

# Come By Storm (Hinah Session)

[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.

Lyrics provided by

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