

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