

# Slechtvalk, Storms

Black storms, victim of the pain, will I survive.  
Rain, wind and thunder are beating me insane.  
Dark clouds of fear are rushing around me.  
And I run to escape from the pain.

Rise and feel the pain brought upon thee.  
Rise and feel the pain of existence.  
Rise and feel the pain brought upon thee.  
Rise and feel the pain of existence.

And slowly I rise to face the storm.  
To see and to mourn about what has become.  
To accept that pain is also part of existence.  
For I know that the pain will haunt me until I've seen her face to face.

This pain I cannot bear until the end.  
But I will not have to bear it alone.