

And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead "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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