

# Brews

## Kate Tempest

Above Pete's head, as he fumbles with his key  
The clouds get dark, start brawling  
War games, ancient faces, pushing each other 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 swollen grin  
There's a big storm rolling in  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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