

## From The Rain

Illdisposed

We are the children  
Can see to our might  
With possible hate  
We joint in the fight

And so the end  
We align  
Our innocent souls  
Come let us go  
In from the rain

Under a sky  
We will survive  
Born in the cold  
Planning our fall

Swarming in heat  
To consume

Still hear the dripping  
Tired of you

Like the one she knows  
Now ending my soul