

Van Canto, Rain

Thirst is slowly crawling
through roads of life.
Awaiting someone who will hear
a call for resurrection
in heartless times.
Waiting for someone who will
undo the fear.

Please surrender my fate.
Give me more pleasant days.
There is nothing to focus my eyes on until

Rain falls on white scattered grounds.
Mirroring the light
breaking through every cloud.
Thirst will vanish.
Healing, feeding, breathing life.
Rain falls on white scattered grounds.
Bring us back to life!

Thoughts of water seem
like distant memories.
I don't remember where I'm from.
Cannot live in this world,
this is what I know.
Something inside me is
pushing me on an on.