

# 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