

# Tiamat, Dead Boys Quire

Hallowed dances upon glorified graves  
Twisted minds, blasphemous slaves  
Witches and demons are supporting the dead  
In worship of who they are led

Views of midnightly risen stones  
Sounds of clattering skulls and bones  
Like shadows they cling tight onto trees  
Proud of their evilness, they are God's enemies

They are gathered here in the five pointed star  
To close up the ritual of a time so far  
End what was not ended before  
To meet the lord Satan they highly adore

The Dead Boy's Choir whispers through  
the eternal fire