

# Tiamat, Dust Is Our Fare

there is a time when some of us are healed  
there is a time you're clean and undersealed  
there is a time it almost looks like fun  
there is a time for the bullet of a gun

no one here drinks water  
none of us are sane  
if you pretend you're my daughter  
we do it again and again  
no one here is praying  
'cause no one here is god  
and every word we are saying  
might as well be put in blood

there is a time when worms revel in me  
there is a time for a pigfaced reality  
there is a time and it's usually the afternoon  
there is a time and i hope it will be damn soon