

Rainfall rainfall, come until the pain's gone
Wash away the small-talk cutting me like chainsaws
AWOL, change blue views with the cray pas
Sketch it with crayons, embed it in chaos
I'm better than they are make sure they all taste salt
When they utter my name make em numb with licaine
Migraine, lay up under my brain, why change
When there's none in my lane, I reign while
Drops fly down just to wash my crown
Deluged when the god cries out, they choose
To be moth-light bound, I knew my noose
Was a tear-drop shape on a off-white clown
Watch em grow into trees that I roll for relief
When I smoke disappear then I'm gone in a blink
All my spit turned to pearls then I broke it in pieces
Take out my skull just to soak it in bleach
All I ever wanted was the pain to appease I'm afraid
All I got was a change of the seasons
Make me believe in the phase of the beast
I release when I trace it in cement and leave it
The rain makes the leaves wet, buried under sea-level
Stayed on the defense, wary of the she devils
Talks are so toxic I'm not interested
I live in the underground walking with lepers
Oxygen levels are nada persona non grata
I author stigmata armadas of trauma
I'll burn with the gods I'm a martyr
Then turn it to Autumn Sonata, de nada
De Sade on the Marquis, I'm dodging the harpies
A part of me's lost so I follow the heartbeats
If I'm made of water that comes from the rain
Then the waves that I'm on are a part of my body
Godmode...

Downpour, downpour tell me what you'd drown for
Tears precipitate then I wait til the clouds form
Monsoon weather they all flock together, same feather
Peacock blue neon hue, freon grew
Frostbitten bones tossed to the shore
Talk to the ghosts when they knock on my door
Got lost in the snow with a pocket of posie
Posthumous flow from the god of the lonely
Watch when he glows in the dark and the insects come
Get stuck in the fishnet tongue, press luck til the kismet hums
Kiss death when the lips left numb, on a voodoo doll
When the pins get stuck and the pain wouldn't wane
So I stayed in the grey with a misspent love
Won't play their charades it's a dangerous game
Two graves that I made while I rained on parades
In the eye of the storm where the tides are enormous
Ice on the shoulder the mind is a fortress
Light from the smolder providing the warmth
Why live by the pen rather die by the sword
My god I'm lost in the height of the fog
Time stops when it grinds to a halt
Find what I lost, died on a cross, price of the alms
Write highlights as a shrine for the gods, shine bright

Like a light in a tunnel when I lie in the rubble
They admire the struggle, I'm trapped in cocoons
With the lightning and thunder that I hide in my jugular
Providing my blood for the Draculas too
Come die in the mud cut ties with the sun
Only clouds come out when its time for the flood
Ultraviolet flux, I decline in a flash
Why define what is nothing when I am just ash
Godmode...