

## Rain

## The Birthday Massacre

Praise the white-handed queen  
The gold and the green I give to her  
From this broken heart  
By nail and by tooth  
The blood of my youth flows over her

Falling like the rain.  
Falling like the rain.  
Falling like the rain.

Praise the truth come to light  
The valley of night she gives to me  
From her empty heart  
By silence and shame  
The poison and pain flows over me

Falling like the rain.  
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