

# Cursive, Tempest

Wind blown  
A semi capsized in the storm  
Stranded  
The rains of June have cleansed it  
A baptism of sufferage

Take two  
One man beneath a waning moon  
Still birth  
The abortive child of entropy  
Careening for identity

Tempt him  
Break him in slowly  
His heart is quick to judge  
But his hands are too lonely  
Break him in slowly...

Red dawn  
Another storm opens her arms  
She's whispering  
"Surrender all your loyalties"  
Hand over your idle hands of false idols  
Let the rains embrace you

Now...  
Break them in slowly  
Young hearts are quick to judge  
But their hands are so lonely  
Break them in slowly...  
Break them in slowly...