

# The Rain

JJ Demon

I'm dying on the front steps...  
I'm bleeding out slow...call the medics?  
why would I need 'em now? No.  
I'm leaving now. Go.  
I failed you and I hate it.  
The dream becomes a nightmare the second you awaken.  
I am quaking in a city made for idiots. The streets like the veins of a dope fiend...it's hideous.  
I wrote a verse to shake the angels from the heavens like apples from a tree  
. Hear the cackle? Then it's me.

Modern holy war, dodge shrapnel and debris. You wanna spend your every Sunday in a chapel on you knees?  
Chilly from the breeze.  
Philly is diseased. Brilliant from afar.  
But when Gods answers one prayer a million get ignored...  
waiting for euthanasia cuz religion is a drug and God's a hallucination...

So without further ado I am The Haunting of a home within your heart and it's deeper than floating laundry.  
A tawdry affair, you're kissing the snake on the tongue.  
Oil addicted and we're sipping it straight from the drum.  
Priests raping the young,  
Republicans telling us all we need to do is pray...and it'll go away...yeah.  
.

.I saw the glory that was Rome in a hurricane from the second story of my home.  
Drank a second Hurricane 40 all alone feeling like I'm burning in a Purgatory all my own.

Further more in the murder for sport capital where kids carry burners cuz murder is more practical...  
cutting deeper, an experiment in pain where children get lost like tears in the rain...  
it's an experiment in pain where the parents get lost like tears in the rain  
,

wrapped up in the fear and the blame where the true meaning is lost like tears in the rain...  
You ever felt like nobody was listening? Like a baby tryna scream "No." at his own christening.  
Where the truth is but a whisper in the wind and lies are getting hotter til they blister on the skin.  
I was a sleepy eyed dark figure in the classroom.

What is that hiding behind the mirror in the bathroom?  
Medicine or monster? Stumble out and grab you.  
I walked the hallowed halls of Hell so that you don't have to. Creep theater zero eleven.  
We all just wanna be vampires so we can stay young forever.  
I wanna touch eternity twice. I wanna fit in but I'm mean, I mean I'd learn to be nice...

record labels say that going to jail's earning me stripes, should I record a thousand songs and get 30 to life?  
Is that cool?

Would I sell then?  
Get on the radio?  
Maybe all my dream will come true?

They say if you're the one with the best dope then all the fiends come to you but if they don't know your name then where's the freedom to choose?  
My father left me like a bastard in a basket. I still can see my best friend plastered in a casket.  
Without him here...I'm feeling weird and alone again. Like a piece of me's missing, my soul's got a hole in it.

Heroin powder in hour glass. Ring side seats to watch our loved ones get eaten, we're devoured last.  
My girl thinks I'm going crazy, but aint it odd? The worst evils are committed in the name of God.  
Blind faith, an experiment in pain, where fathers get lost like tears in the rain.  
An experiment in pain where my best friend was lost like a tear in the rain.

Wrapped up in the fear and the shame and really just got lost like a tear in the rain... whether you believe or not, we're just tears in the rain.