

Rain

The Birthday Massacre

Praise the white-handed queen
The gold and the green I give to her
From this broken heart
By nail and by tooth
The blood of my youth flows over her

Falling like the rain.
Falling like the rain.
Falling like the rain.

Praise the truth come to light
The valley of night she gives to me
From her empty heart
By silence and shame
The poison and pain flows over me

Falling like the rain.
Falling like the rain.
Falling like the rain.
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