

Storm

Come come try
draw your scale
try to make it special
don't throw it all away
the time might be untrue
don't screw the day theres
something more to do

You are so special
you are a special germ
you are so special
in a restless world

Are you ready
to attack the storm
are you ready

Poor poor fame
still insane
buy me a ticket
to get and go away
the world in my pocket
shows me a way
out of empty secrets
no more yesterday

You are so special
you are a special germ
you are so special
in a restless world

Are you ready
to attack the storm
are you ready

I agree it's enough to be just me
silently theres a private symphony
I'm lying here with some monsters in my bed
I'm crying here with some monsters in my head
lying here
crying here

I'm ready to run with the storm