

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