Tiamat, Heaven Of High

While the rest of you are sleeping safe and sound I'm on the run, I'm on the wing Climb the ceiling when the walls are falling apart I'm the one to blame for everything

A substitute for God, a sacred muse The hell with it, it's just a lame excuse Everything I ever used I have abused

All I live for is my heaven of high I'll be there when the sun goes down

Withered Jimsonweed a night on bad speed This purple haze works in mysterious ways Wait another day to wash my sins away In another time, in another place

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All I live for is my heaven of high I'll be there when the sun goes down

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