

Till the Clouds Clear

Lamb

What's left to say with all that's come and gone
Words get in the way
And anyway the devil's got your tongue
And the storm brews inside
And there's nowhere to hide
It's gonna blow your cover sky high

If you let this thing go
It's gonna burn, it's gonna burn
You're gonna take the whole world with you when you go

Oh, oh, oh, what you gonna do?
When the storm takes over
Oh, oh, oh, ohh, what you gonna do?
When the storm takes over

So here you are, demons screaming in your head
You try to shut them out
But they just get louder instead
And nothing you do
can seem to break through this darkness smothering you
when it takes hold your heart turns cold
your very soul sneaks out of you

Ah, ah, ah, what you gonna do?
When this storm, this storm takes over you
Can you hold this thing?
Can you hold this thing?
Ooh'

Till the clouds clear' hmm' hmm'