Private Storm

Sam Phillips

We lock the hurricane indoors
Looking for shelter, we deny and ignore
Afraid that our words bring clouds we talk in code
The thunder of cruel perfection covers love and we're coldOh, the private storm
And our souls are worn from the tears
Oh, the private storm
And it rages on through the yearsNo warning, the ground
Pulls out from underneath
We tiptoe through air
Until we see the blood on their teethOh, the private storm
And our souls are worn from the tears
Oh, the private storm
And it rages on through the yearsTime doesn't heal
The scars turn into wounds
As we walk lightly
Silent screams in the stormOh, the private storm
And our souls are worn from the tears
Oh, the private storm
And it rages on through the yearsOh, the private storm
And our souls are worn from the tears
Oh, the private storm
And it rages on through the years

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