

The Axe That Chopped The Cherry Tree "When Rain Feels Like Paint"

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Calling flood here to wash you away
Calling fire here to burn you away
Calling wind here to blow you away

Volcanic ash, which you deplore, finding it's way to
your front door

You've wrote these words, you've signed these bills
Let the water rise to your neck and breathe in
Cashing the check your sin wrote

[And this all could've been avoided, by taking the
liberties given to you]

Let your sin take you in
[Rain down on us]
Enjoy your life with soul deprived

Your dying words,
You say goodbye and let your sin take your life

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