

Rhyn, Rain Dancer (The Calm)

She's made of us the drops of us that fall up to the sky
But through the process no one even asks the question why it is that she
Is the epitome of all the we could never hope to be
The perfect she, completely free of everything
Of all the lust that leaves its rust upon our skin

She gazes on. Where? In astral ponds lying naked in the sin
She'll make you feel redemption you just have to let her in
She'll fill your whole your mind and soul with what you've always missed
And when she comes you'll start to run you'll know that you exist
Ooh She's getting wet

She comes out of the rain that washes over desert sands
She purges and it's painless when she takes you by the hand
She'll break your soul and make it whole inside a single smile
She'll take your sin and outer skin and leave you like a child