

# Flood I

## The Sisters of Mercy

And her hallway

Moves

Like the ocean

Moves

At the head of the river

At the source of the sea

Sitting here now, in this bar for hours

Trying to write it down

Fitting in hard, with harder to come

Trying to fight it

Down the river there's a ship will carry you

Down river, down stream

Down the river there's a ship will carry the

Dream

Dream of the flood

Down the river there's a ship will carry the

Dream of the flood

And her hallway...

As the water come rushing over

As the water come rushing in

As the water come rushing over

Flood...Flood...

Push the glass, stain the glass

Push the writer to the wall

It may come but it will pass

Some say we will fall

Dream of the flood...

Flood...

And her hallway...

Oh, maybe, in terms of surrender

On a backcloth of lashes and eyes

In a flood of your tears, in sackcloth

And ashes, and ashes, and ashes, and ashes

And ashes, and ashes, and lies...

And her hallway...

Like...

As the water come rushing in  
As the water come rushing over

Sitting here now, in this bar for hours  
While these strange men rent strange flowers  
I'll be picking up your petals in another few hours  
In the metal and blood, in the scent and mascara  
On a backcloth of lashes and stars  
In a flood of your tears, in sackcloth  
And ashes, and ashes, and secondhand passion  
And stolen guitars

And her hallway...

As the water come rushing in  
(Like the sea)

As the water come rushing over  
(Dream of the flood)  
In a flood of your tears, in sackcloth  
And ashes, and ashes  
And ashes, and ashes  
And ashes, and ashes  
And ashes, and ashes, and lies...

As the water come rushing in, rushing in

At the head of the river  
At the source of the sea

And her hallway...

Like...

Flood...

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