

# Monsoon

Jorn

Black gold is pumping in the desert  
People playing hazard with mother earth  
Big discovery they're drilling in the north sea  
Draining what will soon be fortune to sell

There are signs in the weather  
Nature is screaming at me and you... yeah  
It's gonna be now or never  
There must be something that we can do  
To change like the monsoon

White powder snorting up the noses  
Clogging up the hoses till the system fails  
Blood money crawling up the food chain  
Putting on a good game craving fame

We are falling forever  
They say that the angels will save just a few  
We are born to endeavour  
But the future of war is the vision we grew  
Dying in the monsoon rain

New disorder under the Orion  
Alligations flying we are on death row  
Someones hacking messing with the program  
Jamming all the airwaves to stop control

Like a flying reciever  
I'm storing the knowledge of life as I go  
I'm a walking believer  
I stand and deliver with my heart and soul  
As I blow like a monsoon