

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 or cruel perfection covers love
And we're cold

The private storm
And our souls are worn from the tears
The private storm
And it rages on through the years

No warning the ground pulls out from underneath
We tiptoe through air until we see the blood on their teeth

Time doesn't heal, the scars turn into wounds
As we walk lightly silent screams in the storm