

The Cure, Prayers For Rain

You shatter me
Your grip on me
A hold on me
So dull it kills
You stifle me
Infectious sense
Of hopelessness and
Prayers for rain
I suffocate
I breathe in dirt
And nowhere shines
But desolate
And drab the hours all spent
On killing time again
All waiting for
The rain

You fracture me
Your hands on me
A touch so plain
So stale it kills
You strangle me
Entangle me
In hopelessness and
Prayers for rain
I deteriorate
I live in dirt
And nowhere glows
But drearily and tired
The hours all spent
On killing time again
All waiting for
The rain