

# Tiamat, Atlantis As A Lover

soothe my skin  
my sweetness of soul  
your dream i dreamed  
dear wateringhole  
a bride divine  
in ruby eyed crown  
deep underneath  
your soft waterdown

i breathe in the fumes  
of oils unfathomed  
with glory and pride  
i confess myself doomed  
you won again  
godly diffirent kind  
my air has ceased  
to the deepest peace of mind

what it once ment  
is lost in the end  
with profounded words  
of just being friends  
a timeglass you turned  
of hours getting late  
how fatal then  
is all of your hate

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