

every drop  
rattled till it stopped  
shining through a misty tight  
you felt so insecure that night  
you've lost the map  
the way out here is trapped  
pure inside enough to see  
pure enough to disagree  
fall into the stain  
the stars they used to drain  
until it rained

your tears have turned the water black  
you just stumble  
and wait for the attack  
your hands protect your eyes  
i'm sure you've lost your speech  
but things don't happen  
before they've come to grief