

Paradigma, When The Storm Comes Down

Behold, the sky is falling down
As twilight descends
Shattered rays still filter through
As the veil of darkness unfolds

In rapture I see all grace is gone
Embraced, all light now sleeps

The fall has come
This time is my home
At this time of year
All my anguish is gone
...with the sun...

The wind wipes out all grace
rejoice as the storm comes down

Behold the man upon the hill
Lonely he's awaiting
Sorrow is his only friend
Only he knows why

As wind has wiped out all grace
Raptured I am as the storm is taking me
Home

The wind has carried me
Back to my realm