

# The Storm

Pantheist

I feel the storm as it's coming near  
It's raging mad, but I do not hear  
And pretend that I don't mind it at all  
But deep inside I'm praying, my Lord

That when I'm safe and the storm has cleared  
I will turn around, and see You near  
For then I would want You by my side  
To help me rebuild the wreckage of my life

Around me I built a wall brick by brick,  
And plagued by fear, I cannot sleep  
A madman's laugh reminds me of my failures  
Now on my own, the pain cuts deep  
Could I finally find rest in some odd place  
With time as my only company?