

SING THROUGH THE PAIN

1. Sing through the pain,  
and the torrent of life's acid rain. \*  
Suffering will come again and again;  
sing yourself through the pain. [You've got to sing through the pain] <sup>1</sup>
2. And dance through the dark,  
when the gloom becomes hauntingly stark,  
and cruel injustice seems to be your trademark;  
You must dance through this dark [Through this darkness of life] <sup>1</sup>
3. Smile through the tears,  
when your trial rips through your heart like spears,  
and you're sure it won't mend or ever end,  
for a thousand cruel years [or ever again] <sup>1</sup>

[INSTRUMENTAL: Two stanzas with tag]:

...you've got to sing through the pain.

4. When heaven don't care,  
in my anguish I long to be there;  
I really don't want to be anywhere...  
Has anyone else ever been here...?

[PAUSE]

5. Yes, I'm there with you... \*\*  
With half the world, and the other half due,  
we share your suffering and crucible, too;  
baptized in the fires of pain, with you!

...Sing your heart out...through...the pain...\*\*\*

END

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Notes:

\* Alternate "torment" for torrent.

\*\* "Yes" is whispered.

\*\*\* Sort of spoken-sung, slow & rises way up dramatically on "through..  
the pain" -and drawn out a long hold-note to end.

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Written September 26-27, 2011, in suicide strip cell, with kool aid on  
cups, CSP-SAC.