

Come the Flood

Primordial

Men of straw burn the fields
As far as the eye can see
A wretched warning is delivered
To the men of words and deeds The Jericho trumpet sounds
In the deepest valleys and hills
Pounding the walls to dust
You scrawled your names in death upon One thousand years
Welcome the flood
One thousand years
Come the flood
This dreadful history we have sired
Is the black bleached future you have desired
The embers of your ashen dreams
Are raked and scattered upon a pauper's grave
One thousand years of rain
Welcome the flood
Unburden us of pain
Welcome the flood Wash my wounds, the blood from my hands
Wash the blood from these lands
With one thousand years of rain
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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