

# Tool, Flood

Here comes the water.  
All I knew and all I believed  
are crumbling images  
that no longer comfort me.  
I scramble to reach higher ground,  
some order and sanity,  
or something to comfort me.  
So I take what is mine, and hold what is mine,  
suffocate what is mine, and bury what's mine.  
Soon the water will come  
and claim what is mine.  
I must leave it behind,  
and climb to a new place now.  
This ground is not the rock I thought it to be.  
Thought I was high, and free.  
I thought I was there  
divine destiny.  
I was wrong.  
This changes everything.  
The water is rising up on me.  
Thought the sun would come deliver me,  
but the truth has come to punish me instead.  
The ground is breaking down right under me.  
Cleanse and purge me  
in the water.