

# The Storm

Primus

With salivating psyches  
The Seven start to swarm  
Anticipating gluttony with  
The coming of the storm  
The coming of the storm

If gluttony were a virtue  
The Seven would be saints  
For the glory of the valley  
They have come to surely taint  
Who is this Shirley Taint?

With pail and lasso quick at hand  
They stalk and set to pounce  
While slobbering in their greed  
The savory tension mounts  
The savory tension mounts

As the rainbow rises  
With color rich and true  
They gaze in wide-eyed wonder  
At the vibrance of each hue  
The vibrance of each hue

Leaping forward with the cunning  
Of FOX on simple prey  
Flinging lassos in the air  
But the colors drop away  
The colors drop away

Sordid lines come snapping backwards  
Clashing with their hopes  
Dumbfounded wretched writhing  
As they tangle in their ropes  
And came a mighty flood  
Of the colors they desired  
For the rainbows and the flowers  
Of the valley had conspired

Revelations often come  
When struggling not to sink  
That when the meek unite  
They aren't helpless a one may think

Drowning in the colors they had come to steal  
The valiant persecuted served a devastating meal  
No one in the valley wept for them...