

# Dead Soul Tribe, Lady Of Rain

When we walk away  
Come the day that we're leaving here  
We can stop and stay on the way  
We can leave our fear

Lady of rain  
Will we regain or decline  
Lady of rain  
Where is the sweet Summer wine  
It falls from the vine

Where we're going to  
Everything's waiting for you  
What we're going through  
I believe must be untrue

Lady of rain  
Will we attain the divine  
Lady of rain  
Where is the sweet Summer wine  
It falls from the vine

If you only knew what to do  
You'd have no fear  
If you only knew what's inside of you  
It'd all be so clear

Lady of rain  
Will we remain on the line  
Lady of rain  
Will we attain the divine  
Or fall from the vine