

# Tiamat, Carry Your Cross An I'll Carry

Blame my cloven hooves - If I sink what does it prove  
I'll always will be your prey  
Blame my crooked cross - Say I'm your bitter loss  
The winds of hell are blowing your way

"Carry your cross and I'll carry mine  
Dig your own hole and you'll be fine  
Build your own tower until heavens devour  
Your very last hour"

Blame it on Hell's fire - And on my desires  
The skies are crying blood  
Give me all your lies - And blame the lord of flies  
The face of evil is the face of GOD