

# The Storm

## Flying Colors

There was a time  
When my life was easy  
Stretched out in the sun  
Everything was clover  
The world was off my shoulders for awhile  
But then the sky turned a bomb fire shade  
And hit me like a gun  
It passed with flying colors  
There's no flying over...  
The storm...  
We will dance as it breaks  
The storm...  
It will give as it takes  
And all of our pain is washed away  
Don't cry or be afraid  
Some things only can be made  
In the storm  
Sometimes we get swept away  
We're forced to take the change  
The desert gives you comfort  
You can't stay here all your wounded life  
Underneath is the tempest rage  
Your secrets come undone  
When mountains need movin'  
Let me help you through it  
The storm...  
We will dance as it breaks  
The storm...  
Comes as fast as it fades  
And all of our pain is washed away  
Don't cry or be afraid  
Some things only can be made  
In the storm  
All your secrets come undone  
Every web you've ever spun  
All your secrets come undone  
Let'em go  
Let it come...  
The storm...

We will dance as it breaks  
The storm...  
Gives you more than it takes  
And all of our pain is washed away  
Stare chaos in the face  
We need only to embrace  
Don't cry or be afraid  
Some things only can be made  
In the storm

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