

## The Sound, The Flood, The Hour

The Crimson Armada

God give me strength, you know I need it.  
Say "Submit to me!" And I'll concede.  
And when the crow rusts, water will follow in combust.  
The veins of pride pump strong with the the blood of scarecrows  
.   
A cavity so fills, a likened tar is the stain of poisoned arrows.

Straight through the soul of man.  
God remind these people of what their in.

God give me strength you know I need it.

Pray for mercy.  
So beg the pedestal to shine between each shoulder blade  
And slip a card of arrogant remains.  
The mark of a titan bore silver, belted, strained the neck  
And made us giants but we stand as nothing but crumbling stones  
.

The seventh circle is well reserved  
For those who falsified God's words.  
Fall to your knees.  
So beg.  
Pray for mercy.

In the eve of the hour all will beg  
And pray for mercy.

So wave the banner high,  
Nigh is the hour of the flood.  
Pray, tell the tale of your pride and may we drown in our blood  
.   
Safeguard and hold fast the pages  
That save us from a temperament of void.  
To only you, oh Holy One, I submit my voice.

God give me strength, you know I need it.

Up to your neck in timeless, mindless, sightless, blind confidence,  
Blight of the wired shine of pride,  
You barely breathe  
With the glare of certain death  
Ticking and emitting the sound, the flood, the hour.  
Take a second and beg, pray for mercy.

So fall to your knees and pray for mercy.

Fall to your knees and pray for mercy.