

# The Divine Comedy, Indian Rain

I feel as if I have been buried alive  
For the best part of five hundred years  
My body encased in a mountain of waste  
Until one day my face reappears  
\*\*\*\* bends with the years that it spends  
In positions tormenting my soul  
But now they are free to emancipate me  
From the celibacy of the soul

So turn in your grave  
Hold back the incoming rain

\*\*\*\* wind in my face like the linen and lace  
Are surrounding \*\*\*\* like \*\*\*\*  
Fresh air in my lungs \*\*\*\* sharing his songs  
\*\*\*\* through the grass  
New blood in my veins like Red Indian rain  
Stripping us of all shame we possess  
With tears in my eyes (and with anguish) I cry:  
"I was free all the time, I confess!"