

Godsend, With The Wind Comes The Rain

Darkness, depression
A wind of thought flows through my mind
With it comes aggression
Peace I cannot find

I try to control my feelings
I burst out crying
My life is peeling
I wish that I was dying

Darkness, depression
A wind of thought flows through my mind
With it comes aggression
Peace I cannot find

With the wind comes the rain
With the wind comes the rain
With the wind comes the rain
With the wind comes the rain...