## The Storm, It's Coming

## **Glen Hansard**

Breaking from the feast
From the decade of the beast
On a new road, with no true north I see.

There's doubt in every face
And there's a lair on the stage.
What good is it, if he don't himself believe in it?

Every clap rings out a warning Get ready for the storm it's coming It's coming.

There's a slap back in the face
For a sin you can't erase
A coin dropped in the box don't change the meaning.

There's a storm and it's raging In the belly of the slave And it's coming.
It's coming.

When the wind howls at your gate Already it is too late.
It's coming.
It's coming.