

Symphorce, Pouring Rain

I'm torn and devided inside
Nothing left to give
trapped between the wings of fire
illusions a foolish gift inner storm, uncertain choice
who whispers in my ears
you should know
yes, you should know
So black, the soul caught in your skin
return and heal your wounds
over memories and all secret places
mysteries have been found
I can hear in the words you've spoken
through my eyes you'll see
Have you ever received the call
You couldn't believe me
The pouring rain will fall
Still couldn't believe me
Winds of storm, between the eyes of the lost souls
shadows cast loud and clear
so far away in seperate violence
in two different sides
if you're trying to unchain the victims
if you're trying to free their souls