

Tiamat, Until The Hellhounds Sleep Again

Years of great plenty
Throughout the land of sin
With only faith at stake
And so much more to win
Now, wouldn't Lord allow us a little fun?

Until the hellhounds sleep again

Now you're soaked with water
That your wings just won't repel
But on your little crooked streak
You dry them up to Hell
Until the Sunday bells are calling you

Until the hellhounds sleep again

You enter the night in your Devil-black suit
Well, we all need a little taste of that forbidden fruit
And in the night Satan is divine

Until the hellhounds sleep again

Your path leads to nowhere and nothing is your trade
Your faith barely lasts until the church bells fade
I sincerely wish you better luck tonight

Until the hellhounds sleep again

Though the colonnades of faith with you
It's what i see, it's what i love, it's what i do
And now the columns are falling on you
But it the colonnades of faith, we're passing through