

Eclipsed

The Vintage Caravan

The calm before the storm
Familiar tone flows
But I've been here before
And I know, thought eclipsed
It still, it still grows
Painfully pull myself together and away
The earth shakes and rumbles
Aching, it was too much
How did this all begin?
It still grows!
Oh but I remember
What have I done
No such crimes
In time of peace
Now forever cursed
Painful, resenting
I wish I could take it all back
Vile, disgusting
The storm is here
It still grows