# Brews

## Kate Tempest

Above Pete's head, as he fumbles with his key
The clouds get dark, start brawling
War games, ancient faces, pushing eachother around
The sky's changing
A foaming storm is coming
A howling mist, a growling downpour
Pete don't see it
Pete's too busy tryna make his key fit, he can't quite get it right
Now, in their rooms
Alisha, and Esther, and Gemma
Are too concerned with their own thoughts to think about the weather
But we see clouds like furious ink
Thick liquid sinks and whips the wind
Pitch shifted rumble screams from a swolen grin
There's a big storm rolling in
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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