

Pencil Rain

They Might Be Giants

The possible dream
Finale of seem
The moment that some call eternal
That some call insane
Now helmets on each head
Awaiting the first lead
The pageant is named, the pencil rainThe infantry stands
And holds out it's hands
The Marshal's binoculars focus
And skyward they train
They're searching the yonder blue
They look out for number two
The Heraldry of, the pencil rainAnd now hear the roar
That none can ignore
The thunderous clatter of splintering wood
And lives that are claimed
And none who have witnessed all
Can speak of a nobler cause
Than perishing in, the pencil rain
The pencil rain
The pencil rain
The pencil rain

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