

# The Flame Deluge

Thrice

I feel that I was meant for something more  
My curse, this awful power to unmake  
And ever since you found your taste for war  
You forced me onto those whose life you'd take

While Guernica in peaceful valley lay  
And Dresden dreamed of anything but death  
The day was turned to night and night to day  
You let me loose upon their fragile flesh

And so I hid among the smallest things  
You found me there and ferried me above  
The flame deluge is waiting in the wings  
The smallest thread holds back the second flood

And who will stand to greet the blinding light  
It's lonely when there's no one left to fight