

# Tiamat, For Her Pleasure

erase the pictures from my mind  
eliminate the presence of your kind  
unloose the strings of instinct laws  
just to fall into some other jaws

in pounding afternoon i rise  
for the pleasure of dying twice  
a wingcut anges in decline  
breathe my air and i'll be fine

put your teeth in me  
carve your name in me  
i don't care if there is something  
that i'm blind to see

invite yourself and feel free  
to pick up splinter of debris  
it's in your sys.ex  
subdues all that's delusive

initially this lie i'd recoil  
but again i crawl this dirty soil  
of all possessions i did treasure  
this one's strictly for her pleasure