

## The Storm

### The Dreadnoughts

Safe under covers tonight, your face's happy and bright  
There by the old fire light it is warm  
But we are the darkening clouds, we are the gathering swarm  
We are, we are the storm

You built your towers on backbroken bowery sailors  
On mothers and fathers still crying for their second-born  
We took the keys from your jailor  
His body is festering torn  
Cause we are, we are the storm

These bodies came out of the soil, ripped out of gypsum and oil  
All just yours to spoil, and deform  
But now this old galleon rolls, galloping straight round the ho  
rn  
We are, we are the storm

So it's haul away comrades, ropes over blistering shoulders  
As the wind shakes the barley and carries on right through the  
corn  
There'll be no forgiveness tonight, only fair Zillah's thorn  
Cause we are, we are the storm

So it's haul away comrades, ropes over blistering shoulders  
As the wind shakes the barley, and carries on right through the  
corn  
And we ain't gonna STOP, till we are satisfied soldiers  
Rich men, big men, fattened up, happy, reborn

And so the wheel comes round again  
And we're safe by the fire so warm  
We are, we are the storm