

Rain

Jackpierce

Silent rows of strength thy men stood clear
The fog clung to the ground, to the sounds it could hear
The footstep, the hoof beat, the steel under sky
The whistle, the bird call, the severe look in the eyes
He's nineteen years old, he's got a gun at his side
The more he looks around, he knows the president lied
Seduced him, reduced him, appealed to the man
With vivid colored fliers and bright arm bands
They will meet them in the trenches but they won't meet eye to eye
Looking down the barrels the opposition will cry
There's hatred in the morning, blood flows in the day
They will all return home and the skies will give way for
Rain, it flows down
Cleansing, freedom, children
Rain
There's disdain, propane, powder and shot
Racism runs free but love is left to rot
There's a mad house, a play house, a place for the old
Got a place for the hungry and a place for the cold
I'm diving, I'm sinking down into the sea
It will rise up to heaven and come back down on me as
Yes, rain, it flows down
Cleansing, freedom, children
Rain
She walks into the garage, pulls the door to the ground
Eases behind the wheel and she puts the seat down
Ignition, submissions, salute, it's time to send
Her poor grieving parents will never see her again
It's late night, there's pistols, there's daggers and drugs
I'll kill nine, I'll take mine, no police, no mugs
It's Greenwich, it's Dallas, it's Beverly Hills
Blood lives taken for sweet, short thrills
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Home life
Her show, skylight
Rain