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 rainIf 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 complainSuch 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 painWhen 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

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