

More and more
the rain lingers on
war only was
to bond us all

Hell no, no war can paint this more sore
the path is packed with bags of coal

And bags of coal from some monstrous soul
and no, no rain can clean this at all

You say, "there's no way-out at all" is something false
but way-out, if it is not far is still getting narrow

The prayers for light result in failure and dismay
but almost yawn, it's a deja-vu sounding horror

Someday I'll take you by the hand
and leave this place without a face
I won't let our world to crumble down and come undone
but it's not now, just let me gather strength,
we weren't meant to be perfect
some things ain't easy even if they seem to work just fine

Somewhere over that bridge it's done
hey, the rain it splits as we walk

But war lingers on and some pain lingers on
as we rode the darkness all night long

And there's no rain in this final climb
where Dante and I have seen such a sight
and Beatrice, my bride
to sleep now it's time