

Historia Calamitatum

Rise Against

Even though we know, yeah
We know
Our time has almost come
We're all overdue
Can there be a place to call our own?
Can there be a road that takes us home?

We toe the line (toe the line)
We go along (we go along)
We toe the line
To you now

When it rains it pours
Like summer storms, the skies as grey as leaves
The rivers flood the banks and spill into the streets
But the people laughed and swore that they'd restore
The city piece by piece
And then the clouds gave way as if to agree
When it rains it pours

The mystery unknown now unfolds
The life that we once owned, first bought, then sold
Like messengers of war, we've no control
To oceans unexplored
This ship sails through

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We go along (we go along)
We toe the line
To you now

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When it rains it pours
It pours
(It pours)

When it rains it pours
When they die we mourn
When it hit, we swore
Now we want not more
Like a saint re-born
Like a rose in a storm
Like a child un-born
A child un-born...

It's the coin we're tossing into the well
It's misfortune that we could not foretell
It's the dry spell

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