

Dominici, A Day Of Conflict

A wisp of wind, the rustle of leaves
A ghost-like movement among the trees
Thunder echoed in the distance
No compliance, no resistance
I arose to a day of conflict

A shattered dream by the telephones ring
Words shake the cobwebs
Loose from my head
An exchange of words turned from green to red
And sparked a day of conflict

The heavens move like a film at high speed
While miles below
Im feeling its pull
I try to resist but Im swallowed up whole
Into the bowels of conflict

Electric air shocks the waves in my brain
A subtle effect from the wind and the rain
Thunder cracks open
A hole in the sky
To water the seed of conflict

A shattered dream by the telephone ring
Words shake the cobwebs
Loose from my head
I can only cling to the edge of my bed
And awake to a day of conflict