

## Antediluvian

Khemmis

I feel the ground crumble and water bleed  
Bags of grain must protect the deed  
Though river's straight and narrow  
The rising tide spells doom for all at river's side

Clinging upon the gallows above her waves  
You and I both were sliding down  
The water's running faster, give up your self  
And we'll be praised for what we've done

Beneath the tides, there is nothing left of us  
See our bodies glide  
Beneath the waves, our cities become our graves  
Feel our souls divide  
Bring us the floods, wash us from this earth  
Succumb to the tide  
Our time has come

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