

Tiamat, Mount Marilyn

the threne my love that opens now
in cattle blood of aery brow
con that life's a dream not to affy
as embodied matter love will die

you twinkle still in argentine
when i palmy dout the rapid din
to force the mure, the pain i hide
as you're not longer by my side

mazed i helmed this crater deem
stranger than a stranger seems
wished to shroud the sortance leer
and yarely wink the eyes of fear

splay the moon that foolish be
and let the sunshine ravin me
beyond the love i do behold
a ken i saw, a fane of gold

i'd peize in pounds our insane blend
and phantom laid a smile i send
eke an ounce of purple fire
and fairy eyes no longer twire

would fain to stalk the colour fields
but tickle I shall stark lonely yield
merely in drowning water clay
as anguish wears but shades of grey

to retain the chains of elder squire
i'd prune the funeral skies denier
once in awhile he still appeals
to remind you all it's still for real

(breathing smoke and fire)

but the face of evil that haunted us
was never ever present thus
the cupid rainbow ties an orb
in which every demon shall absorb

(do you think i care?
do you really think i care?)