

# Black Thunder

## Steve Hackett

Dogs were loose but the horses were tied  
Twisted trees watch scarecrows fly  
Hurricane lamps smashed in the wind  
There's a storm overhead, closing in  
Servants bit through chains, then they fled  
Mistress won't get her breakfast in bed  
The earth slipped its moorings as the moon cracked a smile  
There's a storm on the wind in the whites of their eyes  
Pitchfork lightning strikes the ground  
Shadows march to the storm drum sound  
River swelled its banks breaking free  
A storm to raise the dead, finally  
Free at last!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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