

You know we have to lose  
We break our minds to choose  
Between when, what and where  
The carriers of pain do not discriminate  
Distinction's in the stars  
Aw sides  
Bringing me a vision in my mind's eye  
Etiquette as a stroke  
You don't know what I mean and yet you go to it  
Rain from yourself to the cloudy sky till you are dry  
Lightning strikes the sun  
Won't you come on  
Rain from yourself to the cloudy sky till you are dry  
Lightning strikes the sun  
Won't you come on