

Trouble Ahead

Little Hurricane

they come and they burn the grass to the seed.
everyone learns the sound of their feet.
they'll take what you earn, they steal what you keep.
they'll shut down the roads, blockade the sea

watch out behind, trouble's coming.
look up ahead, start running.
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the trees will all burn, ash falls like leaves.
the storm's growing cold, we can feel it in our knees.
they'll plan while youre calm, they'll scheme while you sleep.
they'll look you in the eyes while they chain you're hands and
feet