

# Drip Drip Drop

## The Rauque

Sun on my arm, on my head, burns my ears.  
I need out of this state to my state,  
time to evaluate.

The timing is right to go north.  
A model repeat of my birth.  
The desert's so dry I can't cry,  
the tears don't reach my cheek when I try.

Rain on my shoes, on my shirt, makes me wet.  
I need out of this state to my state,  
time to evaluate.

The timing is right to go south.  
Forgetting my fears and my doubts.  
The forest is cold when I cry  
an icicle forms in my eye.

I'm climbing my way to the tip, tip, top.  
I'm living my life through the drip, drip, drop.  
When eternity's planned I just can't stop.  
I'm making my way through the drip, drip, drop.

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Lyrics submitted by Michael.

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