

The Flood to Come

Madder Mortem

Nothing can turn me now
Come the terror, come the turmoil
Close over breath and bones
On the tide will flow
Rivers of vibrant life
Come the fever to the dead soil
Stream with my dormant dreams
On the tide will flow

Cold is the waiting stone
Come the change, I'm sick with hunger
Burn me and make me whole
On the tide will flow,
slow and sure
Come the fall, the fall I long for
Blind me and bring me home
On the tide will flow
Seed my world with auguries
With agony and joy
With fear to hold my spirit down
and glory yet to come

So will be the day:
On the tide will flow
out from our eyes
Out from our feeding hands
No pain and no penitence
No word to hold the flood to come

Burn me and make me whole
Blind me and bring me home
On the tide will flow