Mastadon "Aqua dementia"

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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 falledn

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

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