

Tiamat, Smell Of Incense

The smell of flowers, the smell of grace
If I could only find such a wonderful place
The place not known before you die
A paradise above the skies

The smell of incense takes me high
Way up high where eagles fly

If I close my eyes I see it clear
The visions are whispering in my ears
The smell of poon, the smell of head
The odour that is my last breath

The smell of incense takes me high
Way up high where eagles fly