

## 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