

## And Then There Were None

### "Monsoon"

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Rolling thunder Like the blood from your hands Like a  
voice that commands Rain drops fall But I doubt that  
he's listening This world is a gutter Pray to God That he  
likes to piss in tonight Quietly sleep Millions of people  
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 But it's just begun  
Waiting for the storm to pass 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

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