

Storm King

Widowspeak

When we forgot how we had known
How the West was won
How the seeds were sown
The names of the stars
When the tides would come
The face of the moon
And a place of the sun

Storm King seemed to say
Bad weather was on its way
Though we'd already stopped listening

And you know nothing was easier to believe
It's hard to ask for what you need
And we found out its not forever
Running from death doesn't make [?] never

Storm King seemed to say
That a change was on its way
But we'd already stopped listening