

Flood in the Desert

Johnny Flynn

In the daylight of our heartbreak
In the moonlight of our making
Two thousand years laying buried
Under stones, the dust was shaking
Where the deep down, deep down story
The deep down, deep down play
Between Tigris and Euphrates
Where the dust will have its way

And we'll build a boat to sail, oh
Time runs still, hand to hand
Long songs, where gods and men are men
There's a flood in the desert

The wed shaped wood lay broken
Chained, enchanted in the Cuneiform
The story, stories still unclaimed
Till' bearded men in uniform
Followed the lines of separation
Loud they spoke and proud they stood
And found the newest congregation
For actions in the cedar wood

And we'll build a boat to sail, oh
Time runs still, hand to hand
Long songs, where gods and men are men
There's a flood in the desert

Smashed in the sand by the killers
Found again in the buried palace
Gripping hard now to the tiller
Time hangs, hangs in the balance
Rain falls and water rises
And the desert will be drowned
Scant handful of survivors
A raven, a dove, the smell of dry ground

So we'll build a boat to sail, oh
Time runs still, hand to hand
Long songs, where gods and men are men
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The wing lion and the wing bull
Feel the surge as the sail fills
When there's a low one of us
Pick up the slack of the story we tell
So hold on the sheet and watch for the land
Dig deep as the storms rage
Surface lost with words in hand
The end of a dark age
The turn of a new page

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