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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