

## Wings Of The Storm

Ten

Light in the sky cuts a  
Deep laceration  
Into the night like a blade of a knife  
Look to the black clouds  
In anticipation  
Wait for the thunder to roar into life

A sacred liaison, a sky of abrasion  
The brooding clouds roll  
And echo their pain  
Lightning's impatience  
A claw-like invasion  
Stabs at the sky as it beckons the rain

Rise on the wings of a storm  
Glide on the wings to the clarion call  
Climb on the wings of the storm  
Electric blue thunderstruck

Crash into battle  
The warhorses calling  
Deafening roars in electric blue light  
There watching over  
Descending and falling  
The retinal core of the eye in the sky  
Nothing is nature defies the creator

Now can the thunder-heads  
Rumble be tamed  
Vital, untarnished  
Cannot be harnessed  
Cannot be measured  
Be captured or chained

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