

Vicious Rumors, Downpour

(G.Thorpe, S.Smyth & B. Oconner)
Black clouds are raining down molten lead
As the chaos unfolds in my aching head
In a flood of my blood I'm washed away
Just to wake up and battle another day
Pierces my life on a stick impaled
Like a freight train of demons straight from hell
This rain of emotion keeps pounding me
Got to break the restraints of this misery
This downpour shall never end
In this downpour no one ever wins
In this downpour you must stand tall
In this downpour may God help us all
Now my thirst for survival is quenched with sand
In a desert of heat tortured barren lands
Straight jacket of scars it tears my skin
How I long for the downpour to cleanse my sins
Downpour