

# I of the Storm

## Psychotic Waltz

I've seen the sunshine on the black side of the moon  
and I've seen the faces that laugh and turned to cry  
see his disguise see the laugh in his eyes  
drink from the tear that he cries  
I've watched the grey man wishing he were young like me  
and I've seen the child and the young fool  
that he tries hard not to be  
and I've seen the strong  
as they prayed on bended knees  
and I've watched the beggar  
counted his short-changed  
riches for the feast  
pray, pray  
storm has come  
it's judgement day  
running from the sun  
chosen one has come  
to light the way  
cry, cry  
bow our heads and wonder why  
gavel of his honor  
hammers down  
then we're sent away  
see his disguise  
see the laugh in his eyes  
drink from the tear  
that he cries  
I've seen the towers  
lying crumbled at my feet  
and I've seen the cities  
and the wastelands that remain  
and I've seen the victory  
and the prize that none shall keep  
and the short time  
that the glory hides the pain

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