

Mastodon, Aqua Dementia

An invitation to clairvoyance
It's hard to stand around and watch while they ignore us
She is dumped on
Used as an ashtray
At the expense of an organized association
I see the stones in the path we laid
It's a question of tomorrow
We like to breathe the ancient wind that we have followed
A perfect fire to burn the land
Before they knew it
The sun had fallen
Boiling the water where the hydra's crawling
The righteous go in blazing fury
And we cleanse the earth to bring it down
Bring it down
And God will watch it burn
Releasing souls
Within the wrath we wait
To be dirt again
There is a flame I lit
I upon high