## 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