

Current 93, When The May Rain Comes

Green are the streets
The asphalt is glistening
When the dust of the day
Shall be washed away
The windows are closed
And the rain is dripping
From sill to sill
And down to the ground

When the May rain comes

Very young are the leaves
Of the trees and the shrubs
And tiny flowers grow
In the roadside ditch
The laughter of the child
Who's jumping into puddles
Whilst the water trickles
Right over his face

When the May rain comes

This is the morning of the year
A rainy green smile
After a long gloomy
Pale winter night
The shouting of the child
Melts into rustling
When the heavy rain
Rushes from on high

When the May rain comes
All of this shall be washed away
When the May rain comes...