

# Red Tide

Tim Wynn

Nature has some new plague  
To run in our streets  
History some new wrinkle  
We are doomed to repeat  
Fugitives at the bedroom door  
Lovers pause to find an open store  
Rain is burning on the forest floor  
And the red tide kisses the shore  
This is not a false alarm  
This is not a test  
Stay out of the sun  
It only burns my skin  
Sky full of poison  
And the atmosphere's too thin  
Bless the sun, rain no more  
River running like an open sore  
Black wind falling to the ocean floor  
And the red tide washes ashore  
This is not a false alarm  
This is not a test  
Nowhere we can fly away  
Nowhere we can rest  
The party is disrupted by  
An uninvited guest  
Deadline approaches  
For the weary land  
It used to be something  
But we let it run down in our hands

Too late for debate, too bad to ignore  
Quiet rebellion leads to open war  
Bring a sea change to the factory floor  
As the red tide covers the shore  
Now is the time to turn the tide  
Now is the time to fight  
Let us not go gently  
To the endless winter night  
Now is the time to make the time  
Hope is still in sight

Let us not go gently  
To the endless winter night  
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To the endless winter night  
This is not a false alarm  
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Let us not go gently  
To the endless winter night  
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To the endless winter night  
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To the endless winter night  
And the red tide kisses the shore  
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