

# Storm

## Fernando Ortega

Sometimes it takes a storm to really know the light  
The scent of rain, the weight of clouds pulling down the sky  
Sometimes it takes a storm to know how you feel  
To understand indigo and the varnished sun lighting up the fields  
It takes the rain between the lines to know  
what sorrow finds  
The way a cloud divides sometimes, the clearing and the blue, I love you  
I was just passing through and taken by surprise  
Between the black sky and the blue  
Between the black sky and the blue, I love you, I love you

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