

# Storm Corrosion

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Someone is calling her shorewards  
Much like horses  
Raising dogs will sing to me  
Hold back the tears in my comfort  
We move forwards  
In these pauses the storm corrodes  
Maps of a lift to the scaffold  
On a nursery floor  
Beggings aloud not to stay  
Cut from the stone in the quarry  
This old friend of mine  
In his silence the storm corrodes  
Passed on the second hand slips outwards  
Born in the curve the song drips endless  
Thrown out the boy believes in secret  
Grown up the dogs begin to reach it

Lyrics provided by

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