

Waiting Storms The Silver Snake Unfolds

In the heart of the Sea

See the boat fill up with water, Almost time
to leave, Now my hands they feel like water,
Almost time to sleep, In the Sea

Feel my lungs fill up with water, Every time
I breathe, See my legs drift under water
Almost time to dream, In the sea

One last time before I drown I cross my heart
and I hope you found, All the ocean living inside me
One last ~~time~~ ^{time} before I sink cross my heart and
I hope you think of all the ocean living inside me
In the sea

In the heart of the sea, we go down, down, down, down
Just you and me, On the razor blade reef, we lay
down, down, down, down, just. In the heart of the sea
we go down, down, down, down just upward me...

Sunday Morning Cemetery

I'm walking through the, the cemetery
I'm walking through the, the cemetery
And it feels just like, a Sunday Morning
And it feels just like, a Sunday morning
Sunday Morning, Sunday morning

I feel the cold wind, blow right through me
I feel the cold wind, blow right through me
I feel your cold hand, reach inside me
Feel your cold hand, reach inside me

Reach inside me
Inside me
Reach inside me
Inside me

Broken Into Three

Her jagged spine seduced me at night, Her liquid shine
outside, Her sullen smile goes on for miles, Her liquid shine
goes on for a while, for a while, for a while

I rest upon her concrete shoulders, I rest upon a heart that burns
In summer tugs we all sit and sigh, In summer tugs
we all start to die, start to die, start to die
with the last grey hair set to expire, Every night
we close our windowless black eye, With a new star
scent meant to confuse, We always find ourselves on
the news, On the news, on the news

At the end of each night we're on our knees
It's funny how we always find ourselves broken into threes
At the end of every night we're on our knees
It's funny how we always find ourselves broken into threes

Watch the bats fly around like drunks wrapped in snakeskin
boots that slide off the lips of the moon, Lick the broken men
stuck on flooded drivings trapped behind some glass with widow lead
view, get off the streets, get off the streets, get off the streets
You gotta get off the streets...

At the end of each night we're on our knees, It's funny how
we always find ourselves broken into threes, At the end of every
night we're on our knees, It's funny how we always find ourselves broken into
threes

Drag

Well I ain't got me no woman, And I ain't
got me no damn wife, No the only thing I'm
married to, is this here life, Drag me down
drag me down, drag me down, drag me down underground

Said I ain't got me nobody, I have lost my
holy soul, when the devil comes around to take me,
He won't have nothing left to hold, drag me down,
drag me down, drag me down, drag me down underground

Said I ain't got me no damn body, I have lost
my holy light, when the devil, devil comes around to
take me, He won't have nothing left to hold,
to hold, to hold, to hold, to hold, nothing left
to hold, to hold

Ain't got me nobody, I have lost, and I've lost, and
I've lost, when the cops come around to take me,
I'll have to use my knife, drag me down, drag me down,
drag me down, drag me down underground

and Swallows the black night whole

Who took our drugs?

To the ones who took all our drugs
Tell them they can die in hell

To the ones who stole all our fun
Tell them they can burn as well, in hell

Everyone, swimming on the sun

Everyone, lying on the sun

To the ones buying every gun
Tell them they should die in jail

To the ones shooting at the sun

Tell them they should die as well, in hell

Everyone, swimming on the sun

Everyone, dying from the gun

Everyone, lying on the sun

Everyone, dying from the gun

Concrete Covers dead lovers

I hear your voice calling me

Down by the cemetery

I know you know when I've done wrong
So many nights in the devil's arms

I hear your voice calling me
When the wind is cold I feel like I'm old

I feel like I can't escape these old dry bones

When the moon is full I feel like a fool

I feel like I can't escape this old flesh home
home, home, home

I hear your voice calling me, And I, feel like I'm never
going to see you again, I know you know when I've
done wrong, So many nights in the devil's arms

I hear your voice calling me

When the wind is cold I feel like I'm old, I feel like

I can't escape these old dry bones, when the moon is full
I feel like a fool, I feel like I can't escape this old flesh

home, home, home, home

At night when the wind is cold, I lose sight of you my love

What's a broken man, supposed to do, I never meant to stray from you
Love, Love, Love, Love, Love... Home, home, home

The silver snake unfolds and
swallows the black night whole

The silver snake unfolds and swallows everything whole
The silver snake unfolds and swallows the black night whole
So what? So what?

So what am I supposed to do, we've been dying all along

Graves are what we've always called our home

Now what am I supposed to do when we're dying all alone

Graves are what we make our happy home

The silver snake unfolds and swallows everything whole

The silver snake unfolds and swallows the black night whole

So what? So what?

So what am I supposed to do, we've been dying all along

Graves are what we've always called our home

Now what am I supposed to do when we're dying all alone

Graves are what we make our happy home

Feel you breaking my bones, shaking my heart, I'm alone

I'm alone, Feel you breaking my bones, shaking my heart

I'm alone, I'm alone, I'm alone, I'm alone

Break, shake, break, shake, break, shake, break, shake...

Carolina Moon

Underneath a Carolina Moon, on a country road

Animal eyes they stare right at you, I'm in
a car waiting on God but he never came through

I sleep by the foot of your bed even though your dead

Stand by the side of the road even though it's cold

Drink from the cup of your eye, eternal night

Wash in the tears from the sky every single night

But it barely makes a sound

Dead end gas station sits there shaking like a leaf

like some jailhouse thief, I'm in the backroom drinking

gasoline till I can't stand on my feet, I come up, from

the middle of newly arms of Loust creek, I come up,

from the middle of her swaying arms forming glass bedsheets

She sways and pulls me into her arms till I barely can see the trees

She lays me down in the middle of her icy chest, made from

glass sheets, icy sheets

Sleep by the foot of your bed even though your dead

Stand by the side of the road even though it's cold

Drink from the cup of your eye, eternal night, wash in the
tears from the sky every single night, but it barely makes a sound

Even though we're underground, underground, underground, ground...

Walter Storms

The Silver Snake Unfolds

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Lead Guitar, Backup Vocals: Todd Warner

Bass: Steve Stranczyk

Drums: Mark Dates

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