

# Hurricane

Thrice

In these flowers I found you the truest red that I'd ever seen  
Until you cut yourself on their thorns  
You winced and I kissed you, I kissed your palms and we both laughed  
So unaware of the gathering storm

It's gonna rain, it's gonna rain, till the levee breaks  
And a tidal wave of fear and pain carries us away  
I'll never fade into the night until nothing else remains  
How do we find harbor from the hurricane?

No shelter, no shadows, the quiet song of your breath stirs the dark  
Your skin like the rose at my hands  
And I can't keep from wondering why nothing good could ever stay  
My faith feels like a fist full of sand

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