

Patterns And How They Change The Visible World

Daphne Loves Derby

You're either blessed when you're dead or when we're young,
And from you I learned in between those years there is nothing
left to see.
So hide all your blessings, and keep 'em somewhere safe,
So they don't break apart.

Is there a reason why the rain only falls on your head?
It just doesn't seem right at all.

You sold your soul for a soul that's life full.
The years go by but you don't have a single sweet memory,
And if you don't deserve to be happy,
Why would I, Why would I?

Is there a reason why the rain only falls on your head?
It just doesn't seem right.

Is there a reason why the rain only falls on your head?
It just doesn't seem right, at all.