

Salt in My Wounds

Vanden Plas

The ceiling that we stare
A frame for all the shadows on the lonely night
Attires the incantation
The sea in that we run

From dawn attented light in our scale of stars
With no illumination
I want to know
I want to hear you testify myself

I want to see
I want to feel the rain
Let it rain
Let it rain

Rain down your salt in my wounds
Lay down your gold in my wounds
Where is water
Where is the sun

Why is it winter
And why god all your love has gone
The seasons that we change
Will wash this constellation and our stains away

Before we know the reason
Why is it me
I want to hear you estimate myself
I want to know

I want to feel the rain
Let it rain
Let it rain
Rain down your salt in my wounds

Let it rain
Let it rain
Rain down your salt in my wounds
Lay down your salt in my wounds
Let it rain