

# Stormy Weather

Pixies

Speak my mind, come the stormy weather.  
Like I'm calling the ghosts from you.

Take those words and shed your light on them.

What do you see through that transparency?

Man's best to bring is the truth,  
Enjoy it.  
Man's test to sing is the true,  
Employ it.  
We cannot chose.  
Man's best to bring is the truth,  
Enjoy it.  
Man's test to sing is the true,  
Employ it.

When freed from identity  
the vehicle responds  
with the unasked for truth.  
Now detached from danger  
the sacrifice speaks thus to you:  
I am he who deep within work  
has sown the same warnings  
to all who will listen.  
To all who will listen.

Speak my mind; suffer that need.

You spoke them.  
Through me.  
For yourself.

Man's best to bring is the truth,  
Enjoy it.  
Man's test to sing is the true,  
Employ it.  
We cannot chose.  
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Enjoy it.  
Man's test to sing is the true,  
Employ it.

I am just one  
who from the shadows  
has come  
in the name of the makers of change.  
To speak what I see  
in all transparency  
and help the awakening day.  
In your mind a helmet of will,  
to rise within ill.  
An old reminiscence,  
in the wake that has passed and is coming.

How long? In between worlds I channel these words.  
For how long? A new time is dawning; for how long?

This is what you need to hear.  
What you have always heard inside in your self.