

# Burst, Storm Wielder

I wake to see  
The bastard children thriving  
The plight  
Your burden  
The scourge abiding  
No matter what consequences  
I have only knives for you  
I will be your storm  
The strike you never knew  
You little man  
No willful melancholy  
No matter how you plead  
This wind to right your folly  
Crushing worlds in front of you  
Gushing through the trial  
I am the wind  
I am the storm you'll always flee  
Find you there  
Where the sun smote  
Storm cleansing all away