

# Multitude

Kingfisher Sky

I wipe the dust from my face  
Sand is burning underneath my feet  
The warmth that I embrace  
Just getting colder  
"What is behind the storm?"  
A question I don't want to answer  
The great unknown  
Fear that grips like a shadow

I can see the violence  
Coming from the silence  
I can hear resistance  
Calling from the distance

Why you kill what you fear  
Betray all you hold dear  
This reign of terror will end  
For those who chose for defense

So many died in your name  
No questions asked, no mercy shown  
Who bows their head in shame?  
Now the multitude has grown  
What is behind the storm?  
Fear that grips like a shadow