

# Lightning Storm

Amy Allen

This lonely existence paves the way  
For the hard of hearts must beat, be brave  
While this quiet lightning storm  
Wrecks the harvest gold we try to sow  
So it begins, the way the light still dances beneath the skin  
There's the messenger from hell since we're bound to win  
As the days they come but the years they go  
So take care of your freedom, they'll never know  
I sit on the wing for a blackbird song  
To tell me where and when this all went wrong  
There's no resolution without remorse  
With ignorance, the least he found let state a course  
Puncture the skin and see his blood run cold on desert sand  
Come hear the meant for mothers with childless hands  
As the days they come but the years they go  
So take care of your freedom, they'll never know  
Take good care of your freedom, they'll never know  
Take what you give until there's nothing left but forever live  
And night this is on shadows when after kill  
As the days they come but the years they go  
So take care of your freedom, they'll never know  
Yeah, take good care of your freedom, they'll never know  
As the days they come but the years they go  
So take care of you freedom, they'll never know

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