

# Floods

## Ritual Smoker

A dead issue, don't wrestle with it, deaf ears are sleeping  
A guilty bliss, so inviting (let me in), nailed to the cross

I feel you, relate to you, accuse you  
Wash away us all, take us with the floods  
Then throughout the night, they were raped and executed  
Cold hearted world  
Your language unheard of, the vast sound of tuning out  
The rash of negativity is seen one sidedly, burn away the day

The nervous, the drifting, the heaving  
Wash away us all, take us with the floods  
Then throughout the day mankind played with grenades  
Cold hearted world  
And at night they might bait the pentagram  
Extinguishing the sun  
Wash away man, take him with the floods

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