

# Dry The Rain

Lord Of The Lost

It's getting colder  
And darker every day  
And all the bloodred flowers  
Slowly turn to grey

We need some wind  
To blow the clouds away  
we need a sun to dry the rain  
We need to break the chain of yesterday  
We need a storm to kill the pain

I don't remember  
Nothing but a minor chord  
There's still some ember  
Of the fire you adored

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We need some wind  
To blow the clouds away  
We need it today  
We need it today  
We need a sun  
To dry the rain  
To kill the pain  
To kill the pain

And when the thunder opens hell  
Walking down the border of farewell  
I'd cut your hand off so I'd never let it go  
Is this the final  
The climax of the show

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