

## Shiny Toy Guns

### "Samur"

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With no sail, I have no choice but drift  
Approaching clouds carry me this gift  
Sun dried and tattered  
Each inch of me hurts  
Surrounded by water  
But still dying of thirst  
Because I won't give in to drinking the sea  
The ale of defeat, the true death of me  
Letting my shield down  
Preparing for the storm  
Staring up as the rain begins to take form  
I close my eyes and open my mouth  
Fill up my soul, my life is this drought  
Drop by drop it leaks, this is all I want  
But only a few fall  
While the clouds still haunt  
Draping like a halo, a crown of upsets  
Is this a sign I'm not ready for it yet?  
Rain down on me  
Waiting for the darkened skies above  
Rain down on me  
Waiting for the skies I thought I loved  
Rain down on me  
I don't know what I want

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