

## The Lightning

I didn't see the lightning  
I didn't feel the rain  
I didn't hear the thunder rolling in  
But it rolled in all the same

I never saw the changing  
I never felt the loss  
I never heard the absence of the birds  
Or the closing of your claws

You could hide me somewhere dry  
A postcard from the road  
You can roam the halls of granite hearts  
Until you know your own  
And I'll be at home

We never saw the danger  
We never felt the pain  
We never heard the howling in the heart  
Or the hollow when it came

You might need the world to turn around  
To feel what I feel now  
But at least you'll be a spinning wheel  
Not grown into the ground  
And you'll come back around

## The Ballroom Thieves