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?)