

The Lightning

The Ballroom Thieves

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