

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, M

Rolling thunder
Like a voice that commands
Rain drops fall
Like the blood from your hands

Pray to God
But I doubt that he's listening
This world is a gutter
That he likes to piss in tonight

Millions of people
Quietly sleep
Dreaming of deserts
As the puddles grow deep

Dark clouds of rage
Black out the sun
The rivers will run
Red with their blood

No place left dry
No place of shelter for which to run
People huddle in mass
Waiting for the storm to pass
But it's just begun

Millions of people
All of you people
Dream of the sandman
But the sandman has turned to mud

Rain falling down
Is this another great flood?
The rivers are running
Red with our blood