

Skyclad, Crux Of The Message

[Adapted from the poem "The Storm" by Alison LR Davies]

It starts as a faint purr, rippling, beckoning,
stealing the evening's baking heat.
It steps to the side, foot tapping, hop skipping.
Without formation, no sense of the beat.
And then comes the mean, heartrending echo.
Low and beguiling, starting the show.
The murmur resounding, a tightening of air.
As colours emerge, the wind starts to blow.

[Chorus:]
He's coming, he's coming, the crux of the message.
A silvery swordsman, no mercy to spare.
He'll slice and he'll sever with sparkling precision.
The weapon his fortune, the dragon - this air.

And most run for cover,
they know of his venom.
The fury with which he will mount his attack.
But those with a nerve,
and bubbling curiosity
Won't be so hasty to hide or turn back.
With a crack of his whip
the tears start cascading.
Great rivers of truth washing over the land.
In praise or in pity, in fear or forgiveness.
The thunder is slain, the demon at hand.

[Chorus:]
He's coming, he's coming, the crux of the message.
A silvery swordsman, no mercy to spare.
He'll slice and he'll sever with sparkling precision.
The weapon his fortune, the dragon - this air.

And the threatening rumble, a music soon faded,
a great composition now rendered complete.
The mottle blue heavens now
gather in whispers, to wait for the encore.
A black cloudless sheet.