

They Might Be Giants, Pencil Rain

The possible dream
Finale of seem
The moment that some call eternal that some call insane
Now helmets on each head awaiting the first lead
The pageant is named the pencil rain

The infantry stands
And holds out its hands
The marshal's binoculars focus and skyward they train
They're searching the yonder blue
They look out for number two
The heraldry of the pencil rain

And now hear the roar that none can ignore
The thunderous clatter of splintering wood and lives that are claimed
And none who have witnessed all
Can think of a nobler cause than perishing in the pencil rain
The pencil rain
The pencil rain
The pencil rain