

# Antediluvian

**Brett Fuentes**

With the 4 winds they come above  
Blasting out from the sky  
Whereabouts unknown or so it seems  
With an education on our backs  
Prophets said that we must fight  
Mistakes genetically they once did make  
so follow through  
with a cause unknown to you In the desert moon  
I see the truth  
We are one or so I'm told  
It's not you it's just me in my head  
Gibborims are at the gates again  
Pack all that is of worth  
For the rains will beat us down for 40 days  
And forty nights  
But it's alright  
On mountain high And their crawling out of my head  
Like she falls out of my bed...everyday  
And their falling out of my skin  
With their sycophantic grins It's not just you  
I think it too  
A tempting moon  
Room with a view

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