## 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