

# Lisa Germano, Guillotine

After the storm  
After you're gone  
Where are my arms?  
Where is my arm?

After our love,  
Needy and strong,  
Falls on the floor  
Dirty and wrong

After your voice  
Ccuts through my chest  
How can i stand  
To hear again?

After our love,  
Deeper than deep,  
Severs the soul  
How can I be?

After I feel  
What I feared most  
After the storm  
Where are my arms?

After the storm  
Where are my hands?  
How can i touch  
Without my hands?  
Guillotine love  
We always knew  
Long before storms  
Ever came through