

Tiamat, Only In My Tears It Lasts

Overhead my spirit flies
in plasticide and crimson skies
whispering winds in moonlit woods
a totem oak once golden stood
How I wish that you were here
before all flowers dissapeared
we'd lay together in the sun
before the mindrape had begun
Now stones are fallig from my hands
are shaking all my beloved lands
And only in my tears it lasts