

# Eye Of The Cyclone

Esqarial

Rain, in rain I feel like  
I'm purified with hatred  
Subconscious fears, obsessions

Lay you ear to the ground to hear the weakened pulse  
Chasing with the wind you'll never know which prophet's false

This is the calm before the storm  
Pray for the one drop on the dried out soil

In rain I feel like  
I'm purified with hatred  
Subconscious fears, obsessions

The sea of my dreams has run dry  
Once filled should never be touched by the time  
By absorbing every movement

I create the image of a perfect world  
Sky is the limit  
Finally you can unfold your wings  
Chorus: Rain, in rain I feel like

I'm purified with hatred  
Subconscious fears, obsessions  
Eye