

## Waste Of Tiamat

High on Fire

Twisting, falling, like eagles they drop from the sky  
Without warning, the nuclear beast shows its eyes  
Chaos ramped, the cult of the severed head rise  
Among the ashes, could not foresee strength or size

Haunting screaming, gone in a flash of our eyes  
Priestly being meant nothing more than their guise  
Fallen angels, light up the sky with demise  
Blackened hydra makes way as dark men conspire

Demons swarming, attacking the few who survive  
Armageddon, the heavens and hell will collide  
Cometh conqueror, black death is allotted its time  
Primely power, to walk through the blood is divine