

Thrice, The Flame Deluge

I feel that I was meant for something more,
My curse, this awful power to unmake.
And ever since you found your taste for war,
You've forced me onto those whose lives you'd take.

While Guernica in peaceful valley lay,
And Dresden dreamed of anything but death,
The day was turned to night, and night to day;
You let me loose upon their fragile flesh.

And so I hid among the smallest things;
You found me there and ferried me above.
The flame deluge is waiting in the wings;
The smallest thread holds back the second flood.

And who will stand to greet the blinding light;
it's lonely when there's no one left to fight.