

## Pencil Rain

### They Might Be Giants

The possible dream  
Finale of seem  
The moment that some call eternal that some call insane  
Now helmets on each head awaiting the first lead  
The pageant is named the pencil rain

The infantry stands  
And holds out its hands  
The marshal's binoculars focus and skyward they train  
They're searching the yonder blue  
They look out for number two  
The heraldry of the pencil rain

And now hear the roar that none can ignore  
The thunderous clatter of splintering wood and lives that are c  
laimed  
And none who have witnessed all  
Can think of a nobler cause than perishing in the pencil rain  
The pencil rain  
The pencil rain  
The pencil rain