

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