

Divine Comedy, The "Indian Rain"

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I feel as if i have been buried alive
For the best part of five hundred years
My body encased in a mountain of waste
Until one day my face reappears
**** bends with the years that it spends
In positions tormenting my soul
But now they are free to emancipate me
From the celibacy of the soul

So turn in your grave
Hold back the incoming rain

**** wind in my face like the linen and lace
Are surrounding **** like ****
Fresh air in my lungs **** sharing his songs
**** through the grass
New blood in my veins like red indian rain
Stripping us of all shame we possess
With tears in my eyes (and with anguish) i cry:
"i was free all the time, i confess!"

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