

The Storm

Pantheist

I feel the storm as it's coming near
It's raging mad, but I do not hear
And pretend that I don't mind it at all
But deep inside I'm praying, my Lord

That when I'm safe and the storm has cleared
I will turn around, and see You near
For then I would want You by my side
To help me rebuild the wreckage of my life

Around me I built a wall brick by brick,
And plagued by fear, I cannot sleep
A madman's laugh reminds me of my failures
Now on my own, the pain cuts deep
Could I finally find rest in some odd place
With time as my only company?