

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 la
ughed
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 sta
y
My faith feels like a fist full of sand

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