

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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