

# The Light

## Mirah

What's the use of holding out  
A work sore hand to catch some rain  
It turns up empty, all is dry  
And all you ever wanted was some rain  
Was some rain If heaven is the future  
Why is it that that you refuse to go  
There now with all you have  
You really should do more than just complain  
Just complain Such a rotten taste  
Is left when you don't think to say that  
It's just such a sorry waste  
To take the easy way out of the pain  
Of the pain When the end shines from the deep  
And all the hate and all the hell that history has released  
Would tremble before your valor if you'd  
Just get down on your knees  
And promise to all your children true  
That you will live in peace Where's the light to shine on me  
Oh, send me something, send me please  
Cleanse my body, close my eyes  
I'm naked and prepared to die  
In the starry atmosphere  
When all the questions disappear  
And pressure with a salty taste  
Exalts the tears that soak your face

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