

Heavy Rain

Enchiridion

It's darkly night,
the shining moon glares my blackened heart,
my empty dreams and my soulI close my eyes,
the sky becomes black
it feels so full of hate
and soon cleanse this tainted worldCalling 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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