

It Will Come "Storm Of Sin"

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The storm came
The rain fell down hard
Soft noise deafened me
As I sat watching

I fell through the darkness
Fate concealing me from God
Can't see my future
Oh Father, forgive me

I feel sin pouring down,
I see it in the rain
I touch it on myself
I crave it in my head

The clouds came
Cotton-like morphine
Clouding his judgement
Salvation at last

I feel sin pouring down,
I see it in the rain
I touch it on myself
I crave it in my head

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