

The Gang "Waiting For The Rain"

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Today I've seen the dragon
stretching by my door
he laughet at the wounds of Time
then he flew away
we've surrendered to starvation
in the bay of Pestilence
in the palace of Corruption
where conspiracles are made

in the land of Miracles
waiting for the rain

This century the rebels,
whose flags flew high,
are dead they sold us in the market place
and claimed us for their slaves
we are tired of the idiot
telling the same old tale,
our silence maybe just a pause,
don't deceive yourselves

in the land of Miracles
waiting for the rain

I don't know it before
we leave this jail
we will have some gold or we'll look in vain
for eternity,
we won't ask for pity
until our land is dry
for the weaker hearts there will be strength
and a stronger will.

in the land of Miracles
waiting for the rain

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