

# Judge, The Storm

I FEEL THE HATE, IT KEEPS COMING DOWN  
COMING DOWN LIKE THE RAIN  
LOOK AT ME, I'M GETTING DRENCHED  
WE KEEP GETTING CAUGHT UP  
IN THIS RAGING WIND  
NOW LOOK AT US, WE'RE BLOWN AWAY.....BY THE WIND  
I WANT TO SEE HOW HIGH IS THAT FLAG GONNA FLY  
WHEN THE STORM COMES RAGING THROUGH  
IT SURROUNDS ALL OF US  
IT'S WINDS CARRY THE TRUTH  
THE RAINS ARE THE TEARS  
THAT HAVE BEEN FALLING OVER THE YEARS  
THIS STORM IS GONNA WIPE AWAY  
WIPE AWAY THE INSINCERE  
NO MORE WHITE, NO MORE BLACK  
NO MORE BARRIERS, NO MORE TRAPS  
THERE WILL BE QUIET AFTER THE STORM