

An invitation to clairvoyance  
It's hard to stand around and watch while they ignore us  
She is dumped on, used as an ashtray  
At the expense of an organized association

I see the stones in the path we laid  
It's a question of tomorrow  
We like to breathe the ancient wind  
That we have followed

A perfect fire to burn the land  
Before they knew it, the sun had fallen  
Boiling the water where the hydras were crawling  
The righteous go in blazing fury

And we cleanse the earth  
To bring it down  
Bring it down

And God will watch it burn  
Releasing souls, releasing souls again  
Within the wrath, we wait  
To be dirt again

There is a flame I lit  
I upon high