistling in the trees; it marches on.  
It's like a tide, impatient and insincere.  
A threat borne on the wind, it marches on.

A weight on the air; I feel it in the silence - take a second t  
o listen.  
The earth starts to shake, the sky begins to fall, can you hear  
it coming now?

I was safe, I was brave, until the sky collapsed on me.  
Can you hear the thunder in my chest?  
Can you feel how heavy lies the air?  
Rain down on me.  
Let it fall, let it roar, let it all be swallowed by the storm.  
Call you hear the thunder in my chest?  
Rain down on me.

Slamming doors; I'm here but I'm trapped inside.  
The darkest shades of grey roll through my head.

A weight on the air; I feel it in the silence - take a second t  
o listen.  
The earth starts to shake, the sky begins to fall, can you hear  
it coming down?

I don't want to admit to myself; this can't just be in my head.