

# Godsend, With The Wind Comes The Ain

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  
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With the wind comes the rain  
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