The Storm

Judge

I FEEL THE HATE, IT KEEPS COMING DOWN
COMING DOWN LIKE THE RAIN
LOOK AT ME, I'M GETTING DRENCHED
WE KEEP GETTING CAUGHT UP
IN THIS RAGING WIND
NOW LOOK AT US, WE'RE BLOWN AWAY.....BY THE WIND
I WANT TO SEE HOW HIGH IS THAT FLAG GONNA FLY
WHEN THE STORM COMES RAGING THROUGH
IT SURROUNDS ALL OF US
IT?S WINDS CARRY THE TRUTH
THE RAINS ARE THE TEARS
THAT HAVE BEEN FALLNG OVER THE YEARS
THIS STORM IS GONNA WIPE AWAY
WIPE AWAY THE INSINCERE
NO MORE WIITE, NO MORE BLACK
NO MORE BARRIERS, NO MORE TRAPS
THERE WILL BE OUIET AFTER THE STORM

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