

The Storm

Primus

With salivating psyches
The Seven start to swarm
Anticipating gluttony with
The coming of the storm
The coming of the storm

If gluttony were a virtue
The Seven would be saints
For the glory of the valley
They have come to surely taint
Who is this Shirley Taint?

With pail and lasso quick at hand
They stalk and set to pounce
While slobbering in their greed
The savory tension mounts
The savory tension mounts

As the rainbow rises
With color rich and true
They gaze in wide-eyed wonder
At the vibrance of each hue
The vibrance of each hue

Leaping forward with the cunning
Of FOX on simple prey
Flinging lassos in the air
But the colors drop away
The colors drop away

Sordid lines come snapping backwards
Clashing with their hopes
Dumbfounded wretched writhing
As they tangle in their ropes
And came a mighty flood
Of the colors they desired
For the rainbows and the flowers
Of the valley had conspired

Revelations often come
When struggling not to sink
That when the meek unite
They aren't helpless a one may think

Drowning in the colors they had come to steal
The valiant persecuted served a devastating meal
No one in the valley wept for them...