

# Tiamat, Sumerian Cry (Part III)

Nailed to a pleasant sleep  
Under the fullmoon light  
Calculated ancient knowledge  
Of Arab's wise words

I dreamed about a temple  
I saw it in my dreams  
A temple made of silver  
With emeralds above

It is in the wood  
Spoken by animal lips  
My seal and my epitaph  
It is the Sumerian Cry

I visited the temple  
In my imaginations it welcomed my  
I tried to understand the language  
And the sumerian cuneiform

I read about their gods  
And in my dreams they spoke to me  
They showed me the tablets of fate  
Which since a battle belong to them

It is in the wood  
Spoken by animal lips  
My seal and my epitaph  
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Then I saw the Ancient Ones  
Slumbering in their cave  
My dreams and my nightmares  
The liars in wait bred my fear

I woke up from my dreams  
The night had become day  
Highly strung, rigid and struck  
I peered through the morning fog

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Spoken by animal lips  
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It is the Sumerian Cry