Beneath

Autistici

Rise above the rain,
For all our sins we're not to blame,
This time will pass away not yours or mine.
And what we tried so hard to find,
Is already in our mind.
Stand beneath the sun,

And know that soon our time will come,
And we can be the way we want to be.
The sun will set,
And then the sun will rise,
We watch it pass across the skies,
So beautiful and warm,
As we forget the storm.

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