

# 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