

Monsoon

...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead

Rolling thunder Like the blood from your hands Like a voice that commands Rain drops fall But I doubt that he's listening This world is a gutter Pray to God That he likes to piss in tonight Quietly sleep Millions of people Dreaming of deserts As the puddles grow deep Dark clouds of rage Black out the sun The rivers will run Red with their blood No place left dry No place of shelter for which to run People huddle in mass But it's just begun Waiting for the storm to pass Millions of people All of you people Dream of the sandman But the sandman has turned to mud Rain falling down Is this another great flood? The rivers are running Red with our blood

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