

# Heavy Rain

## Enchiridion

It's darkly night,  
the shining moon glares my blackened heart,  
my empty dreams and my soul I close my eyes,  
the sky becomes black  
it feels so full of hate  
and soon cleanse this tainted world Calling the storm!  
Weaklings will be torn!  
Calling the storm!  
Measures will be formed! I can feel your pain  
teardrops of heavy rain  
come and vent your anger  
above this weeping world  
helpless cries on the shore  
dead bodies laying on the floor  
the gale brings us to sleep  
it has revealed its entire grief. Eternal night,  
the frozen winds leaving its scars behind  
and the clouds cover the shining bright moonlight  
the flush of rain which I can feel  
it's the only way how this world can heal. Calling the storm!  
Weaklings will be torn!  
Calling the storm!  
Measures will be formed! I can feel your pain  
teardrops of heavy rain  
come and vent your anger  
above this weeping world  
helpless cries on the shore  
dead bodies laying on the floor  
the gale brings us to sleep  
it has revealed its entire grief.

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