

Two-Twenty-Nine

Brave Saint Saturn

No one told me it was going to rain today,
I turn my face down from the sky,
Something broke inside my heart today,
Christmas presents on the day she died.
Crippled dreams are never mentioned,
Broken things that never heal,
Mother said for me to give it time,
Tonight I cannot help but cry,
February twenty-nine. Chorus
In a world of dying children,
Rain never seems to cease,
I will hope for things unseen now,
One day my heart will be at peace.
I said I loved her and she knew it,
Whispered softly to the sky tonight,
She is warm and safe in Heaven,
In the loving arms of Jesus Christ. There is a place that we call heaven,
A place where children never cry,
where you are never cold or hungry,
a place where you cannot go blind.
I turn my face up to the sky now,
I wipe the tears from my eyes,
Thank you God she lives forever,
February twenty-nine.

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