

Urban Storm

Wardrum

My heart is a storm
Encaged in a jar
Roaring waves
Shedding on the table of your must-haves

Your heart is a sea
In a flooded world
No shores ahead
Tied and lingered on your regrets

The gift of life
So different for every part
Two worlds collide
Vanishing us from sight

I've been thinking about the days
We were planning for today
So willing and so warm
Before the urban storm

My love is a field
You captured in a shot
Twisted scents
Messing with the memories in my mind

Your love is a wall
Of an architect
Perfect lines
But hiding all you're unwilling to state

The fire of life
So strangely different
Two worlds collide
Vanishing us from sight

I've been thinking about the days
We were planning for today
So willing and so warm
Before the urban storm