Sometimes It Rains

Iyeoka Okoawo

eng||Hey, hey, rain rain rain rain
Oh, hey hey

Sometimes it rains, and the world crumbles down too
Sometimes it rains, with each drop it seems to move
Like a blind leaf in the wind trying to fall above my deep end
Like a blind leaf in the wind trying to fall above my deep end
Like this
Sometimes it rains

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I have battles raging in my mind
fighting for a chance to speak above my surface calmed
I hold in my left hand pages of poems tangled and neglected
within the dreads of a continuous moment of silence
I hold this before me
Calling four tidal waves to surrender my current path
Remembering the bitter taste of tears cried in a place of violence
Forgotten details in the shadow dreams lying in our face
I struggle to free my lips so restless and one time fearless
Begging no one for forgiveness
Questioning everything
Constantly searching for earth tones to take over the stains in my past
I choose to confront the world that crumbles within
Abandoning kingdoms in search of more, or less
Or wherever my God and destiny dictates
My routes clinging to this present tense
Tempting past to pay for around the truth that my life now represents.

Sometimes it rains, leaving girl to heal her own wounds
Sometimes it rains, with each drop it seems to move

But tears cannot penetrate trough three feet of concrete
And spirit can never grow in force to live in the silence of shadows

No consist of sorrow with clipped wings and thunder expectations
Hearing nothing but flat melodies behind the blue notes
See nothing but more storm clouds beyond the gray skies
But I fight to change this
To staying in the positive consciousness long enough to reflect the inconsistences of reason
These deficiencies in perception
I strive to develop my gifts to improvise this life changing decisions
Regardless of the risk of living in eternity within my solitude
I chase lyrics to understand what influences my route and extensions
My locks and directions, my motivation when page is empty like many
Before the moment to the paper bleeds with ink
I write this words at the beat of the rain drops matching steps on wet concrete
I, sister soul twice tears beneath me, feet repeats journey leaving footprints to the blue prints into the rest of me
Life be my melody, tames only with the pencil, finding the solace in the songs

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Sometimes it will rain
Sometimes it will rain
Sometimes it will rain
Sometimes it will rain.

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