

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