

Silverchair, Rain.

Melting molasses
Its been raining fire
Far too long

Waterfall corroding
My shelter

Levitated state
Float away from

Sandbag feet
As silhouettes fade

Your beauty's rich in a loveless world
Sold and Defined

By your choices

Scrape my head Off the melting floor

Violating the voices

its been raining fire

far too long

waterfall corroding

my shelter

*far from the ground, stars coming down you're falling sight into sound, I'll help you down I'm calling