

## Distant Storm

Blancmange

Your breath  
Like a distant storm  
Your breath  
A distant storm  
Has me forgetting who we are  
Your breath  
A distant storm  
Has me forgetting where we are  
Who or what we are  
Who or what we are  
Your breath  
Like a distant storm  
Has me running for cover

Reluctantly worn  
Eventually worn  
Reluctantly worn  
Eventually worn

In a car park by the chemist  
On the tarmac near the bin  
Elements of family life  
Lay fractured  
Never draining ground  
In forensic detail  
In forensic detail  
A one off jigsaw puzzle

Never to be solved  
Lingered over  
Not physical  
Missing in mists

Who or what we are  
Who or what we are  
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Who or what we are

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