

# Tiamat, Teonanacatl

Not far from where I live  
They glance in morning breeze  
As dividing tiny rays  
A morning try to seize

Greet me my proud little soldiers  
Of brown, purple and grey  
Carry us on your shoulders  
Carry us far away

If you begin to fall  
Please have some more  
You could stay at my place if you want  
I'll sleep on the floor

In shades of purple cloth  
They guide us to the light  
With irresistible pride  
To the feast they us invite