



### *The Storm*

*It was four in the morning*

*The storm was roaring*

*Thunder crashing, lightning flashing*

*The rain beat down on the window pane*

*Our lives were never to be the same*

*The storm moved out, all around me were crying*

*My precious child, how could she be dying?*

*Battered by the waves of grief*

*Her twenty one years were just too brief*

*Tears running down our faces*

*Our daughter, sister, no more will grace us*

*Random, fate or destiny*

*It is one of those mysteries that has to be*