

Tiamat, Katarraktis Apo Aima

One, two, three, four...

Sons and daughters
Troubled waters
A stench of burned gasoline
Silicon and Codeine
Flooded highlands in misty haza
Mudslides and suicides
Earthquakes and gamma rays
Devilish acts of God above
Carried to heaven by a dirty white dove
And in the corner there's a broken man
His fingers are on the trigger now
And as the smell of dying embers
And rusty strings on his bow
A sound explodes and fills the room
And echoes beyond these walls of doom
Until it vanishes up in the air
With nothing more to come
Yeah, we must aim for the stars and we are gonna get up high
We must build another tower and make it though the fires
We must sail the seven seas now the water abound
We shall cease the deceased until the angels come around
With noting more to come...