

Caligula's Horse, The Stormchaser

Never enough truth to keep you safe and well in the cocoon you knit for no one else
You never thought it could change
You could stay the shame
You never could see the water in spite of the rain
Then it rose, and you dove just when you needed to float
Listen to me
Into the churn
There will be no pretty words to swallow
This is a test
It's not a war
Watch as we weather the storm together
We are the calm, here for the few
We could be shelter and shore
Heads above water
So come for the king, stay for the view
Proud of the nothing you grew when we stood against the storm
It's never enough
You, the first and last to know
Your proud empty hands through the crowd that bears the load
You never thought it could change
"Storms will pass, and I remain", and turned away the moment it came over wine-dark sea
Thunder over the wine-dark sea
Thunder, what will become of me?
Thunder over the wine-dark sea
Seas and storm
All that was sacrificed
The blood for the pride
That clarion cry like stones in your throat
The anchor and rope to keep you afloat
Deafened to me
This is the churn
There will be no pretty words to swallow
This is a test
It's not a war
Watch as you sink in the storm, untethered
We are the wild wind to the scorn
We could be shelter and shore
Heads above water
So come for the king, stay for the view
You're fighting for nothing but you, while we stood against the storm
So when we heard that thunder over the wine-dark sea
No wave could drag me under
An ocean of arms to carry me
I, the undeserving
I, the hanged man was held aloft, and safe at last
So where is your sworn compassion?
Your condescending lie
Is this the love you promised?
How could you be so goddamn blind?
When we heard that thunder, the echo and alarm were your footsteps, running for the calm
When we stood against that storm
When we stood again
When we stood