

Tiamat, Dust If Our Fare

there is a time when some of us are healedthere is a time you're clean and undersealedthere is a t
no one here drinks waternone of us are saneif you pretend you're my daughterwe do it again and a
there is a time when worms revel in methere is a time for a pigfaced realitythere is a time and it's us