

Silence and Storm

Patrick Park

Inside of this room of sea salt and moon
Where torrents turn down the shell
And all is undone under the weight of their angry swell
I wait in the wings with my doors flung wide
To set a light the stage
Where this endless train of guilt and shame is emptied and unmade

When all the world is waking up on through the winding hours
And our reasons rise and tumble like the reach of skyward towers
We'll walk on that wire clothes tattered and worn
And weather the weight through silence and storm

I'll keep you far from the reach of the burden of proof
To burn through the days in the armor of youth
Where all worry wanes like daylights golden braid

When all the world is waking up on through the winding hours
And our reasons rise and tumble like the reach of skyward towers
We'll walk on that wire clothes tattered and worn
And weather the weight through silence and storm