Tempest

Cursive

Wind blown
A semi capsized in the storm
Stranded
The rains of June have cleansed it
A baptism of sufferageTake two
One man beneath a waning moon
Still birth
The abortive child of entropy
Careening for identityTempt him
Break him in slowly
His heart is quick to judge
But his hands are too lonely
Break him in slowly...Red dawn
Another storm opens her arms
She's whispering
"Surrender all your loyalties"
Hand over your idle hands of false idols
Let the rains embrace you

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