

# Pencil Rain

## They Might Be Giants

The possible dream  
Finale of seem  
The moment that some call eternal  
That some call insane  
Now helmets on each head  
Awaiting the first lead  
The pageant is named, the pencil rainThe infantry stands  
And holds out it's hands  
The Marshal's binoculars focus  
And skyward they train  
They're searching the yonder blue  
They look out for number two  
The Heraldry of, the pencil rainAnd now hear the roar  
That none can ignore  
The thunderous clatter of splintering wood  
And lives that are claimed  
And none who have witnessed all  
Can speak of a nobler cause  
Than perishing in, the pencil rain  
The pencil rain  
The pencil rain  
The pencil rain

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