

Aqua Dementia

Mastodon

An invitation to clairvoyance
It's hard to stand around and watch while they ignore us
She is dumped on, used as an ashtray
At the expense of an organized association I see the stones in the path we laid
It's a question of tomorrow
We like to breathe the ancient wind
That we have followed A perfect fire to burn the land
Before they knew it, the sun had fallen
Boiling the water where the hydras were crawling
The righteous go in blazing fury And we cleanse the earth
To bring it down
Bring it down And God will watch it burn
Releasing souls, releasing souls again
Within the wrath, we wait
To be dirt again There is a flame I lit
I upon high

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