FLOODS

ScytheS

A dead issue, don't wrestle with it, deaf ears are sleeping
A guilty bliss, so inviting (let me in), nailed to the cross

I feel you, relate to you, accuse you
Wash away us all, take us with the floods
Then throughout the night, they were raped and executed
Cold hearted world
Your language unheard of, the vast sound of tuning out
The rash of negativity is seen one sidedly, burn away the day

The nervous, the drifting, the heaving
Wash away us all, take us with the floods
Then throughout the day mankind played with grenades
Cold hearted world
And at night they might bait the pentagram
Extinguishing the sun
Wash away man, take him with the floods

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