

## Rain of Thoughts

F.O.B.

Don't you feel that I shiver  
Under your glazed look  
It's getting cold here  
Even for the words  
That are emerging from your mouth  
When your tongue stabs like a dagger my ears are Bleeding to death

As the devil wants me to choose the bad ones  
Meanwhile the little white winged man stays dumb

The raindrops falling down  
I try to catch them with my hands  
Thoughts - one by one spinning into my head

How long can I take this confusion  
When I see you in a haze of fury  
How long can I suffer  
When I see you in a haze of fury