

Come By Storm

[Laura Gibson](#)

When my eyes survey the tree line
I'll recall a voice
And how I took great care with words All that was
A picture was
A poem was a poem
Words were trees of brown of gold
You were a place I had come to know If the dark falls early
Would you come in the night
Would you come with the morning
Come by fire or come by storm
When my days turn to gold
Turn to gold
And pull to the sky
To the sky
I'll recall the time
I was more alive
When I lose myself to words
Did I die in your arms
Or did I die alone?
When the dark fell on me
Did you come in the night
Did you come with the morning
Come by fire or come by storm

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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