

Brett Fuentes

"Antediluvian"

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With the 4 winds they come above
Blasting out from the sky
Whereabouts unknown or so it seems
With an education on our backs
Prophets said that we must fight
Mistakes genetically they once did make
so follow through
with a cause unknown to you

In the desert moon
I see the truth
We are one or so I'm told
It's not you it's just me in my head
Gibborims are at the gates again
Pack all that is of worth
For the rains will beat us down for 40 days
And forty nights
But it's alright

On mountain high

And their crawling out of my head
Like she falls out of my bed...everyday
And their falling out of my skin
With their sycophantic grins

It's not just you
I think it too
A tempting moon
Room with a view

And their crawling out of my head
Like she falls out of my bed...everyday
And they're trying to speak into my brain
Thinking I'd go insane
You look to me and you say that
Everything will be alright

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