

# And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, Monsoon

And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead  
Miscellaneous  
Monsoon

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