

# Raining Dead Angels

Tiamat

Oh dark horizon  
You speak the truth  
Oh temple Lord  
Cold blood is pumping through your veins

You drown the sun  
Of horror lies  
Oh Master Lord  
Light up the fire in your reign

In the name of thee  
We are the fallen  
We are the plague  
We are dead spots of the sun

Oh woe to you  
Oh Lord of flies  
You lead our path  
Aeons of our vengeance have begun

Run... run...

It's raining dead angels from the sky  
Cold and stiff, oh my

Oh dark horizon  
Of the underground  
Your soul is ours  
The tools are clean and the altar's set on fire

We have begun  
We don't look back  
The skies are fallen  
A one way ticket to your funreal pyre