

Above Pete's head as he fumbles with his key
The clouds get dark, start brawling
Wargames ancient faces, pushing each other around
The sky's changing

A foaming storm is coming
A howling mist, a growling downpour

Pete don't see it
Pete's too busy trying to make his key fit
He
Can't
Quite
Get
It

Right

Now, in their rooms, Alicia, and Esther and Jemma
Are too concerned with their own thoughts to think about the weather

But we see -
The clouds like furious ink
Thick liquid sinks and
Whips the wind
Pitch-shifted
Rumble, screams from a swollen grin -

There's a big storm rolling in