

# Tiamat, Gaia

A new serum eradicates the illness  
An old man rises from his wheelchair  
When suffering unknown attacks the painless  
And common animal's are becoming rare

As water spins in circles twice  
Spiders, snakes und the little mice  
Get twisted around and tumble down  
When Nature calls we all shall drown

If the earth is dying of the growing thirst  
Rain shall fall on dried out soil  
And every kind of bud shall burst  
A sough of relief to insects - turmoil

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When Nature calls we all shall drown