

His Thunder

Little Comets

I'm a mat and I still retain
Accumulated stories of the tawdry years
I've been stamped out by rum-fuelled boots
The brute, us hiding under stairs

Waiting for his thunder to hit
Waiting for his thunder and thinking is this it?
Waiting for his thunder to shout
Waiting for his thunder to tire itself out

So I lie flat, in sheets worn thin
By his sublimations that reside within
For I'm the truth, the two in ten
That suffer at the whims of the weakest men

Waiting for his thunder to hit
Waiting for his thunder and thinking is this it?
Waiting for his thunder to shout
Waiting for his thunder to tire itself out

Each bruise I use as a chronicle of all that you gave me now
And every scar a reminder of the power that you had
The saddest part about the darkest hours
The implication that the fault was ours

Waiting for his thunder...
Waiting for his thunder to hit
Waiting for his thunder and thinking is this it?