

Bear the Storm

by Brandon M. Dennis

Hush! Can't you hear the cry?
They're hunting for us as we speak.
Didn't you just see something pass by?
Oh, how my bones are weak!

They're hunting for us as we speak.
They torment babes in their sleep.
Oh, how my bones are weak!
I tell you, they want our souls to keep.

They torment babes in their sleep,
and hide in the corners of rooms and stare.
I tell you, they want our souls to keep,
those dark, pierced wraiths, who have no hair.

They hide in the corners of rooms and stare.
Can't you sense them in the room?
Those dark, pierced wraiths, who have no hair,
I see them, all about us they loom.

Can't you sense them in the room?
We must stand firm and hide our despair!
I see them, all about us they loom,
they laugh at us and drink our fear.

We must stand firm and hide our despair!
These are the times of which we were warned.
They laugh at us and drink our fear.
Stand fast, and bear the storm!

These are the times of which we were warned.
Hush! Can't you hear the cry?
Stand fast, and bear the storm!
Didn't you just see something pass by?